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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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ON CATERING FOR THE PUBLIC.

IN that brief catalogue of New Year's resolutions which the good American is periodically tempted to construct, the resolve not to talk shop deserves a place of honor. To be silent about one's trade is the beginning of virtue; but it is difficult for most of us to maintain such reticence for long. That an editor of a magazine should presume to the possession of qualities beyond the compass of his readers is not to be thought of, and the present writer proposes, even before the New Year has fairly begun, to break that fragile resolution of discretion, and to turn his yearly greetings to the Atlantic's company into a discourse upon one aspect of his own profession. May the Toastmaster, before the real entertainment for 1904 begins, chat for a moment upon the perilous art of catering for the public?

The best that may be said for Thoreau's regimen of beans is, not that that immortal diet was merely wholesome or cheap, or even that it was transmuted into delightful literature,—but that Thoreau liked it. He was catering for himself and to himself. When Byron came of age, he provided the conventional roast ox and ale for his tenants in honor of his majority, and then dined alone upon his favorite delicacy, eggs and bacon. He catered for his public first, and to himself afterwards. But the only editors who permit themselves such solitary luxury of personal indulgence are the young men who own, write, and print the queer little 5×7 magazines with still

queerer names. They give no hostages to fortune except paper, printer's ink, and time. If you would seek a better analogy to the real editorial function, follow some excellent citizen of Baltimore, or of a foreign city where marketing bears as yet no social stigma, as he journeys to the public market, with basket upon his careful arm, intent upon selecting a dinner for his family.

Observe him. For all his apparent leisureliness of manner, the good gentleman is carrying the burden of a theory. He has certain convictions, more or less definite, about desirable combinations of food and drink. Convention, which is only common sense deposited for long periods upon the reluctant mind of our species, has dictated to him some rude outline of a bill of fare. He has individual partialities of taste, but he has also tolerably distinct ideas of what is possible for his purse. Terrapin and champagne must be for high days only. And our worthy householder has also some fixed notions as to what is best for his family. They will thrive better, he knows, upon honest soups and roasts than upon cocktails and *éclairs*. Thus, as he makes his way from stall to stall, does he select, from the countless appetizing things displayed, the material for a fore-ordained dinner. He buys it, precisely as he would gather harmoniously colored flowers for a bouquet, and tucking it into that ample basket, takes it home in all innocence of heart. It is his affair, after all. If he and his family like what is

purchased, well and good, provided their tastes do not become a public scandal, or their cookery grow too menacing to their neighbors' peace of mind. It is a simple matter, this catering for a family table, though not quite so simple as Thoreau's beans or Byron's eggs and bacon. But where is the analogy to editing a magazine? Is it so cunningly hidden away in this image of the householder that one cannot find it at all?

"Patience a moment," — to quote the most impatient of poets. We are getting "warm," as the children say, and in a minute more we shall discover our complete and archetypal editor. He is foreshadowed in the market-haunting householder, but he *is* — the being who keeps boarders.

Is it not so? The boarding-house keeper is no vulgar caterer to the public in general. He leaves that art to the yellow journal and the corner saloon. But he does cater for that portion of the public who have done him the honor to become his guests. Individual dietary theory may still lurk in his imagination, but it must not be over-indulged. His own favorite beans or eggs and bacon will be too monotonous for his boarders. The family responsibilities of the householder linger in him, too; he must not poison his boarders, or subtly undermine their faith in human nature. Yet he has his weekly or monthly bills to meet, and he can meet them only by pleasing his patrons. Not what his boarders ought to like, if they would grow truly fat and wise and good, but what they do like, gradually comes to affect the policy of even the most stubborn-souled Provider.

The Toastmaster wonders if any readers of the Atlantic recall the once famous *pension* in Paris, kept by M. Alphonse Doucette, "formerly professor at Lyons?" It was known in the Anglo-American colonies, from one end of Europe to the other, as the *pension des violettes*, — spoken with a smile. Yes, one smiled at M. Doucette's amiable vagaries,

but one kept on going there, and paying a whole franc more a day than was charged at any pension of its class in Paris. For, as every one hastened to explain, it was really an admirably kept establishment, — and then there were the violets! Every night at dinner, in season or out of season, there was a tiny boutonnière of them for each gentleman, and a corsage bouquet of violets was laid by each lady's plate. And Monsieur himself, "formerly professor at Lyons," if you please, always sat at the head of the table and addressed his variegated company with the most incessant and exquisite drollery. Only a franc more than was charged at the commonplace pensions, and all those violets thrown in!

It happened that the Toastmaster returned to the Pension Doucette very late one night, after witnessing a most dreary seven-act tragedy at the Français. In the little office off the dining-room sat M. Doucette in his shirt-sleeves, drinking sugared water, and looking more tragic than Mounet-Sully at his worst. Something had gone wrong. It was a trivial matter enough, but the former professor at Lyons opened his whole heart. Never before or since — save once in a Vermont woodshed on a Sunday morning, when my host was morosely freezing the ice cream for dinner and imparting with each slow turn of the crank some darkly pessimistic generalization on the subject of summer boarders — has the Toastmaster seen deeper into the Caterer's professional soul. Oh, the sorrows of trying to hold the fickle taste of English and American visitors in Paris!

"But there are the violets," I ventured.

"The violets!" M. Doucette spread his palms.

A ghastly suspicion dawned upon me. Was his love for violets only a pretense?

"I loathe violets!" he broke out. "*À bas les violettes!*" The odor and the sight of them are nauseating to me. But it is too late. If I were to give up the

violets, I should lose my trademark, my prestige, my *clientèle*. My pensionnaires *expect* violets!"

I saw the trap he had laid for himself. And, oddly enough, my thoughts wandered to the veteran editor of a famous magazine, who was once discussing two sonnets by the same poet. He had accepted one and rejected the other; and now he was praising the one he had returned.

"But it was the other which you printed!" exclaimed his puzzled auditor.

"Oh, that was my choice for the magazine, certainly; but personally" — And he waved his cigar stub in a parabola that opened up infinite distances of perspective into the editorial consciousness. Was it possible that he, too, loathed his violets?

And yet, why not? Not to speak it profanely, does anybody suppose that Mr. Munsey's favorite reading is the Munsey *Storiettes*? Does "the sound of the swashbuckler swashing on his buckler" seem less humorous to the editors who encourage it than it does to Mr. Howells, who has laid aside his editorial armor and can smile at the weaknesses of his former fellow warriors? Do the peaceful editors of *The Outlook* really thrill with those stern praises of fighting men and fighting machines which adorn its secularized pages? Or does the talented conductor of *The Ladies' Home Journal* really . . . No, he cannot. As the Toastmaster makes these too daring interrogations, it seems to him that he perceives a faint odor of violets, — not the shy flower of the woodside, but the brazen-faced, tightly laced boutonnière of the pavement, — in a word, the violet of commerce.

That single glimpse of M. Doucette in his shirt-sleeves and in his despondency ought not to obliterate the memory of a hundred nights when, clothed in proper evening attire, he reigned gloriously over his long table-full of guests,

giving and receiving pleasure. When all is going well, catering has its innocent delights and its honest satisfactions. To invent a new dish, or to serve an old one with recognized skill, is to share at once the artist's joy and the bourgeois's complacency. Yet having once beheld the confidential shirt-sleeves, one is thenceforward subtly aware of them, hidden though they be for another hundred nights by the dress coat. They are there, those shirt-sleeves of the Caterer, and his workaday responsibilities are inescapable. In vain does Sir Leslie Stephen, in one of those papers which have lately charmed the Atlantic's readers, blithely assert that an editor "only vouches for the readability of the article, not for the correctness of the opinions expressed." It is a millennial dream. It asks too much of human nature. Shall the Toastmaster, except in a New Year's confidence, dare to say, "My dear guests, I am no mycologist. This dish may be toadstool or mushroom for all I know, but I assure you that the odor is appetizing"?

Alas, it is true that he is no mycologist; he prints every month a dozen articles on topics concerning which he knows nothing, as well as a half dozen more whose views of politics and society and criticism are the very opposite of his own. He vouches for their readability, that is all; — and sometimes this is quite enough to take upon his conscience. But the public is shrewdly suspicious of this happy impartiality of ignorance. It keeps reminding the Toastmaster that he is Caterer too; that he has the responsibility of buying the provisions in the open market as well as merely arranging them upon the table and announcing the bill of fare.

In one sense, the public is quite right. Some one must take the responsibility of decision. But the public sometimes forgets how the Caterer must make up in faith what he lacks in special knowledge. He depends upon the honesty of the mar-

ketmen, the producers. This confidence is rarely betrayed. M. Doucette would have died of shame, no doubt, if he had really served toadstools to his trusting company. Yet it never happened. His mushrooms were always mushrooms. It is the contributors to a magazine like the *Atlantic* who maintain, after all, the fine traditions of the institution. For purposes of convenience, it is assumed that the editor knows what he is purchasing. In reality, he is only exercising faith in writers who know what they are writing and whose views — strange as it may seem! — may be worth consideration even if they do not harmonize with his own. The monthly table of contents is neither more nor less than such a confession of faith. It cannot be made without a certain hardihood. In camp, when it is your week to cook, you can always enjoy the luxury of finding fault with the man who laid in the supplies: he should have bought more bacon or a different brand of coffee, and why did he forget the onions? Even the suave conductor of the dining-car, who presents you with a menu which requests explicit criticism of meals and service, can shrug his shoulders and explain that he did not buy that steak himself. But here in the magazine world there is no shuffling. Month by month what is in the larder comes on to the table, and if it is mouldy or tough or raw the Toastmaster cannot blame the Caterer, for he is both in one: Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the red slayer and the slain.

Who is there that can tell, after all, precisely how to please even the most indulgent of publics? The editors of the *Atlantic* have always been drafted from the ranks of its contributors; mere contributors, who once inclosed stamps for the return of manuscript and waited and wondered if it would prove "magazinable." How can such a one, drawn in a moment, like Browning's conscript, "From the safe glad rear to the dreadful van" pretend that he has been invested with

infallibility? "I am fain to think it vivacious," wrote Lowell of a certain Contributor's Club which he was submitting to the editor in 1890, nearly thirty years after his own editorship closed, "but if your judgment verify my fears, don't scruple to return it. I can easily make other disposition of it, or at worst there is always the waste-basket." His Club was accepted, in spite of Lowell's fears, — and, as it happened, it was his last contribution to the magazine. But whenever an author's manuscript carries the bunker of the editor's judgment, there remains a far more formidable hazard still, namely, the unknown taste of the public.

Who really understands it? Did not Emerson, that most unmercenary of editors, accept for *The Dial*, *pro honoris causa* and with a sinking heart, that article of Theodore Parker's on the Reverend John Pierpont, which nevertheless, to Emerson's astonishment, sold out the entire edition? Did not Coleridge, an equally unworldly member of the guild, lose five hundred subscribers to the ill-starred Watchman on the publication of the very second number, by "a censurable application of a text from Isaiah as its motto"?

Of one thing only may the editor be sure. No matter what dish be served, some one at the table will be positive that it either ought not to have been brought on at all, or that it should have been cooked differently. If the *Atlantic* has dispatched a representative to Borrioboola Gha to report upon the condition of blankets-and-top-boots in that unhappy country, some correspondent will turn up, as soon as the article is printed, to prove that he himself was the sole originator of the blankets-and-top-boots idea, and that the *Atlantic* has misrepresented the blessed work now going forward there. May he not have ample space in the next number to reply? Well, very likely he ought to have it. But the unlucky editor, puzzling at that moment

over the problem of finding space in the issue three months hence, thinks with a sigh of M. Doucette's pension. For at those long table-d'hôte dinners no one was expected to care for every course; if you allowed a dish to pass or left it barely tasted, you must for that very reason talk the more agreeably with your neighbor; and if individual clamor over some unfortunate concoction reached the quick ear of M. Doucette, with what infinite ease and wit did he offer the critic the honor of planning and preparing the next meal in person, — an invitation which was somehow never accepted. Besides, as M. Doucette used sometimes to hint, when flushed with his success, if one did not like the pension des violettes, there were plenty of other pensions across the way, eager for patronage.

Is all this too intimate a survey of the editorial pantry and kitchen? Pray consider it nothing more than the shirt-sleeved conversation of that garrulous M. Doucette, provoked into real confidence by an unusual hour. The New Year's greetings come but once a twelve-month, after all. And the Caterer's sorrows are very few in comparison with the pleasure of spreading the Atlantic's table and seeing the still increasing guests appear. May every one find in the courses now presented something to his taste! Not to like Colonel Higginson's new essays will indeed be to betray a fantastic appetite. If articles upon Advertising and the Ethics of Business savor too much of the very shop which

you take up the Atlantic to forget, turn back to the sixteenth century, and follow Mr. Andrew D. White's account of the singular career of Father Paul. If you love that cheerful sound of the swash-buckler in fiction, you must wait a little longer, for Mr. Herrick's *The Common Lot* is only about Chicago, and concerns itself with men and women who are uncommonly like ourselves. There will be some contributions from writers who long since laid down their pens: from Emerson, whose *Journals* begin in a few months; from Timrod, and the elder Henry James; and from Walt Whitman, who appeared in these pages twice or thrice in his early manhood, and now comes back as a lusty ghost. But many of the contributors are young; provokingly young, indeed, to know so much and to write so well. There will be variety enough, at least, with some dishes of the fine old substantial sort, and wine that needs no praise, and coffee and cigars for those who like them, or gossip about men and women and books, if that be more to your after-dinner fancy. And perhaps there will be a few violets, purchased with secret anxiety of heart, but laid by each plate with such grace as Park Street may afford.

At any rate, here is a clean cloth for 1904 and an unfeigned welcome. Forget, if you will, the unskilled service, and remember that market-place and kitchen are as yet imperfect places in an imperfect, although improvable and improving world. And here is a boy's appetite to every guest, and a Happy New Year!

B. P.

PART OF A MAN'S LIFE.

"The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part a small unknown proportion. He himself never knows it, much less do others." — *Carlyle's Essay on Scott.*

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE TRANSCENDENTAL PERIOD.

It happened to me once to be summoned on short notice to the house of a most agreeable neighbor, then Dean of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, to assist in entertaining two English guests unexpectedly arrived. These guests were a husband and wife, both authors, and visiting this country for the first time. They proved to belong to that class of British travelers who, as the genial Longfellow used to say, come hither, not so much to obtain information about America, as to communicate it. We were scarcely seated at table when the little lady — for they were both very small in person — looked up at me confidently and said, "Don't you think it rather a pity that all the really interesting Americans seem to be dead?" It was difficult for a living man to maintain any resistance against a conclusion so decisive, and all I remember is that our talk became a series of obituaries. To those might now be added, were it needful, similar memorials of my fair questioner, of her husband, and of our gracious host himself, since these also have passed away. And why should such remembrances be sad, one may well ask, if they are brought together in a sunny spirit, and have for their motto, not the mournfulness of old-time epitaphs, but rather the fine outburst of Whitman's brief song of parting, "Joy, Shipmate, Joy." Even the gloomy Carlyle had to admit that "there is no life of a man faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed."

Those who followed the chorus of affectionate praise which surrounded the

celebration of Emerson's hundredth birthday must have felt very keenly its unlikeness to the ever renewing tumult of discussion around the grave of Carlyle. The difference was in great measure the penalty of temperament, or in Emerson's case, its reward. No one recognized this more fully than Carlyle himself when he said sadly to me, "Ah! the dear Emerson! He thinks that everybody in the world is as good as himself;" just as he had said to Longfellow, years before, that Emerson's first visit to him was "like the visit of an angel." It is clear that the whole atmosphere of Emerson's memory is that of sunshine, but it gradually appears, in tracing it farther, that much of this traditional atmosphere extends — at least for those who lived through it and perhaps for their children also — over the whole intellectual period of which Emerson was the best representative. This period is now usually and doubtless vaguely known in America as the period of Transcendentalism. Unsatisfying as the word, when thus applied, must be, it may yet be employed for want of a better, without entering too profoundly into its source or its services. Originally a philosophic term, it can be used for the present to indicate a period.

The word "Transcendentalism" was apparently first employed by the leader among modern German philosophers, Immanuel Kant, to designate the intuitive method of reaching truth, as apart from the experimental or sensational method of Locke, which had held its own so stoutly. Kant died in 1804, but the word was handed on, so modified and, we might perhaps say, battered by

later German thinkers, that it would now be useless to attempt to employ it further than as a landmark or guidepost, as it will be used here. If we wish to fix the birth-time of the American period bearing that name, we may place it somewhere near the publication of Emerson's *Nature* (1836), or the appearance of the first number of *The Dial* (July, 1840), or the formation of the "Brook Farm Institute" or "Community" as it was oftenest called, near Boston (1841). The special interest of this household for the world was not so much because it gave a new roof-tree for a little domestic experiment, — the Moravians and Shakers had long before done that, — but rather because it offered also an atmosphere of freedom.

It visibly relaxed restraint, suggested a substitute for the strict Puritan tradition, brought together the most open and hopeful minds of the community, sometimes uniting with them the fanatics, still oftener the do-nothings; giving conservatives and radicals alike something to talk about. Those whose names are now oftenest associated with the Brook Farm enterprise, as Emerson, Alcott, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and William Henry Channing, never actually belonged to it; while its most noted members, as Hawthorne and George William Curtis, were there only during the first year. The only narrator who has written his personal remembrances of it was but a second-year member; and its more systematic historian, Mr. Lindsay Swift, says justly of it, "There was a distinct beginning, a fairly coherent progress, but a vague termination." He also touches the keynote of the whole history when he says in his preface, "It is more than fifty years since the last dweller in that pleasant domain turned his reluctant steps away from its noble illusions, and toward the stress of realities; but from no one of this gracious company has ever come the admission that Brook Farm was a failure." Surely this is much to say.

In going still farther back for the historic origins of American transcendentalism, we must recognize the earlier influence of Burns, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, as laying the foundations for all this new atmosphere of thought and living. This is a fact of much interest as compared with the first reception of all these poets in their own country. The *London Monthly Review* — the leading critical magazine in England before the *Edinburgh Review* appeared — pronounced Burns's first volume to be "disgusting," and "written in an unknown tongue," the editor adding his own partial version of *The Cotter's Saturday Night* translated into the English language! The same editor pronounced Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* "the strangest story of a cock and bull that we ever saw on paper . . . a rhapsody of unintelligible wildness and incoherence, of which we do not perceive the drift," while *Christabel* was described by him as "rude, unfeathered stuff." Even of Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey* the same critic complains that it is "tinctured with gloomy, narrow, and unsociable ideas of seclusion from the commerce of the world;" and yet on turning the pages of *Dennie's Portfolio* published in Philadelphia simultaneously with the English periodical just quoted (1786), we find these very poets and, indeed, these identical poems hailed as the opening of a new intellectual era. Such, indeed, it was, but an era heralded in America with an eagerness, cordiality, and, above all, a cheerfulness such as might well belong to a fresher and more youthful life.

Then followed Carlyle's great influence through his *Sartor Resartus*, whose American editor, Charles Stearns Wheeler, I can well remember to have watched with timid reverence at the Boston Athenæum Library as he transcribed that exciting work from the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*, for its first reprinting in book form. Still more must be recalled the influence of Kant and Fichte, Hegel and Schleiermacher, with the more transient

eclectic philosophy of the Frenchmen Cousin and Jouffroy, whose books were translated from the French and used for a time as text-books in Harvard College and elsewhere, as early as 1839. The German poets also were just being translated, though of course in a fragmentary way, in America, especially Goethe, Schiller, and even Heine; and the poetic writings of Hoffmann, Novalis, Jean Paul Richter, and others lent their influence, first under the lead of Carlyle, and afterwards through direct American translators, the Rev. Charles T. Brooks and Mrs. Eliza Buckminster Lee. Many of these poetic translations appeared in *The Dial*, and the prose versions in the series of volumes, fourteen in all, entitled *Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature*, planned and edited by George Ripley. To him especial attention should be given, since if the sunny atmosphere of the period was personally incarnated in any one, it was undoubtedly in him.

George Ripley was the single consummate type, during that period, of that rarest of combinations, the natural scholar and the cheery good fellow. Evidence of the former quality might be found in the catalogue, had it only been preserved, of his library sold in aid of the organization of Brook Farm, and universally recognized as the best German library then to be found in America; while the best tribute to the other trait was the universal regret said to have been felt among his clerical brethren at the loss of the gayest companion and best story-teller in their ranks. He it was who with Emerson, Hedge, and George Putnam called together the first meeting of "what was named in derision the 'Transcendental Club,'" as Hedge writes; and he it was who resigned his clerical charge in 1840, with a view to applying to some form of action the newer and ampler views of life.

Even Dr. Channing, then the intellectual leader of Boston, had some conference with Ripley as to whether it would

be possible to bring cultivated and thoughtful people together and make a society that deserved the name. Mr. Swift in his admirable book on Brook Farm reminds us that there was a consultation on this subject at the house of Dr. John C. Warren, then the leading physician of Boston, which ended "with an oyster supper, crowned by excellent wines." Undoubtedly, on that occasion, George Ripley told his best stories and laughed his heartiest laugh. But we may be sure that his jubilant cheeriness was no less when he turned his back on all this and left the flesh-pots of Egypt for a dinner of herbs at Brook Farm.

There is something very interesting and not wholly accidental in the way in which a German influence was thus early making itself felt in this country and contributing, as a matter of course, to its sunshine. This clearly came from a double influence, the appearance in America of a number of highly educated Germans, of whom Lieber, Follen, and Beck were types, who were driven from their country by political uproar about 1825; and, on the other hand, the return of a small number of highly educated Americans, at a period a little earlier, who had studied at the German universities. The most conspicuous among these men were Edward Everett, George Ticknor, George Bancroft, and Joseph Green Cogswell, the latter being the organizer of our first great American library, the Astor. Their experience and influence had a value quite inestimable, and the process of their training is shown unmistakably in a remarkable series of letters from them to my father, then steward of Harvard College, and in some respects their sponsor; letters published by myself in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for September, 1897. In one of these letters, the cool and clear-headed Everett, going from the Continent to inspect the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, expressed the opinion that America had at that date (1819) "nothing to

learn from England [in regard to university methods], but everything to learn from Germany," and I have been more than once assured by English scholars, on quoting to them the passage, that the remark was, at the period indicated, absolutely true. It is, however, also true that Mr. Everett himself practically recognized a subsequent change in conditions, when he sent his own son, forty years later, to an English and not to a German university.

It must not be supposed that the "Disciples of the Newness," as they liked to call themselves, were allowed to go on their way unchecked. Professor Bowen of Harvard, always pungent and often tart, followed them up vigorously in the *North American*, as did Professor Felton more mildly. Yet there was always something behind the cloud, an influence which revived these victims like some cloud-concealed goddess in Homer, and however severe the attacks may have been they were usually the fruit of narrowness, not of mere malice. They were rarely mixed with merely personal bitterness, as were the contests of the same period, under Poe's influence, among New York men of letters; nor were they so much entangled with money-quarrels as those, since money was a thing with which New England students had little to do. No one among them, however, fared so miserably, in financial negotiations, as did poor Cornelius Mathews in New York, who, after his *Big Abel* and the *Little Manhattan* had been announced as a forthcoming volume of a series, was offered by the repentant publishers \$100 to allow them to withdraw the offer and leave the book unpublished, but who refused the request. The *North American Review* — then a Boston periodical — settled the case of this unfortunate author tersely by saying, "Mr. Mathews has shown a marvelous skill in failing, each failure being more complete than the last." Horace Greeley hit his merely political opponents as hard as this, but

the New York Tribune under Margaret Fuller's influence kept clear of bitter personalities in literature, something which she had not always quite done in *The Dial*.

It must be remembered that the Transcendentalists never, in the early days, called themselves by that name. Their most ambitious title was, as has been said, that of Disciples of the Newness. It must also be remembered that this Newness itself was in some degree a reversion to the old, as in Margaret Fuller's case it came from a learned father who brought her up in direct inheritance of whatever was ancient. She was, by her own statement, early "placed in a garden with a great pile of books before her." She began to read Latin before she read English. The Greek and Roman deities were absolutely real to her, and she prayed, "O God, if thou art Jupiter;" or else to Bacchus for a bunch of grapes. When she was old enough to think about Christianity, she cried out for her dear old Greek and Roman gods. It was a long time, her friend Mrs. Dall tells us, "before she could see the deeper spirituality of the Christian tradition." Hence it is, perhaps, that we see rather less of sunshine in her than in the other Transcendentalists.

For the unbelieving world outside, it must be remembered, the Transcendental movement at least contributed some such sunshine through the very sarcasms it excited; as when Mrs. Russell, Father Taylor's brilliant daughter, did not flinch from defining the Transcendentalists as "a race who dove into the infinite, soared into the illimitable, and never paid cash;" or when Carlyle described Ripley, who had called on him in England, as "a Socinian minister, who had left the pulpit to reform the world by cultivating onions." Emerson compared Brook Farm to "a French Revolution in small," and a certain meeting of the Transcendental Club to "going to heaven in a swing." All the peculiarities of Brook Farm, we may be sure, were reported without diminu-

tion in the gossip of Boston society, even the jokes of the young people made upon themselves being taken seriously in the world outside; as when they asked at the dinner-table, "Is the butter within the sphere of your influence?" or proposed that a pie should be cut "from the centre to the periphery." There being more young men than young women, at first, an unusual share of household duties, moreover, fell upon the stronger sex. They helped in the laundry, brought water from the pump, prepared vegetables in the barn. The graceful George William Curtis trimmed lamps, and the manly and eminently practical Charles Dana organized a band of "griddle-cake servitors," composed of "four of the most elegant youths of the community."

There was also a Brook Farm legend that one of the younger members or pupils confessed his passion while helping his sweetheart to wash dishes; and Emerson is the authority for stating that as the men danced in the evening, clothespins sometimes dropped from their pockets. Hawthorne wrote to his sister, not without sarcasm, "The whole fraternity eat together, and such a delectable way of life has never been seen on earth since the days of the early Christians. We get up at half-past six, dine at half-past twelve, and go to bed at nine." An element of moral protest also entered into the actual work of the more serious members. Thus Mr. Ripley said to Theodore Parker of John Dwight, afterwards eminent as a musical critic, "There is your accomplished friend; he would hoe corn all Sunday if I would let him, but all Massachusetts could not make him do it on Monday." Rumor adds that Parker replied, "It is good to know that he wants to hoe corn any day in the week." The question is not how far these details were based on fact or were the fruit of fancy, but the immediate point is that they materially aided in keeping up the spirits of the unbelieving world outside.

It is possible that those seemingly

vague and dreamy times might have communicated to those reared in them too passive and negative a character but for the perpetual tonic of the anti-slavery movement, which was constantly entangling itself with all merely socialistic discussion. At every crisis brought on by this last problem it turned out that mere moral purpose might impart to these pacific social reformers a placid courage which rose on occasion to daring. Thus it took years to appreciate the most typical of these men, Bronson Alcott. The quality that was, at first, rather exasperating in him became ultimately his greatest charm: the manner in which this idealist threw himself on the Universal Powers and left his life to be assigned by them. That life had seemed at first as helpless and unpromising as the attitude of the little Italian child who, having stopped at a certain door near Boston and received breakfast for sweet charity's sake, was found sitting placidly on the doorstep, two hours later, and being asked why she had not gone away replied serenely, "What for go away? Plenty time go away!" The wide universe was to Alcott a similarly vast and tranquil scene. He had, as was said of his English friend Greaves, "a copious peacefulness." It was easy enough to see this in a humorous light, but when in later years, after those who had broken down the Boston Court House door for the rescue of Anthony Burns had been driven out, and the open doorway was left bare, it was Alcott who walked unarmed up the empty steps, calmly asking, "Why are we not within?" and on finding himself unsupported turned back slowly, then walked placidly down again, he and his familiar cane, without visible disturbance of mind. It has lately come to light, since the publication of the memoirs of Daniel Ricketson, that Alcott afterwards offered to be one of a party for the rescue of Captain John Brown. It was still the same Alcott, only that he watched the slowly forming lines of his horoscope, and found

them in Emerson's phrase, "come full circle." In a similar way, Thoreau, after all his seeming theories of self-absorption, ranged himself on the side of Brown as placidly as if he were going for huckleberries.

Yet the effect of Transcendentalism on certain characters, a minority of its adherents, was seemingly disastrous; though the older we grow, the harder it is to be sure that we know all the keys to individual character. The freedom that belonged to the period, the sunny atmosphere of existence, doubtless made some men indolent, like children of the tropics. Some went abroad and lived in Europe, and were rarely heard from; others dwelt at home, and achieved nothing; while others, on the contrary, had the most laborious and exacting careers. Others led lives morally wasted, whether by the mere letting loose of a surge of passion ill restrained, or by that terrible impulse of curiosity which causes more than half the sins of each growing generation, and yet is so hard to distinguish from the heroic search after knowledge. I can think of men among those bred in that period, and seemingly under its full influence, who longed to know the worst of life and knew it, and paid dearly for their knowledge; and their kindred paid more dearly still. Others might be named who, without ever yielding, so far as I know or guess, to a single sensual or worldly sin, yet developed temperaments so absolutely wayward that it became necessary, in the judgment of all who knew the facts, for their wives and children to leave them and stay apart, so that these men died in old age without seeing the faces of their own grandchildren. Others vanished, and are to this day untraced; and yet all these were but a handful compared with that majority which remained true to early dreams while the world called them erratic, and the church pronounced them unredeemed or, in Shakespeare's phrase, "unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled."

It must be remembered also that, in that period of general seething, all other reformatory movements alternated with efforts of the socialists and joined with them to keep up the spirits of the Community. The anti-slavery meetings, for instance, mingled sorrow with joy and sometimes even with levity. Nowhere in all the modern world could have been seen more strikingly grouped the various *dramatis personæ* of a great impending social change than on the platform of some large hall, filled with Abolitionists. There sat Garrison in the centre, his very attitude showing the serene immovableness of his mind, and around him usually two or three venerable Quaker Vice Presidents, always speechless, while in themselves constituting an inexorable though unwearied audience. Grouped among them were "devout women, not a few," as the Scripture has it, and fiery orators brought together from different fields of action, where they had been alternately starved, frozen, or mobbed, according to the various methods adopted by unbelieving rural scoffers. Mingled with these were a few city delegates, the most high-bred men and women in appearance to be found in Boston, like Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, and Mrs. Chapman. Among these, strangest of all, were the living texts for all the impending eloquence of the platform: the fugitive slaves, black or mulatto or sometimes indistinguishably white, perhaps just landed from their concealment on Southern packet ships, or in covert corners of freight cars. There might be Henry Box Brown, so named from the box in which he had been nailed up and been borne, occasionally on his head, from slavery to freedom; or Harriet Tubman, who after making her own escape from the land of slavery had made eight or ten covert visits thither, each time bringing back by the underground railroad her little band of fugitives; or William and Ellen Craft, she going from city to city northward as a white woman, and he as

her attendant slave. These, and such as these, passed across the stage in successive years. And no one who early saw Frederick Douglass just rescued from slavery could possibly have foreseen in him the princely and commanding aspect with which he was to tread in later years those same boards and prove himself, as the veteran reporter Yerrington used to say, the only orator on the platform, except Wendell Phillips, whose speeches needed absolutely no revision before printing.

These gave the tragic, the Shakespearian aspect of the anti-slavery movement, to be relieved by another side of the screen when Wendell Phillips and some other hero of the platform led beyond the door the shrieking Abby Folsom, with her unfailing cry, "It's the capitalists!" or Mellen was silenced by more subtle persuasions, and tempted away to continue his interminable harangue to some single auditor in the side scenes. Once take Garrison himself away from the convention and no man better loved his placid joke. He could go to prison without flinching, but could not forego his pun, we may be sure, after he got there, and would no more have denied himself that innocent relaxation in jail than a typical French nobleman in Revolutionary days would have laid aside his snuff-box in the presence of the guillotine. A similar cheerful and unwavering tone pervaded those leaders generally, and I remember when Mrs. Chapman established the first outdoor anti-slavery festival, on the avowed ground that there was no reason why the children of this world should enjoy themselves better than the Children of Light.

It is needless to say that the tropical race in whose interest all this anti-slavery work was carried on took their share of levity, when opportunity came, the instances of habitual gloom being usually found, not among those who had escaped from slavery, but rather in those born free, bred at the North, having some

worldly prosperity, and yet feeling that a modified subjugation still socially rested upon them. The inexhaustible sense of humor in Frederick Douglass, on the other hand, kept him clear of this, as was never better seen than on the once famous occasion when the notorious Isaiah Rynders of New York at the head of a mob had interrupted an anti-slavery meeting, captured the platform, placed himself in the chair, and bade the meeting proceed. Douglass was speaking and, nothing loath, made his speech only keener and keener for the interference, weaving around the would-be chairman's head a wreath of delicate sarcasm which carried the audience with it, while the duller wits of the burly despot could hardly follow him. Knowing only, in a general way, that he was being dissected, Rynders at last exclaimed, "What you Abolitionists want to do is to cut all our throats!" "Oh, no!" replied Douglass in his most dulcet tones. "We would only cut your hair;" and bending over the shaggy and frowzy head of the Bowery tyrant he gave a suggestive motion as of scissors, to his thumb and forefinger, with a professional politeness that instantly brought down the house, friend and foe, while Rynders quitted the chair in wrath, and the meeting dissolved itself amid general laughter. It was a more cheerful conclusion, perhaps, than that stormier one — not unknown in reformatory conventions — with which Shakespeare so often ends his scenes: "Exeunt fighting."

One of the most curious circumstances connected with the whole Transcendental period, and one tending, whether in seriousness or through satire, to bring out its sunny side, was its connection with Horace Greeley. He himself was a strange mixture of the dreamy and the practical, and his very appearance and costume, his walk and conversation, combined these inconsistent attributes. The one great advertising medium possessed by the whole Brook Farm movement was the New York Tribune, and it is a part

of the quaintness of the whole affair at Brook Farm that an enterprise so physically insignificant should have for its organ a journal then rapidly on its way to becoming the most widely circulated in the nation. Yet Greeley's own externals, when he first stood at the door at Brook Farm, might have suggested a visitor from any part of the land rather than New York city, and a delegate from any other sphere rather than that of metropolitan journalism. Miss Amelia Russell, a member of Brook Farm, thus describes his appearance at first glance: "His hair was so light that it was almost white; he wore a white hat, his face was entirely colorless, even the eyes not adding much to save it from its ghostly hue. His coat was a very light drab, almost white, and his nether garments the same." No better samples could, perhaps, be given of the mirth-making aspects of that period than might be done by a series of extracts from Greeley's letters as published in the volume called *Passages from the Correspondence of Rufus W. Griswold*, in which you find Greeley alternately moving heaven and earth to get for the then unknown Thoreau the publication of his maiden essay on Carlyle in *Graham's Magazine* and himself giving \$75 to pay for it in advance; and about the same time writing to Griswold, "Gris. make up for me a brief collection of the best Epigrams in the Language — say three folio sheets of MSS.;" then cheerfully adding, "A page may be given to epitaphs, if you please, though I don't care!"

This suggests how much of the sunshine at that period came also to many from Thoreau himself, whose talk and letters, like his books, were full of delicate humor; and who gave to outdoor hours such an atmosphere of serene delight as made one feel that a wood-thrush was always soliloquizing somewhere in the background. Walks with him were singularly unlike those taken with Alcott, for instance, who only strolled serenely

to some hospitable fence at the entrance to some wood, and sat down there, oblivious whether frogs or wood-thruses filled the air, so long as they did not withdraw attention from his own discourses. As Alcott carried his indoor meditations out of doors, so Thoreau brought his outward observations indoors, and I remember well the delightful mornings when his favorite correspondent, Harry Blake, my neighbor in Worcester, Mass., used to send round to a few of us to come in and hear extracts from Thoreau's last letter at the breakfast table; these extracts being the very materials that were afterwards to make up his choicest volume, *Walden*; letters that combined with breakfast and with sunrise to fill the day for us auditors with inexhaustible delight.

That period is long passed, and these few stray memories can at best give but a few glimpses of its sunnier side. The fact that it did pass and that it can never be reproduced is the very thing that makes its memories worth recalling. The great flood-tide of the civil war bore this all away, followed by the stupendous growth of a changed nation. Every age has its own point of interest; and the longest personal life, if lived wholesomely, can offer but a succession of these. But one question still remains, and will perhaps always remain, unanswered. Considering the part originally done by the English Lake Poets in bringing about this period of sunshine in America, why is it that the leaders of English literature on its native soil for the last half century have had a mournful and clouded tone? From Carlyle and Ruskin through Froude and Arnold to Meredith, Hardy, Stevenson, and Henley, all have had a prevailing air of sadness, and sometimes even of frightful gloom. Even Tennyson, during at least a portion of his reactionary later life, and Browning, toward the end of his, showed the same tendency. In America, on the other hand, during the same

general period, the leading literary figures, with the solitary exception of Poe, — who was wont to be an exception to all rules, — were sunshiny and hopeful, not gloomy. This is certainly true of Emerson, Alcott, Thoreau, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Whitman. Even if Hawthorne may have seemed to the world an exception from his reticence and sombre bearing, we must re-

member how he laid aside those traits within his own household. "Never was there such a playmate," said to me once his noble and stately daughter Una, describing her happy childhood. These and all the rest, save Poe, found joy, predominant joy, in life. Why this difference? It is not yet time, perhaps, to fathom the mystery and give a clear answer to the question.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE COMMON LOT.¹

I.

FROM time to time the door opened to admit some tardy person. Then the May sunlight without flooded the dim, long hall with a sudden radiance, even to the arched recess in the rear, where the coffin was placed. The late-comers sank into the crowd of black-coated men, who filled the hall to the broad stairs. Most of these were plainly dressed, with thick, grizzled beards and lined faces: they were old hands from the Bridge Works on the West Side, where they had worked many years for Powers Jackson. In the parlors at the left of the hall there were more women than men, and more fashionable clothes than in the hall. But the faces were scarcely less rugged and lined. These friends of the old man who lay in the coffin were mostly life-worn and gnarled, like himself. Their luxuries had not sufficed to hide the scars of the battles they had waged with fortune.

When the minister ceased praying, the men and the women in the warm, flower-scented rooms moved gratefully, trying to get easier positions for their cramped bodies. Some members of the church choir, stationed at the landing on the stairs, began to sing. Once more the door opened silently in the stealthy

hands of the undertaker, and this time it remained open for several seconds. A woman entered, dressed in fashionable widow's mourning. She moved deliberately, as if she realized exactly the full effect of her entrance at that hour among all these heated, tired people. The men crowded in the hall made way for her instinctively, so that she might enter the dining-room, to the right of the coffin, where the family and the nearest friends of the dead man were seated. Here, a young man, one of Powers Jackson's nephews, rose and surrendered his chair to the pretty widow, whispering: —

"Take this, Mrs. Phillips! I am afraid there is nothing better."

She took his place by the door with a little deprecatory smile, which said many things at the same time: "I am very late, I know; but I really could n't help it! You will understand, won't you?"

And also: "You have come to be a handsome young man! When I saw you last you were only a raw boy, just out of college. Now we must reckon with you, as the old man's heir, — the heir of so much money!"

Then again: "I have had my sorrows, too, since we met over there across the sea."

All this her face seemed to speak

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swiftly, especially to the young man, whose attention she had quite distracted, as indeed she had disturbed every one in the other rooms by her progress through the hall. By the time she had settled herself, and made a first survey of the scene, the hymn had come to an end, and the minister's deep voice broke forth in the words of ancient promise, "I am the Resurrection and the Life" . . .

At these words of triumph the pretty widow's interruption was forgotten. Something new stirred in the weary faces of those standing in the hall, touching each one according to his soul, vibrating in his heart with a meaning personal to him, to her, quite apart from any feeling that they might have for their old friend, in the hope for whose immortality it had been spoken. . . .

"I am the Resurrection and the Life" . . . "yet in my flesh shall I see God" . . .

The words fell fatefully into the close rooms. The young man who had given his chair to Mrs. Phillips unconsciously threw back his head and raised his eyes from the floor, as though he were following some point of light which had burst into sight above his head. His gaze swept over his mother's large, inexpressive countenance, his cousin Everett's sharp features, the solemn, blank faces of the other mourners in the room. It rested on the face of a young woman, who was seated on the other side of the little room, almost hidden by the roses and the lilies that were banked on the table between them. She, too, had raised her face at the triumphant note, and was seeing something beyond the man's eyes, beyond the walls of the room. Her lips had parted in a little sigh of wonder; her blue eyes were filled with unwept tears. The man's attention was arrested by those eyes and trembling lips, and he forgot the feeling that the minister's words had roused, in sudden apprehension of the girl's beauty and tenderness. He had discovered the face in a moment of its finest illumination, excited by a vague yet pure emotion,

so that it became all at once more than it had ever promised. The tears trembled at the eyelids, then dropped unnoticed to the face. The young man looked away hastily, with an uncomfortable feeling at beholding all this emotion. He could not see why Helen Spellman should take his uncle's death so much to heart. The old man had always been kind to her and to her mother. She had been at the house a great deal, for her mother and his uncle were old friends, and the old man loved to have the girl about the house. Yet he did not feel his uncle's death that way; he wondered whether he ought to be affected by it as Helen was. He was certainly much nearer to the dead man than she, — his nephew, the son of his sister Amelia, who had kept his house all the many years of her widowhood. And, — he was aware that people were in the habit of saying it, — he was his favorite nephew, the one who would inherit the better part of the property. This last reflection set his mind to speculating on the impending change in his own world. The new future, which he pleasantly dreamed, would bring him nearer to *her*. For the last few days, ever since the doctors had given up all hope of the old man's recovery, he had not been able to keep his imagination from wandering in the fields of this strange, delightful future which was so near at hand. . . .

"There is a natural body," so the minister was saying solemnly, "and there is a spiritual body. . . . For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

The young man tried to curb his imagination, to feel the significance of the fact before him in some other way than as it might affect his own material fate. . . .

When the clergyman began his remarks about the dead man's personality, he roused the tired people and brought them back to their common earth. What could he say? The subject was full of thorns. Powers Jackson had not been a bad man, take his life all in all, but he

had been accused, justly, of some ruthless, selfish acts. His morality had never quite satisfied the ideals of his neighbors, and he could not be called, in any sense of the word known to the officiating minister, a religious man.

Yet there was scarcely a person present to whom Powers Jackson had not done some kind and generous act. Each one in his heart knew the dead man to have been good and human, and forgave him his sins, public and private. What did it matter to old Jim Ryan, the office porter, who was standing in the corner with his son and grandson, whether Powers Jackson had or had not conspired with certain other men to capture illegally a great grant of Texas land! He and his family had lived in the sun of the dead man's kindness.

While the minister was saying what every one agreed to in his heart, — that their dead friend was a man of large stature, big in heart as in deed, strong for good, as for evil, — his nephew's thoughts kept returning to that glowing, personal matter, — what did it all mean to *him*? Of course, his uncle had been good to him, had given him the best kind of an education and training in his profession; but now he was about to give him the largest gift of all, — freedom for his whole lifetime, freedom to do with himself what he pleased, freedom first of all to leave this dull, dirty city, to flee to those other parts of the earth which he knew so well how to enjoy! . . . The pretty widow beside him fidgeted. She was exceedingly uncomfortable in the close, stuffy room, and the minister's skillful words only roused a wicked sense of irony in her. She could have told the reverend doctor a thing or two about old Powers! She threw back her jacket, revealing an attractive neck and bust. She had scanned the faces of most of those in the rooms, and, with great rapidity, had cast up mentally their score with the dead. This handsome young nephew was the only one that counted in her own estimation.

What was he going to do with the old fellow's money? She threw a speculative, admiring look at him. . . .

Across the room the girl's face had settled into sober thought, the tears drying on her cheeks where they had fallen. In that glorious promise of Life Everlasting, which was still reverberating in her soul, she felt that the only real Life which poor human beings might know was that life of the "spiritual body," the life of the good, which is all one and alike! To her, Powers Jackson was simply a good man, the best of men. For she had known him all her life, and had seen nothing but good in him. She loved him, and she knew that he could not be dead!

Finally, the minister rounded out his thought and came to the end of his remarks. The singers on the stairs began to chant softly, "Now, O Lord, let thy servant depart in peace!" And the tired faces relaxed from their tense seriousness. Somehow, the crisis of their emotion had been reached and passed. Comforted and reassured, the men and women were leaving this house of mourning. An old man, childless, a widower of many years, who had done his work successfully in this world, and reaped the rewards of it, — what can one feel for his death but a solemn sense of mystery and peace! Perhaps to one only, the girl hidden behind the lilies and the roses in the dining-room, was it a matter of keen, personal grief. He had left her world, who had stroked her head and kissed her, who had loved her as a father might love her, who had always smiled when she had touched him.

On the sidewalk outside the people gathered in little knots, speaking in subdued tones to one another, luxuriating in the riotous spring air. Then they moved away. After the house was pretty well emptied, those mourners who had been in the dining-room appeared, to take carriages for the cemetery. Mrs. Phillips came first, talking to young Jackson Hart. She was saying: —

"It was all quite what the dear old gentleman would have liked and such good taste, — that was your part, I know!"

As he handed her into her carriage, she leaned toward him, with a very personal air: —

"It is so different from the last time we met! Do you remember? You must come and see me, now that I am back in this place for good."

As the young man turned away from her, he met Helen Spellman descending the long flight of steps. She was carrying in her arms a great mass of loose flowers, and his cousin Everett was similarly burdened.

"Are you going on ahead of us?" Jackson asked anxiously.

"Yes. I want to put these flowers there first; so that it won't seem so bare and lonely when he comes. See! I have taken those he liked to have in his library, and yours and your mother's, too!"

She smiled, but her eyes were still dull with tears. Again she brought his thoughts back from self, from his futile, worldly preoccupations, back to her love for the dead man, which seemed so much greater, so much purer than his.

"That will be very nice," he said, taking the flowers from her hands and placing them in a carriage that had driven up to the curb. "I am sure he would have liked your thought for him. He was always so fond of what you did, of you."

"Dear uncle," she murmured to herself. Although the dead man was not connected with her by any ties of blood, she had grown into the habit of calling him uncle, first as a joke, then in affection.

"He always had me get the flowers when he wanted to give a really truly dinner!" she added, a smile coming to her face. "I know he will like to have me take these out to him there now."

She spoke of the dead in the present tense, with a strong feeling for the still living part of the one gone.

"I should like to drive out there with you!" the young man exclaimed impulsively. "May I?"

"Oh no! You must n't," she replied quickly. "There's your mother, who is expecting you to be with her, and then," — she blushed and stepped away from him a little space, — "I had rather be alone, please!"

When the heavy gates of the vault in Rose Hill had closed upon Powers Jackson forever, the little group of intimate friends, who had come with him to his grave, descended silently the granite steps to their carriages. Insensibly a wave of relief stole over the spirit of the young nephew, as he turned his back upon the ugly tomb, in the American-Greek style, with heavy capitals and false pillars. It was not a selfish or heartless desire to get away from the dead man, to forget him now that he no longer counted in this world; it was merely the reaction from a day of gloom and sober thought. He felt stifled in his tall silk hat, long frock coat, patent-leather shoes, and black gloves. His spirit shrank from the chill of the tomb, to which the day had brought him near.

"Let's send all the women back together, Everett," he suggested to his cousin, "and have a smoke. I am pretty nearly dead!"

As the three men in the party got into their carriage, Jackson took out his cigarette-case and offered it to his cousin; but Everett shook his head rather contemptuously and drew a cigar from his breast pocket.

"I never got in the habit of smoking those things," he remarked slowly. There was an implication in his cool tone that no grown man indulged himself in that boyish habit.

"He never liked cigarettes either, — would n't have one in the house," Jackson commented lightly.

The other man, Hollister, had taken a cigar, and the three men smoked in

silence while the carriage bumped at a rapid pace over the uneven streets of Chicago. Hollister, so Hart reflected, must know what was in the will. He had been the old man's confidential business man for a good many years, and was one of the executors. Everett Wheeler, who was a lawyer with a large and very highly paid practice, was another.

Perhaps this cousin was to get the bulk of the property after all, though their uncle had never displayed any great fondness for Everett. The lawyer had always done the best that was expected of him. He had entered a law office from the high school, preferring to skip the intermediate years of college training, which Powers Jackson had offered him, and he never ceased referring to his success in his profession as partly due to the fact he had "fooled no time away at college." So far as his business went, which was to patch together crazy corporations, he had no particular use for a liberal education. He had no tastes whatsoever outside of this business and a certain mild interest in politics. His dull white features, sharpened to a vulpine point, and his large nose betrayed his temperament. He was a silent, cool-blooded, unpassionate American man of affairs, and it would be safe to say that he would die rich. Thus far he had not had enough emotion to get married. No! his cousin reflected, Everett was not a man after old Powers Jackson's heart! Their uncle was not a cold, passionless man. . . .

Those two men opposite him knew what was the fact in this matter so momentous to him. They smoked, wrapped in their own thoughts.

"I wonder who was the joker who put up that monstrous Greek temple out there in the cemetery!" Jackson finally observed, in a nervous desire to say something.

"You mean the family mausoleum?" Everett asked severely, removing his cigar from his lips, and spitting carefully out of the half-opened window. "That

was done by a fellow named Roly, and it was considered a very fine piece of work. It was built the time aunt Frankie died."

"It's a spooky sort of place to put a man into!"

"I think the funeral was what your uncle would have liked," Hollister remarked. "He hated to be eccentric, and yet he despised pretentious ceremonies. Everything was simple and dignified. The parson was good, too, in what he said. And the old men turned out in great numbers. I was glad of that! But I was surprised. It's nearly two years since he gave up the Works, and memories are short between master and man."

"That's a fact. But he knew every man-jack about the place in the old days," Everett observed, removing his silk hat as if it were an ornamental incumbrance.

"Yes," said Hollister, taking up the theme. "I remember how he would come into the front office on pay days, and stand behind the grating while the men were signing off. He could call every one by a first name. It was Pete and Dave and Jerry and Steve, — there were n't so many of those Hungarians and Slavs, the European garbage, then."

"But he was stiff with 'em in the strike, though," the lawyer put in, a smile wrinkling his thin, pallid lips. "He fired every one who went with the union, — never'd let 'em back, no matter what they did. Those there to-day were mostly old ones."

The two older men began to exchange stories about the dead man, of things they had seen while they were working for him, — his tricks of temper, whims of mind. The older man spoke gently, almost tenderly, of the one he had worked with, as of one whose faults were flaws in a great stone. The lawyer spoke literally, impassively, as of some phenomenon of nature which he had seen often and had thoroughly observed.

Young Hart lit another cigarette, and

he thought of the girl's face as he had seen it that day, utterly moved and transfixed with a strange emotion of tender sorrow that was half happiness. She was religious, he believed, meaning by that word that she was moved by certain feelings other than those which affected him or Everett or Hollister, even. And this new thought of her made her more precious in his eyes. He looked for her when they reached the sombre old house on Ohio Street, but she had already driven home.

As Hollister was leaving, he said to the young man : —

"Can you come over to Everett's office to-morrow about four? Judge Phillips will be there, the other executor. We are to open the will. They have suggested that I ask you to join us," he added hastily, with an effort to be matter-of-fact.

"All right, Hollister," the young man answered, with an equal effort to appear unconcerned. "I'll be over!"

But his heart thumped strangely.

II.

"Get all ready before you start," Powers Jackson had said, when his nephew, after four years at Cornell and three years at a famous technical school in the East, had suggested the propriety of finishing his training in architecture by study in Paris. "Get all ready, — then let us have results."

He had been getting ready. He had chosen to go to Cornell rather than to a larger university, because some of the boys of his high school class were going there. With us in America such matters are often settled in this childish way. The reason why he chose the profession of architecture was, in the first place, scarcely less frivolous. A "fraternity brother" at Cornell, just home from Paris, fired the college boy's imagination for "the Quarter." But, once started in the course of architecture at the tech-

nical school, he found that he had stumbled into something which really interested him. For the first time in his life he worked.

At the Beaux Arts he worked, also, though he did not forget the amenities of life. The two years, first talked of, expanded into two and a half, then rounded to three. Meanwhile the generous cheques from the office of the Bridge Works came with pleasant regularity. His mother wrote, "Powers hopes that you are deriving benefit from your studies in Paris." What the old man had said was, "How's Jackie doing these days, Amelia?" And young Hart was "doing" well. There were many benefits, not always orthodox, which the young American, established cosily on the Rue de l'Université, derived from Paris.

The day of preparation came to an end, however. Those last weeks of his stay in Europe he was joined by his mother and Helen Spellman. Powers Jackson had taken this occasion to send them both abroad. Mrs. Spellman being too much of an invalid to take the journey, Mrs. Amelia Hart had been very glad to have the girl's companionship. Jackson met them in Naples. After he had kissed his mother and taken her handbag, to which she was clinging in miserable suspicion of the entire foreign world, he turned to the girl, whose presence he had been conscious of all the time. Helen was not noticeably pretty or well dressed; but she had an air of race, a fineness of feature, a certain personal delicacy, to which the young man had long been unaccustomed. Perhaps three years of student life in Paris had prepared him to think very well of a young American woman.

So their six weeks in Italy had been very happy ones for all three, — six golden weeks of May and early June. The beautiful land smiled at them from every field and wall. Each fresh landscape in the panorama of their little journeys was another joy, a new excite-

ment that burned in a flush of heightened color on the girl's face. One of their last days they spent at the little village of Ravello, on a hilltop above Amalfi, and there in the clear twilight of a warm June day, with gold-tipped clouds brooding over the Bay of Salerno, they came for the first time upon the personal note. They were leaning over the railing of the terrace in the Palumbo, listening to the bells in the churches of Vetri beneath them.

"Would n't this be good for always?" he murmured.

He was touched with sentimental self-pity at the thought of leaving all this, — the beauty, the wonder, the joy of Europe! In another short month instead of this there would be Chicago, whose harsh picture three years had not softened.

"I don't know," the girl replied, with a long sigh for remembered joy. "One could not be as happy as this for months and years."

"I'd like to try!" he said lightly.

"No! Not you," she retorted with sudden warmth. "What could a man do here?"

"There are a lot of fellows in Europe who manage to answer that question somehow. Most of the men I knew in Paris don't expect to go back yet, and not to Chicago anyway."

Her lips compressed quickly. Evidently they were not the kind of men she thought well of.

"Why!" she stammered, words crowding tempestuously to her tongue. "How could you stay, and not work out your own life, not make your way in the world like uncle Powers? How it would trouble him to hear you say that!"

He was a trifle ashamed of his desire to keep out of the fight any longer. Hers, he judged, was a militant, ambitious nature, and he was quick to feel what she expected of him.

After they had sat there a long time without speaking, she said gently, as if she wished to be just to him: —

"It might be different, if one were an artist; but even then I should think a man would want to carry back what he had received here to the place he was born in, — should n't you?"

"Well, perhaps," he admitted, "if it were n't just — Chicago!"

And these simple words of the girl spoken in the garden of Ravello were a tonic for other moments of regret.

They made the long voyage homewards through the Mediterranean, touching at Gibraltar for a last, faint glimpse of romance. It was a placid journey in a slow steamer, with a small company of dull, middle-aged Americans, and the two were left much to themselves. In the isolation of the sunny, windless sea, their acquaintance took on imperceptibly a personal character. After the fashion of the egotistic male, he told her, bit by bit, all that he knew about himself, — his college days, his friends, and his work at the Beaux Arts. From the past, — his past, — they slid to the future that lay before him on the other shore of the Atlantic. He sketched for her in colored words the ideals of his majestic art. Tucked up on deck those long, cloudless nights, they touched the higher themes, — what a man could do, as Richardson and Atwood had shown the glorious way, toward expressing the character and spirit of his race in brick and stone and steel!

Such thoughts as these touched the girl's imagination, just as the sweet fragments of a civilization finer than ours had stirred her heart in Italy. All these ideas she took to be the architect's original possessions, not being familiar with the froth of Paris studios, the wisdom of long *déjeuners*. And she was eager over his plans for the future. For something earnest and large was the first craving of her soul, something that had in it service and beauty in life. . . .

At the time of the great exposition in Chicago she had had these matters brought to her attention. Powers Jackson, as one of the directors of the enter-

prise, had entertained many of the artists and distinguished men who came to the city, and at his dinner-table she had heard men talk whose vital ideals were being worked into the beautiful buildings beside the lake. Their words she had hoarded in her schoolgirl's memory, and now in her sympathy for the young architect she began to see what could be done with an awakened feeling for art, for social life, to make our strong young cities memorable. This, she dreamed shyly, would be the work of the man beside her!

He was handsome and strong, vigorously built, though inclined to heaviness of body. His brown hair waved under his straw hat, and a thick mustache turned stiffly upwards in the style of the German Emperor, which was then just coming into fashion. This method of wearing the mustache, and also a habit of dressing rather too well, troubled the girl; for she knew that uncle Powers would at once note such trivial aspects of his nephew. The keen old man might say nothing, but he would think contemptuous thoughts. The young architect's complexion was ruddy, healthily bronzed; his features were regular and large, as a man's should be. Altogether he was a handsome, alert, modern American. Too handsome! She thought apprehensively of the rough-looking, rude old man at home, his face tanned and beaten, knobby and hard like the gnarled stump of an oak!

She was very anxious that the architect should make a good impression on his uncle, not simply for his own sake, but for the lonely old man's comfort. She felt that she knew Powers Jackson better than his nephew did; knew what he liked and what he despised. She wanted him to love this nephew. Several times she talked to Jackson about his uncle. The young man listened with an amused smile, as if he had already a good formula for the old man.

"Mother can't get him out of that

Mansard brick menagerie on Ohio Street, where he has lived since the fire. All his friends have moved away from the neighborhood. But he thinks the black-walnut rooms, the stamped leather on the walls, and the rest of it, is the best going yet. That buffet, as he calls it! It's early Victorian, a regular *chef-d'œuvre* of ugliness. That house!"

"It's always been his home," she protested, finding something trivial in putting this comic emphasis on sideboards and bookcases. "He cares about good things too. Lately he's taken to buying engravings. Mr. Hollister interested him in them. And I think he would like to buy pictures, if he was n't afraid of being cheated, of making a fool of himself."

"You'll make him out a patron of the fine arts."

Jackson laughed long at the picture of his uncle as a connoisseur in art.

"Perhaps he will be yet!" she retorted stoutly. "At any rate, he is a very dear old man."

He would not have described his uncle Powers in the same simple words. Still he had the kindest feelings toward him, mixed with a latent anxiety over what the old man would do about his allowance, now that his schooldays had come definitely to a close. . . .

Thus in the long hours of that voyage, with the sound of the gurgling, dripping water all about them, soothed with the rhythm of pounding engines, the man and the woman came to a sort of knowledge of each other. There was created in the heart of each a vision of the other. The girl's vision was glorified by the warmth of her imagination, which transformed all her simple experiences. In her heart, if she had looked there, she would have seen an image of youth and power, very handsome, with great masculine hopes, and aspirations after unwrought deeds. Unconsciously she had given to that image something which she could never take back all the years of her life, let her marry whom she might!

And he could remember her, if hereafter he should come to love her, as she was these last days. The shadow of the end of the romance was upon her, and it left her subdued. To the artist in the architect her head was too large, the brow not smooth enough, the hair two shades too dark, the full face too broad. The blue eyes and the trembling, small mouth gave a certain childishness to her expression that the young man could not understand. It was only when she spoke that he was much moved; for her voice was very sweet, uncertain in its accents, tremulous. She seemed to breathe into commonplace words some revelation of herself. . . .

In the morning of their arrival the lofty buildings of the great city loomed through the mist. The architect said: —

"There are the hills of the New World! Here endeth the first chapter."

"I cannot believe it has ended," she replied slowly. "Nothing ends!"

Powers Jackson and Mrs. Spellman met the travelers in New York. It was just at the time that Jackson was negotiating with the promoters of a large trust for the sale of his Bridge Works. This fact his nephew did not learn for some months, for the old man made it a rule to tell nothing about his deeds and intentions. At any rate, he did sell the Works one morning in the lobby of his hotel and for his own price, which was an outrageous one as the stockholders of the new trust came to know to their chagrin.

He shook hands with his sister, kissed Helen on the forehead, and nodded to his nephew.

"How's the Pope, Amelia?" he asked gravely.

"You needn't ask me! Did you think, Powers, I'd be one to go over to the Vatican and kiss that old man's hand? I hope I'm too good a Christian to do that!"

"Oh, don't be too hard on the feller,"

Jackson said, continuing his joke. "I hoped you'd pay your respects to the Pope. Why, he's the smartest one of the whole bunch over there, I guess."

He looked to Helen for sympathy. It should be said that Powers Jackson regarded his sister Amelia as a fool, but that he never allowed himself to take advantage of the fact except in such trifling ways as this.

When the two men were alone in the private parlor at the hotel, the uncle said: —

"So you've finished up now? You're all through over there?"

"Yes, sir," Hart answered, not feeling at all at his ease with this calm old man. "I guess I am ready to begin building, as soon as any one will have me!"

"I see there's plenty doing in your line, all over."

The architect fidgeted before he could think what to say. Then he expressed his sense of gratitude for the great opportunities his uncle had given him in Paris. Jackson listened but said nothing. The architect was conscious that the old man had taken in with one sweep of his sharp little eyes his complete appearance. He suspected that the part in the middle of his brown hair, the pert lift to the ends of his mustache, the soft stock about his neck, the lavender colored silk shirt in which he had prepared to meet the pitiless glare of the June sun in the city, — that all these items had been noted and disapproved. He reflected somewhat resentfully that he was not obliged to make a guy of himself to please his uncle. He found his uncle's clothes very bad. Powers Jackson was a large man, and his clothes, though made by one of the best tailors in Chicago, had a dragged appearance, as if he had forgotten to take them off when he went to bed. However, when the old man next spoke, he made no reference to his nephew's attire.

"I was talking to Wright about you the other day. Ever heard of him?"

"Of Walker, Post & Wright?" Hart asked, naming one of the best known firms of architects in the country.

"Yes. They've been doing something for me in Chicago. If you have n't made any plans, you might start in their office. That'll teach you the ropes over here."

Nothing was said about an allowance or a continuation of those generous and gratefully acknowledged cheques which had made life at Cornell and at Paris so joyous.

And nothing more was ever said about them! Jackson Hart had taken the position that Wright had made for him in his Chicago office, and within a fortnight of the day he landed at New York he was making his daily pilgrimage to the twelfth floor of the Maramanoc Building, where under the bulkheads worked a company of young gentlemen in their shirt-sleeves.

That was two years ago, and by this time he was ready for almost any kind of change.

III.

The morning after the funeral Francis Jackson Hart was working on the elevation of a large hotel that Walker, Post & Wright were to build in Denver. This was in all probability the last piece of work that he should be called upon to do for that firm, and the thought was pleasant to him. He had not spent an altogether happy two years in that office. It was a large firm, with other offices in St. Paul and New York, and work under construction in a dozen different states. Wright was the only member of the firm who ever thought of coming to Chicago; he dropped into the office nearly every month, coming from somewhere north or east and bound for somewhere south or west, with only a few days to spare. He was a tall, thin man, with harassed, near-sighted eyes, — a gentleman, and well trained in his profession according to the standards of a generation ago. But he

had fallen upon a commercial age, and had not been large enough to sway it. He made decent compromises between his taste and that of his clients, and prided himself on the honesty of construction in his buildings.

Wright had hurt Hart's susceptibilities almost at the start, when he remarked about a sketch that the young architect had made for a new telephone exchange:

"All you want, my boy, is the figure of a good fat woman flopping around above the third story to make the *Prix de Rome*."

For the next few months Hart had been kept busy drawing spandrels. From this he was promoted to designing stables for rich clients. He resented the implied criticism of his judgment, and he put Wright down as a mere Philistine, who had got his training in an American office.

Now, he said to himself, as he took down his street coat and adjusted his cuffs before going over to his cousin's office to hear the will, he should leave Wright's "department store," and show "the old man" what he thought of the kind of building the firm was putting up for rich and common people. He, at least, would not be obliged to be mercenary. His two years' experience in Chicago had taught him something about the fierceness of the struggle to exist in one of the professions, especially in a profession where there is an element of fine art. And his appetite to succeed, to be some one in the hurly-burly of Chicago, had grown very fast. For he had found himself less of a person in his native city than he had thought it possible over in Paris, — even with the help of his rich uncle, with whom he had continued to live.

So, as the elevator of the Dearborn Building bore him upwards that afternoon, his heart beat exultantly: he was to hear in a few moments what advantage he had been given over all the toiling, sweating fraternity here in the ele-

vator, out there on the street! By the right of fortunate birth he was to be spared the common lot of man, to be placed high up on the long, long ladder of human fate. . . .

When he entered Everett Wheeler's private office, Hollister was talking with Judge Phillips. The latter nodded pleasantly to the young man, and gave him his hand.

"How do you *do*, sir?" he asked, with great emphasis.

The judge, who had not sat in a court for more than a generation, was a vigorous, elderly man, with a sweeping gray mustache. He was an old resident of Chicago, and had made much money, most of it in Powers Jackson's enterprises.

Hollister nodded briskly to the architect, and motioned him to a seat. Presently Everett came in from the safe where he had gone to get some papers, and Hollister, who seemed to be spokesman for the executors, clearing his throat, began:—

"Well, gentlemen, we all know what we are here for, I presume."

The young architect never remembered clearly how it all came about. At first he wondered why old Hollister should open the proceedings with such elaborate eulogies of the dead man. Hollister kept saying that few men had understood the real man in Powers Jackson, the warm, man's heart that beat beneath the rude and silent manner.

"I want to say," Hollister exclaimed in a burst of unwonted emotion, "that it was more than mutual interest which allied the judge and me to Mr. Jackson. It was admiration! Admiration for the man!"

The judge punctuated this opinion with a grave nod.

"Especially these latter years, when your uncle was searching for a way in which he might most benefit the world with the fortune that he had earned by his ability and hard work."

The gray-bearded man ceased talking for a moment and looked at the two younger men. Everett was paring his nails, very neatly, with the air of attention he wore when he was engaged in taking a deposition. The architect looked blankly mystified.

"He wanted to help men," Hollister resumed less demonstratively. "Especially workingmen, the kind he had known all his life. He never forgot that he worked at the forge the first five years he lived in Chicago. And no matter what the labor unions say, or the cheap newspaper writers, there was n't a man in this city who cared for the best interests of laboring men more than Powers Jackson."

Across the judge's handsome face flitted the glimmer of a smile, as if other memories, slightly contradictory, would intrude themselves on this eulogy. Everett, having finished cutting his nails, was examining his shoes. He might be thinking of the price of steel billets in Liverpool, or he might be thinking that Hollister was an ass,—no one could tell.

"He took advice; he consulted many men, among them the president of a great Eastern university. And here in this document"—Hollister took up the will—"he embodied the results,—his purposes."

In the architect's confused memory of the fateful scene there was at this point a red spot of consciousness. The man of affairs, looking straight at him, seemingly, announced:—

"Powers Jackson left the bulk of his large fortune in trust with the purpose of founding a great school for the children of workingmen!"

There ensued a brief pause. Hart did not comprehend at once the full significance of what had been said. But the others made no remark, and so Hollister asked the lawyer to read the will, clause by clause.

It was a very brief document. There was an item, Jackson recalled afterward,

leaving the old family farm at Vernon Falls in Vermont to "my dear young friend, Helen Powers Spellman, because she will love it for my sake as well as for itself." And to this bequest was added a few thousand dollars as a maintenance fund.

He might have treated her more generously, it occurred to the architect vaguely, valuing in his own mind the old place as naught.

"And to my nephews, Everett Wheeler and Francis Jackson Hart, ten thousand dollars each in the following securities."

This he understood immediately. So, *that* was his figure! He scarcely noted the next clause, which gave to his mother the Ohio Street house and a liberal income for her life. He did not fully recover himself until Hollister remarked with a little upward inflection of satisfaction:

"Now we come to the core of the apple!"

Slowly, deliberately, Everett read on:—

"Being desirous that the larger part of whatever wealth I may die possessed of may be made of immediate and wide benefit to mankind, I do give and bequeath the residue of my estate to Judge Harrison Phillips, Everett Wheeler, and Mark Kingsford Hollister, in trust, for the following described purposes. . . . Said fund and its accumulations to be devoted to the founding and maintenance of a school or institution for the purpose of providing an education, industrial and technical, for the children of working-men, of the city of Chicago."

"That," exclaimed Hollister triumphantly, "is to be Powers Jackson's gift to mankind!"

There were a few more sentences to the will, elaborating slightly the donor's design and providing for a partition of the estate into building and endowment funds. Yet, as a whole, the document was singularly simple, almost bare in its disposition of a very large amount of money. It reposed a great trust in the

men selected to carry out the design, in their will and intelligence. Doubtless the old man had taken Hollister, at least, into his confidence, and had contented himself with leaving verbal and general directions, knowing full well the fate of elaborately conceived bequests. The wise old man seemed to have contented himself with outlining broadly and plainly his large intention.

"That's a pretty bad piece of work, that instrument," Everett observed, narrowing his eyes to a thin slit. "He didn't get me to draw it up. I can't see how the old man could trust his stuff to such a loosely worded document."

"Fortunately," Hollister hastened to say, "in this case we may hope that will make no difference."

There was an awkward pause, and then the lawyer replied drawlingly:—

"No, I don't suppose there'll be any trouble. I don't see why there should be."

Jackson felt dimly that here was his chance to protest, to object to Everett's calm acceptance of the will. But a certain shame, or diffidence, restrained him at the moment from showing these men that he felt injured by his uncle's will. He said nothing, and Hollister began to talk of the projected school. It was to be something new, not exactly like any other attempt in education in our country, and it would take time to perfect the details of the plan. There was no need for haste.

"We must build for generations when we do start," Hollister said. "And the other trustees agree with me that this is not the most opportune time for converting the estate into ready money."

"It will pretty nearly double the next five years," the judge observed authoritatively.

"At the present, as closely as we can estimate it, there is available for the purposes of the trust a little over three millions of dollars."

Over three millions! Jackson Hart

started in his chair. He had had no idea that his uncle was worth anything like that amount. And these shrewd men thought it would probably double during the next five years! Well, so far as he was concerned it might be three cents. Possibly Everett would get a few dollars out of it as trustee. He had already shared in some of the old man's plums, Hart reflected bitterly. While the trustees were discussing some detail among themselves, the young architect made an excuse of a business engagement and slipped away. Just as he reached the door, Everett called out:—

"We'll send the will over for probate to-morrow. If there's no hitch, the legacies will be paid at once. I'll be over to see your mother very soon and arrange for the payment of her annuity."

Jackson nodded. He did not like to try his voice. He knew that it was very dry. Somehow he found himself in the elevator herded in a cage of office boys and clerks, sweating and dirty from a long day's work. At the street level he bought a newspaper, and the first thing that caught his eye in its damp folds were the headlines:—

JACKSON'S MILLIONS GO TO EDUCATION

THE STEEL MAGNATE'S MONEY WILL
FOUND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

Hart crumpled up the sheet and threw it into the gutter. The first intelligible feeling that he had over his situation was a sort of shame that his uncle should have held him so cheap. For so he interpreted the gift of ten thousand dollars! And he began to try in his mind the case between himself and his uncle. He had always been led to believe that he was the most favored of all the old man's dependents. Surely he had been treated like a son, and he was not conscious that he had ever been ungrateful or unworthy. Now, without having committed any public folly, he was made a

thing of pity and contempt before his friends!

He resented the old man's kindness, now that he knew where it led. Very swiftly he began to realize what it would mean to be without fortune. He had intended to move to New York, where some of his friends had started prosperously, and had invited him to join them. And there was Helen, whom he had come to love! Marriage was now out of the question. For Helen no more than he had been favored by his uncle. Even Helen, whom he had pretended to love, had been left with only a stony farm. . . .

Thus he ploughed his way down the murky street in the direction of the North Side Bridge. The gloom of a foggy spring evening was added to the smoke and grime of the careless city. The architect felt dirty and uncomfortable, and he knew now that he was condemned to struggle on in this unlovely metropolis, where even the baked meats of life were flung at one ungarnished.

When the architect entered the house, his uncle's old home, his mother was sitting by the library table reading, just as she had sat and read for the past twenty years. Powers Jackson had seen to it that she could continue this habit as long as she might live. She called to her son:—

"You're late, son. Supper's on the table."

"Don't wait for me. I must wash up," he answered dully.

When he joined his mother at the supper-table, his mustache was brushed upwards in a confident wave, and his face, though serious, was not blackened by soot and care.

"Did you see Everett?" Mrs. Hart asked suggestively.

Jackson told her in a few words the chief provisions of the will as he remembered them. For some moments she said nothing. Then she remarked, with a note of annoyance in her voice:—

"Powers was always bound I sh'd never leave this house except to follow him to Rose Hill. He's fixed it so now I can't! I could never make him see how sooty it was here. We have to wash the curtains and things once a fortnight, and then they ain't fit to be seen."

Her son, who thought that he had his own grievances against his uncle, made no reply to this complaint. Before they had finished their meal, Mrs. Hart added:—

"He might have done more for you, too, seeing what a sight of money he left."

"Yes, he might have done it, but you see he did n't choose to. And I guess the best thing we can do is to say as little as possible about the money. That is, unless we decide to fight the will."

He threw this out tentatively. It had not occurred to him to contest the will until he began to wash for supper. Then he had thought suddenly:—

"Why should I stand it?"

But Mrs. Hart, who had never opposed her brother in all her life, exclaimed:—

"You would n't do that, Jackson! I am sure Powers would n't like it."

"Perhaps not," the young man replied ironically. "It is n't his money, now, though."

It occurred to him soon, however, that by this act he would endanger his mother's comfortable inheritance, besides estranging his cousin Everett and all the old man's friends. To contest the will would be a risk. It was a matter upon which he should have to take advice at once. When he spoke again at the end of their supper, he said judiciously:—

"I am glad you are comfortably looked out for, though I hope I should always be able to give you a home anyway. And we must remember that uncle gave me my education and my three years in Paris, and I suppose that after that he thought ten thousand dollars was all that I was worth,—or could take care of!"

He said this, standing in front of the heavy black-walnut bookcases, which he

abhorred, while he lit a cigarette, one of those vices despised by the old man. He felt that he was taking his injury in a manly way, although he still reserved to himself the right to seek relief from the courts. And in the deeper reaches of his being there was a bitter sense of resentment, a desire to make the world pay him in some manner for his disappointment. If he had to, he would show people that he could make his own way; that he was more than the weakling his uncle had contemptuously overlooked in the disposal of his property. He should rise in his profession, make money, and show the world how he could swim without Powers Jackson's millions.

"What kind of a school are they going to start with all that money?" Mrs. Hart asked, as she seated herself for the evening.

"Oh, something technical. For sons of mechanics, a kind of mechanics' institute."

He thought of some of the old man's caustic remarks about charities.

"Wanted to make good before he quit, I suppose," he mused.

"Will you stay on with that firm?" Mrs. Hart asked, taking up Lanciani's Pagan and Christian Rome.

"I suppose I'll have to," her son answered after a time. . . .

Thus these two accepted the dead man's will. Powers Jackson had come to his decision after long deliberation, judging that toward all who might have claims of any kind upon him he had acted justly and generously. He had studied these people about him for a long time. With Everett he had acquitted himself years before, when he had put it in the young man's way to make money in his profession, to kill his prey for himself. Jackson, he deemed, would get most out of the fight of life by making the struggle, as he had made it himself, unaided. As for Helen, he had given the girl what was most intimately his, and what would do her the least harm by attracting to her

the attention of the unscrupulous world. There remained what might be called his general account with the world, and at the end he had sought to settle this, the largest of all.

Powers Jackson had not been a good man, as has been hinted, but that he took his responsibilities to heart and struggled to meet them there can be no

doubt. Whether or not he had chosen the best way to settle this account with the world, by trying to help those unfavored by birth, cannot be easily answered. Conceiving it to be his inalienable right to do with his money what he would, after death as in life, he had tried to do a large thing with it. Thus far, he had succeeded in embittering his nephew.

Robert Herrick.

(To be continued.)

RELIANCE.

Not to the swift, the race:
Not to the strong, the fight:
Not to the righteous, perfect grace:
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal;
And they who walk in darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
The Syrian hosts have died;
A thousand times the vanquished right
Hath risen, glorified.

The truth the wise men sought
Was spoken by a child;
The alabaster box was brought
In trembling hands defiled.

Not from my torch, the gleam,
But from the stars above:
Not from my heart, life's crystal stream,
But from the depths of Love.

Henry van Dyke.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ADVERTISING.

[This article, the first of a series of studies of Modern Advertising, has been written by Walter D. Scott, Assistant Professor of Psychology in Northwestern University. — THE EDITORS.]

THE only method of advertising known to the ancients was the word of mouth. The merchant who had wares to offer brought them to the gate of a city and there cried aloud, making the worth of his goods known to those who were entering the city, and who might be induced to turn aside and purchase them. We are not more amused by the simplicity of the ancients than we are amazed at the magnitude of the modern systems of advertising. From the day when Boaz took his stand by the gate to advertise Naomi's parcel of land by crying, "Ho, . . . turn aside," to the day when Barnum billed the towns for his three-ringed circus, the evolution in advertising had been gradual, but it had been as great as that from the anthropoid ape to P. T. Barnum himself.

As soon as printed symbols were invented the advertising man made use of them to give publicity to his merchandise. We find advertisements engraved on walls and tombs, written on parchment and papyrus, and printed by the first printing presses. Although these various forms of advertising were employed, but little thought and care seem to have been expended upon them. Posters, painted signs, street-car placards, booklets, calendars, almanacs, handbills, magazine and newspaper advertising have now become forms of advertising so well established that we look upon them as a necessity, and are surprised to learn that most of them are modern innovations.

The first advertisement printed in English appeared in the *Imperial Intelligencer* in March, 1648. Advertising in magazines was not begun until comparatively recent times. For instance, the first advertisement appeared

in Harper's Magazine in 1864. In this magazine more space has been devoted to advertising during the past year than the sum total of space for the twenty-four years from 1864 to 1887, inclusive. Indeed, advertising may be said to have been in its swaddling clothes until about the year 1887. The most rapid development has taken place during the last fifteen years. The change has been so great that the leading advertisers say that in comparison with to-day there was in existence fifteen years ago no advertising worthy of the name.

The gain in the quantity of advertising can be seen by observing the increase in the number of pages devoted to advertisements in any of our publications. The month of October is regarded as the typical month, therefore we present the number of pages devoted to advertisements for the month of October in Harper's Magazine for each year from the first appearance of advertisements in that magazine to the present time, — 1864, $3\frac{1}{4}$; '65, 2; '66, 3; '67, 6; '68, $7\frac{1}{2}$; '69, $5\frac{1}{3}$; '70, $4\frac{1}{2}$; '71, $3\frac{1}{2}$; '72, 2; '73, 1; '74, 0; '75, 0; '76, 0; '77, 0; '78, 0; '79, 0; '80, 0; '81, 0; '82, $1\frac{1}{4}$; '83, $8\frac{1}{2}$; '84, 8; '85, $11\frac{1}{2}$; '86, 20; '87, 37; '88, 54; '89, 48; '90, 73; '91, $80\frac{1}{2}$; '92, 87; '93, $77\frac{1}{2}$; '94, $75\frac{3}{4}$; '95, $78\frac{1}{4}$; '96, 73; '97, $80\frac{3}{4}$; '98, $81\frac{3}{4}$; '99, $106\frac{3}{4}$; 1900, $97\frac{1}{2}$; '01, $93\frac{1}{2}$; '02, 128; '03, 141.

It will be noticed in the data as given above that during the years of special prosperity there was a very great increase in the volume of advertising while there was but a slight falling off following a financial depression. The increase was not pronounced until about 1887, but from that time on it has been very marked, not only in Harper's, but in almost all of our publications.

There has not only been an increase in the number of advertising pages in the individual publications, but the number of publications has increased enormously of recent years. The increase of population in the United States has been rapid during the last fifty years, but the increase in the total number of copies of the different publications has been many fold greater. Thus the distribution of the copies of these periodicals to each individual was as follows :—

In 1850 each individual received on the average 18 copies from one or more of these periodicals ; in 1860, 29 ; in 1870, 39 ; in 1880, 41 ; in 1890, 74 ; in 1900, 107.

A significant cause of this increase is the reduction in the subscription price which is made possible because of the profit accruing to such publications from their advertisements. The total income secured from subscriptions for all these publications last year was less than the amount paid for the advertising pages. We have this current year about 20,000 periodicals carrying advertisements, each with a constantly increasing number of pages devoted to them, and with a rapidly advancing rate secured for each advertisement. In addition to this, the increase is phenomenal in the use of booklets, posters, painted signs, street-car placards, almanacs, and many other forms of advertising. One firm is supposed to have distributed 25,000,000 almanacs in a single year.

The expense connected with these various forms of printed advertising reaches far into the millions. One authority puts the total annual expense of printed forms of advertising at six hundred million dollars. This sum does not seem to be an exaggeration. Mr. Post spends as much as six hundred thousand dollars annually in advertising his food products. One million dollars was spent last year in advertising Force. Over six hundred thousand dollars is spent annually in advertising Ayer's remedies ;

and over one million dollars in advertising Peruna.

The advertising rate has been advanced repeatedly in many magazines during the last few years. Firms which formerly paid but one hundred dollars for a full-page advertisement in the *Century Magazine* now pay two hundred and fifty dollars for the same amount of space. The *Ladies' Home Journal* has increased its advertising rate to six dollars for a single agate line (there are fourteen agate lines to the inch), the width of one column, for a single insertion. The cost of a full page for a single issue is four thousand dollars. The *Procter & Gamble Co.* have made a three years' contract for a single page in each issue, to be devoted to the advertisement of *Ivory Soap*. For this space they pay four thousand dollars a month, forty-eight thousand dollars a year, and one hundred and forty-four thousand dollars for the term of three years. Think of the risk a firm runs in investing four thousand dollars in a single page advertisement ! How can they expect to get back the equivalent of such a sum of money from a single advertisement ?

There are very many advertisements that do not pay. One man has roughly estimated that seventy-five per cent of all advertisements do not pay ; yet the other twenty-five per cent pay so well that there is scarcely a business man who is willing to stand idly by and allow his competitors to do the advertising. The expense connected with advertising has increased ; the competition between rival firms has become keener ; and consequently the demand for good advertising has become imperative. The number of unsuccessful advertisements are many, and yet the loss incurred in an unsuccessful advertising campaign is so great that many firms stand aghast at the thought of such an undertaking. Many merchants see the necessity of advertising their business, but feel unable to enter the arena and compete with successful rivals.

The day of reckless, sporadic, haphazard advertising is rapidly coming to an end so far as magazine advertising is concerned. Although the number of pages devoted to advertising in our best magazines has increased during the last ten years, the number of firms advertising in these same magazines has decreased. The struggle has been too fierce for any but the strongest. The inefficient advertisers are gradually being eliminated, and the survival of the fittest seems to be a law of advertising as it is of everything else that develops.

The leaders of the profession feel that their work has grown till it is beyond their control and comprehension. They have been successful, and hardly know how it has all come about. The men who have been the most successful are often the ones who feel most deeply their inability to meet new emergencies. They believe that there should be some underlying principles which could help them in analyzing what they have already accomplished, and assist them in their further efforts. As their entire object is to produce certain effects on the minds of possible customers, it is not strange that they have turned to psychology in search of such principles. Traditionally the practical business man scouts at theory. Psychology, to the popular mind, is something devoid of all practical application, related to metaphysics, and suited only to the recluse and the hermit. If ever there was ground to expect sarcastic and pessimistic prophecies from the hard-headed business man, it was when it was proposed to establish advertising on a theoretical basis deduced from psychology. Such adverse criticism has, however, been the exception. The American business man is not afraid of theories. He wants them, and the more the better.

The best thought of the advertising world finds expression in the advertising journals and in the addresses delivered by various experts at gatherings of professional advertisers. In 1895 in one

of the leading advertising journals appeared the following editorial: "Probably when we are a little more enlightened, the advertisement writer, like the teacher, will study psychology. For, however diverse their occupations may at first sight appear, the advertisement writer and the teacher have one great object in common — to influence the human mind. The teacher has a scientific foundation for his work in that direction, but the advertisement writer is really also a psychologist. Human nature is a great factor in advertising success; and he who writes advertisements without reference to it is apt to find that he has reckoned without his host." The man who penned this editorial was a practical advertiser, but he admitted of no incongruity between the practical and the theoretical.

In *Publicity*, for March, 1901, appeared a leading article on psychology and advertising. The following is a quotation from it: —

"The time is not far away when the advertising writer will find out the inestimable benefits of a knowledge of psychology. The preparation of copy has usually followed the instincts rather than the analytical functions. An advertisement has been written to describe the articles which it was wished to place before the reader; a bit of cleverness, an attractive cut, or some other catchy device has been used, with the hope that the hit or miss ratio could be made as favorable as possible. But the future must needs be full of better methods than these to make advertising advance with the same rapidity as it has during the latter part of the last century. And this will come through a closer knowledge of the psychological composition of the mind. The so-called 'students of human nature' will then be called successful psychologists, and the successful advertisers will be likewise termed psychological advertisers. The mere mention of psychological terms, habit, self,

conception, discrimination, association, memory, imagination and perception, reason, emotion, instinct and will, should create a flood of new thought that should appeal to every advanced consumer of advertising space."

In an address before the Agate Club of Chicago the speaker said: "As advertisers, all your efforts have been to produce certain effects on the minds of possible customers. Psychology is, broadly speaking, the science of the mind. Art is the doing and science is the understanding how to do, or the explanation of what has been done. If we are able to find and to express the psychological laws upon which the art of advertising is based, we shall have made a distinct advance, for we shall have added the science to the art of advertising."

In a recent address before the Atlas Club of Chicago the speaker said: "In passing to the psychological aspect of our subject, advertising might properly be defined as the art of determining the will of possible customers. . . . Our acts are the resultants of our motives, and it is your function in commercial life to create the motives that will effect the sale of the producer's wares."

In response to this felt need on the part of the advertiser, several students of psychology have tried to select those principles of psychology which might be of benefit to the advertiser, and to present them to the advertising world through pamphlets,¹ magazine articles,² public addresses,³ and, in one case at least, by means of a book.⁴

The method employed by the psychologist in attempting to give advertising a theoretical basis has been quite uniform. He has first analyzed the human mind into its various activities, then analyzed

advertisements to discover what there is in them that may or may not awaken the activity desired. This method can best be understood from an example. For an illustration we shall consider Mental Imagery as understood by the psychologist and in its application to advertising.

The man who is born blind is not only unable to see objects, but he is equally unable to imagine how they look. After we have looked at objects we can see them in our mind's eye with more or less distinctness, even if our eyes are closed or the object is far removed from us. When we imagine how an absent object looks we are said to have a *visual image* of it. We cannot imagine how a thing looks unless we have actually seen it in our previous experience. The imagination can take the data of former experience and unite them into new forms, but all the details of the new formation must be taken from the former experience of the individual.

The man who is born deaf can neither hear nor imagine what sounds are like. Whatever we have heard, we can live over again in imagination, — we can form *auditory images* of it. We cannot imagine any sound which we have not actually heard, although we can unite into new combinations the sounds and tones which we have experienced.

I can imagine how beefsteak tastes, but I cannot imagine the taste of hashish, for in all my past experience I never have tasted it, and do not even know which one of my former experiences it is like. If I knew that it tasted like pepper, or like pepper and vinegar mixed, I could form some sort of an image of its taste; but as it is I am perfectly helpless when I try to imagine it. I can, with more or less success, imagine how

¹ *On the Psychology of Advertising*. Professor HARLOW GALE, author and publisher: Minneapolis, Minn. 1900.

² *Mahin's Magazine*, Chicago. This magazine contains monthly articles on The Psychology of Advertising.

³ Found in the published proceedings of the various advertising clubs.

⁴ *The Theory of Advertising*. By WALTER DILL SCOTT. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1903.

everything tastes which I have eaten, but I cannot imagine the taste of a thing which I have not touched to my tongue. Analogous descriptions could be given of images of movements, of smell, of touch, of heat, of cold, of pressure, and of pain.

We have no direct knowledge of the minds of our neighbors; we assume that their thinking is very much like ours, for their actions — outward expressions of thought — are so similar to ours. It was formerly assumed that, given any particular object of thought, all normal minds would reach the same conclusion concerning it, and, furthermore, the different stages in the line of thought and the "mind stuff" would be the same throughout. Such a conception is wholly false. Normal minds reach different conclusions under apparently identical outward circumstances, but there is a greater difference in the terms of thought, or the mind stuff with which the thinking is done. One man thinks in terms of sight. He is said to be "eye-minded." His thinking is a rapid succession of pictures. When he thinks of a violin he thinks rather how it looks than how it sounds.

Another man thinks in terms of sound. He is "ear-minded." His thinking is a succession of sounds. When he thinks of his friends he hears their voices, but cannot possibly imagine how they look. He does not know that there are other possible forms of thought, and so assumes that all people think in terms of sound as he does. If he should describe a battle his description would be full of the roar and tumult of the strife. Another man is "motor-minded." He thinks in terms of movements. Even when he looks at a painting he whispers inaudibly to himself a description of the painting. Later when he describes the picture to a friend he may do it in the terms which he whispered to himself when he was looking at the picture.

Thus it has been found that there are great personal differences in normal in-

dividuals in their ability to form certain classes of mental images.

All persons seem to be able to form at least unclear and indistinct visual images; most persons seem to have some ability in forming auditory images; very many can imagine movements with some degree of satisfaction. There are many who cannot imagine how pickles taste; others cannot imagine the odor of a flower. There are persons who have a limited ability to form all sorts of images, but most persons have a very decided ability for one class and a corresponding weakness for others. This difference in the ease with which certain classes of images can be formed, as well as the difference in individuals in imagining different classes of sensations, is followed with practical consequences.

In a former age the seller, the buyer, and the commodity were brought together. The seller described and exhibited his wares. The buyer saw the goods, heard of them, tasted them, smelt them, felt, and lifted them. He tested them by means of every sense organ to which they could appeal. In this way the buyer became acquainted with the goods. His perception of them was as complete as it could be made. In these latter days the market-place has given way to the office. The consequent separation of buyer, seller, and commodity made the commercial traveler with his sample case seem a necessity. But, with the growing volume of business, and with the increased need for more economical forms of transacting business, the printed page, as a form of advertisement, has superseded the market-place, and is, in many cases, displacing the commercial traveler. In this transition from the market-place and the commercial traveler to the printed page, the advertiser must be on his guard to preserve as many as possible of the good features of the older institutions. In the two older forms of barter all the senses of the purchaser were appealed to, if possible, and in addition to this the

word of mouth of the seller was added to increase the impressions, and to call special attention to the strong features of the commodity. In the printed page the word of mouth is the only feature which is of necessity entirely absent. Indeed, the printed page cannot appeal directly to any of the senses except the eye, but the argument may be of such a nature that the reader's senses are appealed to indirectly through his imagination.

The function of our nervous system is to make us aware of the sights, sounds, feelings, tastes, etc., of the objects in our environment, and the more sensations we receive from an object the better we know it. The nervous system which does not respond to sound or to any other of the sensible qualities is a defective nervous system. Advertisements are sometimes spoken of as the nervous system of the business world. That advertisement of musical instruments which contains nothing to awaken images of sound is a defective advertisement. That advertisement of foods which contains nothing to awaken images of taste is a defective advertisement. As our nervous system is constructed to give us all the possible sensations from objects, so the advertisement which is comparable to the nervous system must awaken in the reader as many different kinds of images as the object itself can excite.

A person can be appealed to most easily and most effectively through his dominating imagery. Thus one who has visual images that are very clear and distinct appreciates descriptions of scenes. The one who has strong auditory imagery delights in having auditory images awakened. It is in general best to awaken as many different classes of images as possible, for in this way variety is given, and each reader is appealed to in the sort of imagery which is the most pleasing to him, in which he thinks most readily, and by means of which he is most easily influenced.

One of the great weaknesses of the present day advertising is found in the fact that the writer of the advertisement fails to appeal thus indirectly to the senses. How many advertisers describe a piano so vividly that the reader can *hear* it? How many food products are so described that the reader can *taste* the food? How many advertisements describe a perfume so that the reader can *smell* it? How many describe an undergarment so that the reader can *feel* the pleasant contact with his body? Many advertisers seem never to have thought of this, and make no attempt at such descriptions.

The cause of this deficiency is twofold. In the first place, it is not easy in type to appeal to any other sense than that of sight. Other than visual images are difficult to awaken when the means employed is the printed page. In the second place, the individual writers are deficient in certain forms of mental imagery, and therefore are not adepts in describing articles in terms which to themselves are not significant. This second ground for failure in writing effective advertisements will be made clear by the examples taken from current advertisements which are quoted below.

A piano is primarily not a thing to look at or an object for profitable investment, but it is a *musical* instrument. It might be beautiful and cheap, but still be very undesirable. The chief thing about a piano is the quality of its tone. Many advertisers of pianos do not seem to have the slightest appreciation of this fact.

When they attempt to describe a piano they seem as men groping in the dark. Their statements are general and meaningless. As an example of such a failure the advertisement of the Knabe Piano is typical:—

The KNABE

Its successful growth and experience of nearly seventy years guarantees to new friends the greatest

degree to tried and tested excellence, judged from any standpoint of criticism or comparison.

WM. KNABE & CO.

NEW YORK BALTIMORE WASHINGTON

This is a half-page advertisement, but it contains no illustration, makes no reference to tone or to any other quality of music, and does not even suggest that the Knabe is a musical instrument at all. Many advertisers describe the appearance and durability of the case or the cost of the entire instrument, but ordinarily their statements are so general that the advertisement could be applied equally well to perfumes, fountain pens, bicycles, automobiles, snuff, or sausages, but would be equally inefficient if used to advertise any of them. They do not describe or refer in any way to the essential characteristics of a piano. They awaken no images of sound; they do not make us hear a piano in our imagination.

The following is a quotation in full of an advertisement of the Vose Piano, but with the words "sewing machine" substituted for "piano." This advertisement, like the one quoted above, contains no illustration, and it will be noted that there is nothing in the text which does not apply equally well to a sewing machine.

VOSE

SEWING MACHINES

Have been Established over 51 Years

They are perfect examples of sewing machine strength. The Construction of the Vose is the result of fifty years of development and the application of the highest mechanical skill to the production of each separate part.

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a fine sewing machine. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the sewing machine in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. *Send for our descriptive catalogue H, which gives full information.*

VOSE & SONS SEWING MACHINE CO.

161 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Many of the advertisements of the Emerson, Weber, Everett, and of a few other piano firms are equally poor attempts to present the desirable features of pianos.

In recent advertisements of the Blasius piano an attempt is made to present a piano as a *musical* instrument. A music score is used as the background of the advertisement; there is a cut of a young lady playing the piano; and in the text appear these expressions: "Excellent tone," "the sweetest tone I ever heard," "sweet and melodious in tone," "like a grand church organ for power and volume: and a brilliant, sweet-toned piano in one." Thus the background, the illustration, and the text all unite to awaken images of sound, and to suggest that about a piano which is the real ground for desiring such an instrument.

In determining which foods I shall eat it is a matter of some importance to know how the goods are manufactured, what the prices are, how they are prepared for the table, and whether they are nourishing or harmful to my system. The one essential element, however, is the *taste*. When I look over a bill of fare I choose what I think will taste good. When I order groceries I order what pleases and tickles my palate. I want the food that makes me smack my lips, that makes my mouth water. Under these circumstances all other considerations are minimized to the extreme.

In advertisements of food products it is surprising to note that many foods are advertised as if they had no taste at all. One would suppose that the food was to be taken by means of a hypodermic injection, and not by the ordinary process of taking the food into the mouth and hence into contact with the organ of taste. The advertisers seem to be at a loss to know what to say about their foods, and so have, in many cases, expressed themselves in such general terms that their advertisements could be applied to any product whatever.

The following is the complete text of a full-page advertisement which appeared in recent magazines. The only change is that here we have substituted "scouring soap" for the name of the commodity: "The grocer's smile. The smile that wont come off.

More scouring soap the grocer said,
No other brand will do instead;
And o'er his kindly features spread
The smile that won't come off.
Look for the coupon in the package."

The illustration was that of a grocer looking at a package which might as well have been scouring soap as Quaker Oats. There is nothing to suggest taste.

Some advertisers of food are evidently chronic dyspeptics, and take it for granted that all others are in the same condition. They have nothing to say about their foods except that they have wonderful medicinal properties. To me a food which is only healthful savors of hospitals and sickrooms, and is something which a well man would not want.

There are other advertisers who appreciate the epicurean tendency of the ordinary man and woman. They describe food in such a way that we immediately want what they describe. The man who wrote the following advertisement belongs to this class: "That very old proverb about reaching the heart of a man is best exemplified with Nabisco sugar wafers. A fairy sandwich with an upper and a lower crust of indescribable delicacy, separated with a creamy flavor of lemon, orange, chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, raspberry, or mint. Ask for your favorite flavor." The picture represents a beautiful young lady presenting a gentleman with the commodity described.

This advertisement has character and individuality. Its statements could not be applied to anything but foods, and, indeed, to nothing but Nabisco. They do not say that Nabisco is healthy, but

when I read them I feel sure that Nabisco would agree with me.

This illustration of the way in which one chapter of psychology (Mental Imagery) can be applied to advertising is but one of a score of illustrations which could be given. Psychology has come to be one of the most fascinating of all the sciences, and bids fair to become of as great practical benefit as physics and chemistry. As these latter form the theoretical basis for all forms of industry which have to do with matter, so psychology must form the theoretical basis for all forms of endeavor which deal with mind.

The householder in glancing through his morning paper has his attention caught by the more attractive advertisements. The mechanic in going to and from his place of employment whiles away his time in looking at the display cards in the trolley or the elevated cars. The business man can scarcely pass a day without being forced to look at the advertisements which stare at him from the bill boards. The members of the family turn over the advertising pages in their favorite magazine, not because they are forced to, but because they find the advertisements so interesting and instructive. These persons are oblivious to the enormous expense which the merchant has incurred in securing these results. They are unconscious of the fact that the results secured are the ones sought for, and that in planning the advertising campaign the merchant has made a study of the minds of these same householders, mechanics, business men, and members of the family. Advertising is an essential factor in modern business methods, and to advertise wisely the business man must understand the workings of the minds of his customers, and must know how to influence them effectively, — he must know how to apply psychology to advertising.

Walter D. Scott.

BACHELOR'S FANCY.

CYNTHIA GALE sat by the window in the long shed chamber, her hands at momentary ease. She was a slight, sweet creature, with a delicate skin, and hair etherealized by ashen coverts. Her eyes were dark, and beauty throbbed into them with drifting thoughts. Cynthia was tired. She had been at work at the loom since the first light of day, and now she had given up to the languor of completed effort, her head thrown back, her arms along the arms of the chair, in an attitude of calm. Her hair had slipped from its coil, and fallen on either side of her face in gentle disarray. She was very lovely.

The room, the scene of her toil and resting, was dark with age and significant in tokens of a disused art. The loom stood well in the centre, its great upright beams obstructing the light from window to window. All about were the lesser implements of a weaver's trade: the linen wheel, the reels and swifts. On a chest were skeins of indigo-blue yarn Cynthia had dyed, and near by, the flaxen thread she had unearthed from an ancient hoard under the rafters. At last, she knew how to weave. She had walked a weary way in the pursuit of her trade, and now she had reached the first of many goals.

The stillness of the autumn day made a great world about her where everything was happy because everything was busy. A woodpecker settled on the locust outside, and began drumming. She looked out at him from the idleness of a well-earned rest, and smiled. It seemed to her a wonderful earth where there was so much to do. From first to last, she saw, creation moved and toiled, and she moved with it. Without conscious thought, she felt the strength and beauty of the twisting chain.

Cynthia had come to happiness by a

long road. Her first memories were of the poorhouse near the sea, where her mother, a sad waif out of the drift of life, had been swept, to die. Cynthia knew nothing about her father, except that he drank and played the violin. People said he invented things, what things she never heard. He was clever with his hands and brain; but nothing he had was used to his own advantage. He was one of life's pensioners. Cynthia, growing up at the poorhouse, seemed to have no more to do with life as it is than he. She did the housework set her as her portion with an absent care, and then escaped into the open for some mysterious sustenance that she understood as little as the people who watched her ways. There were hours when, tramping inland, she lay prone under the pines in the pasture, smelling at life and very happy. There were more when she sat looking at a great island of fern, entranced by something she could not apprehend, and had no need to, because feeling was enough. Though she did her tasks, she was called *lazy*, and she lived, in a sense, apart from people until one day Andrew Gale, driving about to buy cattle, met her in the country road as she was coming home like Ruth from her gleanings, only that Cynthia's arms were piled with golden-rod instead of grain. Her eyes were brimming with still happiness. Her cheeks had a bloom over their summer tan. Andrew caught his breath and stared again. The next day, after patient watching, he found her by the sea, and again he met her when she went to gather grapes. In a month he married her and took her home to the great house where he had lived alone since his mother's death, with only old Hannah to do the work in a perfect fashion that left him lonelier than before, in the solitude made by her deaf ears.

Cynthia blossomed like a flower, and from some inner secret of being she felt like one. This was like growing in a garden with fructifying soil, the sun upon her and gentle rains, and one great tree to shade her from too strong effulgence. Andrew was the tree. He was a silent creature, the emotion in him hidden by a fine reserve; but he tended and protected her until she grew worshipful of him in a way neither of them quite realized. All Cynthia's capacity for love bloomed out in a fervor that made her vivid, with a charm added to her beauty. When they had been married a few months, old Hannah died, and then Cynthia, shrinking from a new presence in their intimate solitude, did the work alone. She threw it off easily enough, without heart or fancy, and very swiftly, to give her time to be with Andrew in the fields or during his trips over the countryside. Housework, to her mind, was a dull means to life, only made tolerable because Andrew was satisfied with everything she did. It was devoid of grace, not, like weaving, a road to happy fantasy. In spite of it, she kept the purely untrammelled habit of life which lies in a perfect freedom, with love at the end of each day's work. Again her estate seemed to her like that of the flowers of the field. She had nothing to do but live and bloom.

When she had been married a year, her own individual passion came upon her. One day she went up into the shed chamber in search of an old saddle Andrew remembered as one of the family holdings, and found herself in a mysterious workshop. This was the weaving room. It had a strange look of waiting, of holding secrets it was ready to divulge, of keeping a strange silence it might some time break. Instant recognition laid hold on her. At first it seemed curiosity; then it grew into something more piquing. Thrown upon a bench, as if the last weaver had left it there, was a book written in a delicate yet unformed hand, in faded

ink upon a yellowed page. She turned it swiftly. There were the patterns for weaving the old blue coverlets of which the house already had a store. The names made her breathless with their sound of homely poesy: Bachelor's Fancy, Girl's Love, Primrose and Diamonds, Chariot Wheels and Church Windows, Pansies and Roses in the Wilderness. There were full directions in the faded hand, and the patterns had been made in the careful drawing of one who rules her lines and works from a pathetic ignorance. Cynthia ran downstairs tumultuously, and unfurled the book before Andrew where he sat mending the harness.

"See here!" she cried. "See what I've found."

Andrew looked up with an abstracted interest.

"Oh," said he, "that's Argentine's book."

"Who was Argentine?"

"She was great-grandmother Pyncheon's sister. She was a great weaver. She stuck to it when everybody else had give it up. She was goin' to be married, but he was lost at sea, an' after that she never did much but weave. Them coverlets you set such store by were all hers."

Cynthia had treasured the coverlets with an unreasoning love. Their pattern pleased her. The close firm weave awoke respect, beside more modern fabrics. New passion stirred in her from that first interest.

"O Andrew!" she breathed, "do you s'pose I could weave coverlets?"

It was not Andrew's custom to deny anything in their little world.

"I guess so," said he indulgently. "I guess you could do anything you set out to. Mebbe old Foss could put you on the road."

Old Foss lived a mile away, in a little house filled with treasures of ancient usage which he seemed to prize only because collectors came at intervals and fixed a market value in his mind. Next

day Andrew hitched up and went down to borrow him; but Foss clung to his hearthstone. He could weave, he said, but weaving had gone out. He guessed with cotton cloth as cheap as it was now, there's no need of wastin' anybody's time over a loom. Next day, Cynthia herself went down with her book of patterns, and he gave her a few grudging rules. Then she started on her ignorant way, and to-day was the culmination of long desire. Bachelor's Fancy was in process of growth. It was only a question of time when she should have a coverlet of her own to hoard with Argentine's.

The silence in the shed chamber grew more drowsy with the mounting day. Suddenly Cynthia was aware that she was more than half asleep, nodding over the verge of something almost tangible, it was so deep and still. She was hungry, too, but that she scarcely knew. A slice of bread and a cup of milk had made her early breakfast, and since then this breathless achievement had lifted her outside the pale of daily needs. But now she rose and went swaying down the stairs, her eyelids heavy. The house below was still. Andrew had been away a week with the threshing machine, leaving the next neighbor to milk and "feed the critters." Cynthia had half promised to go over to the neighbor's house to sleep, but the passion for weaving had so engrossed her that now she scarcely knew light from darkness, and the short intervals in her work it seemed foolish to spend away from home. Besides, she missed Andrew less if she stayed in their familiar places, where the walls were reminiscent of him. In the bottom of her heart was always a crying hunger for him, an aching loneliness. But she could bear it. She had the weaving and a child's eager hope to bring him the work of her own hands.

Down there in the kitchen she looked about and smiled a sleepy smile at its disorder. Her plate and cup were

on the table, and there was a pile of dishes in the sink. Even the milk pails were unwashed, and she did shrink momentarily under the guilt of that.

"O my soul!" said she.

Ashes had blown across the hearth, and the kitten had rolled an egg from the table to the rug. Through the open bedroom door her unmade bed was yawning. It was sweet and clean. The sun lay brightly on the tick, and the autumn breeze blew on snowy sheets. Yet it was disorder, and Cynthia knew it, as any housewife would know, or any man used to the rigor of routine. She was a slattern. Her house tattled the tale even to her own eyes. Nevertheless, she had achieved Bachelor's Fancy, and her mouth curled in a smile that widened to a pretty yawn. She stretched herself out on the lounge and went to sleep.

There was a step on the threshold, impatient, swift. Cynthia opened her eyes from deep beatitude to a flood of noon sunlight in the disordered room, and a figure standing in the midst of it. She rose to her elbow, pushing back her hair. Then she gave a cry:—

"Andrew! Andrew! O Andrew!" She was on her feet, on tiptoe to fly to him, but his face arrested her. "Andrew!" she called, "what is it?"

He had had a hard week. A man had failed them, and he had been doing double work, feeding the machine in dust and heat and for two days with a beard of barley in his eye. They had taken the threshing by the job, and he had put it through madly, to get home to Cynthia, spurred always by the certainty of her loneliness, and half ashamed of his childish worry over her. He was dead tired, he was hungry, dirty, hot. Even his face was blackened from the dust, and little moist runnels had streaked and whitened it. The sight of him amazed her, and she stood there a-wing, ready to go to him, her child's cheeks creased with drowsiness and her great eyes dark. But something about his set

mouth and glowing eyes forbade her nearer greeting.

"O Andrew!" she breathed again, "I did n't think you 'd come."

"You did n't think I 'd come? Why did n't you?"

Instantly there flashed into her mind a story she had heard about the Gale temper. Andrew was a slow man, the neighbors said, "till you got him roused. Then you better stan' from under." Andrew had owned it to her once, with a shamefaced grin. But after his confession they had both laughed, and she had felt his arms about her in that mutual understanding which was more than human trust, but a something ineffable neither could define. Now for the first time in her life there was a barrier between them, invisible but potent. She did not dare approach him.

"Why did n't you think so?" he repeated.

She faltered in her answer. "You said 't would be a week."

"It 's been a week. I said I 'd be here Thursday noon."

"Yes" — she opened her mouth in futile protest and then closed it. But the truth came to her, and she told it with a childlike confidence that it would be the same to Andrew as to her. "I got weaving. I forgot."

"You got weaving!" he repeated. Then he looked about the room, and its disorder made satirical commentary on her words. But Cynthia had gained courage. The mention of her new triumph reminded her that she had a joy to bring him.

"O Andrew!" she breathed, "I 've learned it. I 've learned Bachelor's Fancy. Mine 's as good as Argentine's."

Andrew stood looking at her for a moment, her distended eyes, her pretty mouth where the smile was just beginning, and would come if he invited it. But at that moment the smile was not for him. It meant a child's absorption

in a foolish game, and oblivion of him for whom there was hard work and barley beards. He turned abruptly.

"Well," he announced, "I 've got no more to say."

He had taken a step toward the open door, but her voice followed him. It was sharp with quick alarm.

"Andrew, where you goin'?"

He turned upon her.

"I 'll tell you where I 'm goin'. I 'm goin' on to Trumbull's with the thrashers, an' get a meal o' victuals."

"But, Andrew, I 'll get dinner. I can, in no time. There 's eggs. You like eggs, Andrew."

"Mebbe you don't remember what we said that last mornin' I set off. I told ye I 'd bring Miles an' t'other men to dinner. It ain't been out o' my mind a minute. For two days I 've been houndin' 'em to finish up, so 's we could git here this noon. What do you s'pose I wanted to do it for? I wanted to show off. I wanted to let 'em see how well we were fixed. An' this kitchen don't look as if there 'd been a meal o' victuals cooked in it sence the time o' Noah. It ain't a kitchen; it 's a hurrah's nest."

"O Andrew!" She backed piteously away from him, with a sudden, alien sense of a house not her own. She seemed to herself in that instant to be not his wife, but a guest by whom his hospitality had been abused. Then again she trembled into speech. "Maybe you 've done with me, Andrew. Maybe you don't want me to stay here any more."

"I don't care what ye do nor where ye go," said Andrew blindly. "I 'm goin' to Trumbull's." He strode out and away down the path, and she heard him hailing the threshers at the gate. They answered jovially, and then the heavy team went grinding on.

She sat down upon the couch and looked about her. The sun came cruelly in at the window, and showed the room in all its dusty disarray. The

dazed spot in her brain cleared, like a lifting sedative, and left her vulnerable to pain. She saw his house as he had seen it, and for the instant felt how he had hated it and her. With that certainty she met also the ultimate pang of youth which knows when its hour is spoiled, and says, "This is the end." There was but one thing to do. She must take herself away. She went to the cupboard and reached to the upper shelf where old Hannah used to keep her toothache drops. There was laudanum enough in them, Andrew had said, to kill an army. It would kill her. But as she stood there in the stillness with the bottle in her hand, distaste came upon her for the ugliness of such a death, and that moment, sounding in her ears, she heard the sea. Whether it was because she had begun her life by it or through some quickness of the mind, running over the possibilities of a decent death, she remembered a little mate of hers who had been playing in a dory when the anchor slipped, and had drifted out, never to be seen again. And now the sea was calling her.

"You gimme a match, won't ye?" called old Nancy Hutchens from the door. "I won't come in. I'm all over muck from the swamp down there. I crossed by the willers, to save steps."

Cynthia tucked the bottle back in its place and crossed the kitchen swiftly, taking a card of matches as she went. Old Nancy stood there on the doorstep, a squat figure with one shoulder higher than the other. She had the imposing equipment of an aquiline nose and sound white teeth at seventy. Her thick gray hair was drawn back into a knot, and the lines in her brown face were crisp and deep. A life solitary in itself, and yet spent among people in a drifting way, had touched her face with little quizzical shades of meaning. Her cold pipe was in her hand, waiting to be filled.

"Here's the matches," said Cynthia.

Nancy took them with a mechanical touch, and remained looking at her.

"Law!" said she, "'t ain't wuth it."

"What ain't?" repeated Cynthia.

"What you've got on your mind, whatever 't is. Wait a day an' it'll be a thing o' the past. If 't ain't in a day, 't will be in a year, or ten year, or a lifetime. Wait long enough, an' the whole on us 'll be underground."

"Yes," said Cynthia, "we shall be underground." But her mind was not with the old woman, but on her own preparations for flight. The tawdry room still troubled her, the slatternly picture he must find when he came home. She would leave his house in order for him. "Look here, Nancy," said she suddenly, "you stay the rest o' the day an' help me clean."

Nancy smiled satirically. She looked up at the blue sky, sown with flying white, and then over the line of upland where her fate, every day renewed, was waiting for her.

"I don't clean for myself," she said. "My bed ain't been made nor slep' in for a fortnight. I been trampin' the countryside."

"I'll give you a dollar!"

"I ain't got much use for dollars till winter time, an' then I guess I shall be provided for. I got a passel o' herbs to sell this fall." But she was searching Cynthia's face with her impersonal glance, and her mind altered. "Law, yes!" said she. "It's as good a way o' passin' time as any other. You let me pull off these muddy boots. You got a pair o' rubbers I can scuff round in? Where you goin' to begin?"

With the word, she had caught up an old pair of Andrew's shoes beside the shed door, and slipped her feet into them. Cynthia left her, and went flying upstairs with an unregarding haste. She went first to the shed chamber, and, without a glance at her precious handiwork, closed the door upon it. Then, running to the other rooms in turn, she breathed dull satisfaction at finding

them in comfortable array. There was the west chamber; she had put that in order when aunt Patten had been expected, a week before, to spend the night, and the other rooms had to match it because aunt Patten would go mousing round. Cynthia had laughed with Andrew, in the doing, over so patently setting her scene for a meddler. But aunt Patten had diverged, on her visiting way, and Cynthia's pains had seemed unnecessary.

At the foot of the stairs Nancy was awaiting her. She had an air of large leisure; yet in some subtle fashion her man's attitude showed the reserve strength in her and inspired content.

"What be I goin' to fly at fust?" she asked indulgently, as at a madness not her own.

"You sweep the sittin'-room," returned Cynthia. "When the dust is settled, you can do the winders. I'll begin on the bedroom."

Cynthia did not, it seemed to her, think at all as she went about her work, doing it swiftly and still with the far-off sound of the sea in her ears. She was simply a different creature from that other happy woman who had been weaving coverlets that morning. She had brought upon herself a colossal punishment. She never stopped to wonder whether the punishment were just. It was simply there.

At one she and Nancy had some eggs and tea, and in mid afternoon they met in the kitchen, each about her task. Cynthia was baking now, cream o' tartar biscuits and custard pie, and Nancy was cleaning the woodwork with great sweeps of her lean arm.

"I didn't know you was such a driver," she said at length, as she sat on the top of the step-ladder, taking a pull at her pipe.

"I guess I ain't been," said Cynthia, her pretty brows in a painstaking frown over the scalloped edges of the pie. "I ain't done much housework."

"You like it?" asked Nancy.

A swift terror fled across Cynthia's face, like a beating wing. At that moment she liked housework better than anything on earth. It was not a cold routine. It had at last a poignant meaning. It meant Andrew and her home. But she answered stolidly, "I guess so."

"If you've took it on yourself, you've got to like it," said Nancy philosophically, rising and knocking the ashes from her pipe. "You hand me up that bar soap. That's the wust o' menfolks. Once you've got 'em, you got to slave for 'em. Lug 'em or leave 'em! But don't git 'em, I say. Look here, now! Fifty year ago come November, I said I'd marry a man down Sudleigh way. I went to stay a spell with his mother. Well, sir! I come home an' I broke it off. 'I ain't a-goin' to spend my days makin' sugar gingerbread,' says I. 'No, sir! Nor cuttin' it out in an oak-leaf pattern, — not by a long chalk!'"

"He likes sugar gingerbread," said Cynthia to herself. "I guess I got time to make some."

"I warrant ye the colored pop'lation never felt freer'n I did when I see him walkin' away down the path arter I told him 't was broke off," chuckled Nancy, moving the step-ladder along. "I never had a minute's sorer over it, — not a second."

"I guess I'll put in a mite o' ginger," said Cynthia, stirring breathlessly. "Do you use ginger, Nancy?"

"Law! I dunno what ye do, it's so long sence I've tried any. I don't concern myself with sweet trade. I can make as good a meal as I want out o' crackers an' cheese an' wash it down with a drink o' water out o' the well. Look here! did it ever come into your head that everybody ain't called to preach, an' everybody ain't called to marry?"

"Some ain't fit," said Cynthia bitterly, her passionate mind on her own defects, "they ain't fit to marry."

"'T ain't only that, — they 're like a bird in a cage. You look here! men-folks think they 're dull sometimes, settled down in a pint measure with one woman. Lordymighty! the women's dull, too, on'y they don't let on. Pious little devils! they go round washin' dishes an' moppin' up under the sto', and half on 'em wants to be trampin' like me, an' t'other half dunno what they want. Keep out on 't, I say! keep out on 't!"

Nancy lifted her voice in a tuneful stave, the words satirically fit, but Cynthia was not listening. The notes fell upon her like a patter of unregarded rain, as she creased her gingerbread and beat her mind back from futile wonderment over her own plight when Andrew should be here alone.

"The house has got to be jes' so," pursued Nancy. "The woman's got to be jes' so. They can come home all over gurry, but she's got to have on a clean apron an' her hair slicked up to the nines. They can set all the evenin' huskin' together an' hootin' over old stories, an' come stumblin' in when they git ready, an' find doughnuts an' pie set out complete. What's fair for one's fair for another, I say."

"No, it ain't!" cried Cynthia, suddenly awakened. She stood straight and slender in the middle of her kitchen. Defensive fires burned hotly in her eyes. "Nancy, I ain't goin' to have such talk in here. I can't stand it. You think of him gettin' all over dust an' dirt workin' like a dog. You think of it, Nancy! It's his house. It's no more'n right he should have it the way he wants it. I should like to know if he ain't goin' to have anything the way he wants it?" Her voice choked in passionate championship of the man whose pride was hurt.

But Nancy only gave a derisive chuckle. "Law!" said she. "You need n't worry. I guess they'll look out for themselves. I never see a man yet but had time enough for that."

At five o'clock the house was in order and Nancy had started on her homeward way, a dollar in her pocket, and, despite some ruthless indifference on her part, a basket of food in her hand. Cynthia dismissed her with an unwitting solemnity.

"Good-by, Nancy," said she. "You've been a real help to me. I don't know how I should have got through it if it had n't been for you."

"It's clean as a ribbin'," Nancy called back cheerfully. "But land! cleanin' up's nothin'. Trouble is to keep it so. Well, I'll be pokin' along."

Cynthia stood and watched her well-knit figure swinging on between the willows that marked the road. Then she turned back to her clean house for a last look and the renewed certainty of its perfect state. She walked delicately about the kitchen, lest a grain of dust should be tracked upon the speckless floor. The food not yet cooled from the oven was in the pantry. All through the lower rooms there was the fragrance of cake and bread. It was a house set in order, and finding it perfect, she made herself sweet and clean, and changed her working dress for a crisper calico. In the doing, she thought solemnly how she had once helped bathe a child that had died at the poorhouse, and prepare it for burial. This body of hers was also being prepared, and though she had no words to say so, it seemed to her the body of her love. And all the time the sea kept calling her, with its assurances of manifold and solemn refuge.

Presently she was ready to go. She had made the clothing she had slipped off into a little bundle, to leave none but fresh things behind her, and now she took it in her hand and stepped out at the front door. That she closed, but the windows were still open. It was better that storms should invade the house than that he should find it inhospitably shut. Day and night could be trusted with their welcome to him.

But turning from the door, she smelled her garden, and its autumn bitterness of breath awoke in her a final pang of homesickness. She laid down her bundle and hurried round to the well, to draw bucket after bucket of water and drench the roots she had kept tended since the spring. It was a separate good-by to every one. Here were the delicate firstlings whose day had long been over, and the hollyhocks that had made the summer gay. Dahlias and asters were the ones to keep this later watch, but she sprinkled them impartially, whether they were to bloom again or wither till the winter's spell. The moon was rising behind the wooded hill, and there was suddenly a prophetic touch of frost in the air. She stood for a moment listening to the stillness, recognizing life as if it all came flooding in on her at once, only to retreat like a giant wave and wash some farther shore. Her brain apprehended what her tongue could never say. She understood the meaning of service and harmonious living. It was no more dull to her now than daily sunrise. She looked at Andrew's house, builded by another Gale over a hundred years ago. It meant more than a shelter. It was the roof of love, the nest of springing hopes. Yet being a child at heart, she could not stay after he had found her for one day unworthy, and she was too young to know how storms may pass.

The man came heavily along the darkened road and reached the gate as she did. She saw him and dropped her bundle in the shade of the lilac at the fence. Andrew did not speak. He threw open the gate, stepped in, and put his arms about her. He held her to him as we hold what is almost lost us through our own lax grasp; but when he spoke to her, she did not hear, and when he loosed his clasp to look at her, she sank down and would have fallen.

"Cynthy, for God's sake!" he cried, and his voice recalled her. Then she gained her feet, he helping her.

"What is it, dear? what is it, dear?" he kept saying, and she answered him with her tremulous breath upon his cheek. Presently they went up the path together, and in at the closed door. "By George, don't it smell good!" said Andrew. His voice, in nervous joviality, was shaking, like his hands. "Let me git a light, honey. I've got to look at you. Got to make sure you're here!"

The blaze from the shining lamp struck full on her, and Andrew caught his breath. Cynthia looked like the angel of herself. Her tired face, overlaid by joy, was like that of a child awakened from sleep to unexpected welcome. She seemed an adoring handmaid, incredulous of the beauty of her task. Andrew felt the wistfulness of her air, the presence of things unknown to him. He went over to her and drew her nearer.

"You knew I'd come," he said. "You knew I could n't stan' it after I'd been ugly to you. Look at this house! You fixed all up, an' made it neat as wax. I started just as they set down to supper, an' put for home. I've been scairt 'most to death all the afternoon. I dunno what I thought would happen to you, but I had to come."

"I've cleaned the house," said Cynthia, like a child. "I got old Nancy."

"Yes, dear, yes," he soothed her. "You knew I'd come. You knew I would n't stay away a night after I broke your heart. You tell about your weavin', dear. I want to hear it now."

"My weavin'?" repeated Cynthia vaguely. The words roused her a little from her happy dream, and for one luminous instant she felt the significance of all the threads that make the web of life. She laughed. "'Twas only Bachelor's Fancy," she said. "I learned it, that's all. There's lots o' things I'd ruther do. You go in the pantry, dear, an' look."

Andrew left her with a kiss that was like meeting, not good-by. But as

he took the lamp from the table, Cynthia slipped out at the front door.

"Where you goin'?" he called.

"Only out to the lilac," she answered throbbingly. "I dropped somethin' there."

While he lingered for her, she came

back and, as she ran, tossed her little bundle into the closet under the stairs. The hues of youth were on her face. Her eyes were wet and glad.

"I'm terrible hungry, too," she told him. "Come! there's sugar gingerbread."

Alice Brown.

FRA PAOLO SARPI.

I.

A THOUGHTFUL historian tells us that, between the fourteenth century and the nineteenth, Italy produced three great men. As the first of these, he names Machiavelli, who, he says, "taught the world to understand political despotism and to hate it;" as the second, he names Sarpi, who "taught the world after what manner the Holy Spirit guides the Councils of the Church;" and as the third, Galileo, who "taught the world what dogmatic theology is worth when it can be tested by science."

I purpose now to present the second of these. As a *man*, he was by far the greatest of the three and, in various respects, the most interesting; for he not only threw a bright light into the most important general council of the Church and revealed to Christendom the methods which there prevailed, — in a book which remains one of the half-dozen classic histories of the world, — but he fought the most bitter fight for humanity against the papacy ever known in any Latin nation, and won a victory by which the whole world has profited ever since. Moreover, he was one of the two foremost Italian statesmen since the Middle Ages, the other being Cavour.

He was born at Venice in 1552, and it may concern those who care to note the subtle interweaving of the warp and woof of history that the birth year of

this most resourceful foe that Jesuitism ever had was the death year of St. Francis Xavier, the noblest of Jesuit apostles.

It may also interest those who study the more evident evolution of cause and effect in human affairs to note that, like most strong men, he had a strong mother; that while his father was a poor shop-keeper who did little and died young, his mother was wise and serene.

From his earliest boyhood, he showed striking gifts and characteristics. He never forgot a face once seen, could take in the main contents of a page at a glance, spoke little, rarely ate meat, and, until his last years, never drank wine.

Brought up, after the death of his father, first by his uncle, a priest, and then by Capella, a Servite monk, in something better than the usual priestly fashion, he became known, while yet in his boyhood, as a theological prodigy. Disputations in his youth, especially one at Mantua, where, after the manner of the time, he successfully defended several hundred theses against all comers, attracted wide attention, so that the Bishop gave him a professorship, and the Duke, who, like some other crowned heads of those days, — notably Henry VIII. and James I., — liked to dabble in theology, made him a court theologian. But the duties of this position were uncongenial: a flippant duke, fond of putting questions which the wisest theo-

logian could not answer, and laying out work which the young scholar evidently thought futile, apparently wearied him. He returned to the convent of the Servites at Venice, and became, after a few years' novitiate, a friar, changing, at the same time, his name; so that, having been baptized Peter, he now became Paul.

His career soon seemed to reveal another and underlying cause of his return: he evidently felt the same impulse which stirred his contemporaries, Lord Bacon and Galileo; for he began devoting himself to the whole range of scientific and philosophical studies, especially to mathematics, physics, astronomy, anatomy, and physiology. In these he became known as an authority, and before long was recognized as such throughout Europe. It is claimed, and it is not improbable, that he anticipated Harvey in discovering the circulation of the blood, and that he was the forerunner of noted discoveries in magnetism. Unfortunately the loss of the great mass of his papers by the fire which destroyed his convent in 1769 forbids any full estimate of his work; but it is certain that among those who sought his opinion and advice were such great discoverers as Acquapendente, Galileo, Torricelli, and Gilbert of Colchester, and that every one of these referred to him as an equal, and indeed as a master. It seems also established that it was he who first discovered the valves of the veins, that he made known the most beautiful function of the iris, — its contractility, — and that various surmises of his regarding heat, light, and sound have since been developed into scientific truths. It is altogether likely that, had he not been drawn from scientific pursuits by his duties as a statesman, he would have ranked among the greater investigators and discoverers, not only of Italy, but of the world.

He also studied political and social problems, and he arrived at one conclusion which, though now trite, was then novel, — the opinion that the aim of pun-

ishment should not be vengeance, but reformation. In these days and in this country, where one of the most serious of evils is undue lenity to crime, this opinion may be imputed to him as a fault; but in those days, when torture was the main method in procedure and in penalty, his declaration was honorable both to his head and heart.

With all his devotion to books, he found time to study men. Even at school, he had seemed to discern those who would win control. They discerned something in him also; so that close relations were formed between him and such leaders as Contarini and Morosini, with whom he afterwards stood side by side in great emergencies.

Important missions were entrusted to him. Five times he visited Rome to adjust perplexing differences between the papal power and various interests at Venice. He was rapidly advanced through most of the higher offices in his order, and in these he gave a series of decisions which won the respect of all entitled to form an opinion.

Naturally he was thought of for high place in the Church, and was twice presented for a bishopric; but each time he was rejected at Rome, — partly from family claims of less worthy candidates, partly from suspicions regarding his orthodoxy. It was objected that he did not find the whole doctrine of the Trinity in the first verse of Genesis, that he corresponded with eminent heretics of England and Germany, that he was not averse to reforms, that, in short, he was not inclined to wallow in the slime from which had crawled forth such huge incarnations of evil as John XXIII., Julius II., Sixtus IV., and Alexander VI.

His orthodox detractors have been wont to represent him as seeking vengeance for his non-promotion; but his after career showed amply that personal grievances had little effect upon him. It is indeed not unlikely that when he saw bishoprics for which he knew himself

well fitted given as sops to poor creatures utterly unfit in morals or intellect, he may have had doubts regarding the part taken by the Almighty in selecting them; but he was reticent, and kept on with his work. In his cell at Santa Fosca, he quietly and steadily devoted himself to his cherished studies; but he continued to study more than books or inanimate nature. He was neither a bookworm nor a pedant. On his various missions he met and discoursed with churchmen and statesmen concerned in the greatest transactions of his time, notably at Mantua with Oliva, secretary of one of the greatest ecclesiastics at the Council of Trent; at Milan with Cardinal Borromeo, by far the noblest of all who sat in that assemblage during its eighteen years; in Rome and elsewhere with Arnould Ferrier, who had been French Ambassador at the Council, Cardinal Severina, head of the Inquisition, Castagna, afterward Pope Urban VII., and Cardinal Bellarmine, afterward Sarpi's strongest and noblest opponent.

Nor was this all. He was not content with books or conversations; steadily he went on collecting, collating, and testing original documents bearing upon the great events of his time. The result of all this the world was to see later.

He had arrived at middle life and won wide recognition as a scholar, scientific investigator, and jurist, when there came the supreme moment of a struggle which had involved Europe for centuries, — a struggle interesting not only the Italy and Europe of those days, but universal humanity for all time.

During the period following the fall of the Roman Empire of the West there had been evolved the temporal power of the Roman Bishop. It had many vicissitudes. Sometimes, as in the days of St. Leo and St. Gregory, it based its claims upon noble assertions of right and justice, and sometimes, as in the hands of pontiffs like Innocent VIII. and Paul V., it sought to force its way by fanaticism.

Sometimes it strengthened its authority by real services to humanity, and sometimes by such monstrous frauds as the Forged Decretals. Sometimes, as under Popes like Gregory VII. and Innocent III., it laid claim to the mastership of the world, and sometimes, as with the majority of the pontiffs during the two centuries before the Reformation, it became mainly the appanage of a party or faction or family.

Throughout all this history, there appeared in the Church two great currents of efficient thought. On one side had been developed a theocratic theory, giving the papacy a power supreme in temporal as well as in spiritual matters throughout the world. Leaders in this during the Middle Ages were St. Thomas Aquinas and the Dominicans; leaders in Sarpi's days were the Jesuits, represented especially in the treatises of Bellarmine at Rome and in the speeches of Laynez at the Council of Trent.¹

But another theory, hostile to the despotism of the Church over the State, had been developed through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; — it had been strengthened mainly by the utterances of such men as Dante, Ægidio Colonna, John of Paris, Ockham, Marsilio of Padua, and Laurentius Valla. Sarpi ranged himself with the latter of these forces. Though deeply religious, he recognized the God-given right of earthly governments to discharge their duties independent of church control.

Among the many centres of this struggle was Venice. She was splendidly religious — as religion was then understood. She was made so by her whole environment. From the beginning she had been a seafaring power, and seafaring men, from their constant wrestle with dangers ill understood, are prone to seek and find supernatural forces. Nor was this all. Later, when she had become

¹ This has been admirably shown by N. R. F. Brown in his *Taylorian Lecture*, pages 229-234, in volume for 1889-99.

rich, powerful, luxurious, licentious, and refractory to the priesthood, her most powerful citizens felt a need of atoning for their many sins by splendid religious foundations. So her people came to live in an atmosphere of religious observance, and the bloom and fruitage of their religious hopes and fears are seen in the whole history of Venetian art, — from the rude sculptures of Torcello and the naïve mosaics of San Marco to the glowing altarpieces and ceilings of John Bellini, Titian, and Tintoretto and the illuminations of the Grimani Psalter. No class in Venice rose above this environment. Doges and Senators were as susceptible to it as were the humblest fishermen on the Lido. In every one of those glorious frescoes in the corridors and halls of the Ducal Palace which commemorate the victories of the Republic, the triumphant Doge or Admiral or General is seen on his knees making acknowledgment of the divine assistance. On every Venetian sequin, from the days when Venice was a power throughout the earth to that fatal year when the young Bonaparte tossed the Republic over to the House of Austria, the Doge, crowned and robed, kneels humbly before the Saviour, the Virgin, or St. Mark. In that vast Hall of the Five Hundred, the most sumptuous room in the world, there is spread above the heads of the Doge and Senators and Councilors, as an incentive to the discharge of their duties on earth, a representation of the blessed in Heaven.

From highest to lowest, the Venetians lived, moved, and had their being in this religious environment, and, had their Republic been loosely governed, its external policy would have been largely swayed by this all-pervading religious feeling, and would have become the plaything of the Roman Court. But a democracy has never been maintained save by the delegation of great powers to its chosen leaders. It was the remark of one of the foremost American Democrats of the nineteenth century, a man who received the

highest honors which his party could bestow, that the Constitution of the United States was made, not to promote Democracy, but to check it. This statement is true, and it is as true of the Venetian Constitution as of the American.¹

But while both the republics recognized the necessity of curbing Democracy, the difference between the means employed was world-wide. The founders of the American Republic gave vast powers and responsibilities to a president and unheard-of authority to a supreme court; in the Venetian Republic the Doge was gradually stripped of power, but there was evolved the mysterious and unlimited authority of the Senate and Council of Ten.

In these sat the foremost Venetians, thoroughly imbued with the religious spirit of their time; but, religious as they were, they were men of the world, trained in the politics of all Europe and especially of Italy.

In a striking passage, Guizot has shown how the Crusaders who went to the Orient by way of Italy and saw the papacy near at hand came back skeptics. This same influence shaped the statesmen of Venice. The Venetian Ambassadors were the foremost in Europe. Their Relations are still studied as the clearest, shrewdest, and wisest statements regarding the men and events in Europe at their time. All were noted for skill; but the most skillful were kept on duty at Rome. There was the source of danger. The Doges, Senators, and controlling Councilors had, as a rule, served in these embassies, and they had formed lucid judgments as to Italian courts in general and as to the Roman Court in particular. No men had known the Popes and the Curia more thoroughly. They had seen Innocent VIII. buy the papacy for money. They had been at the Vatican when Alexander VI. had won renown as a secret murderer. They had seen, close at hand, the merci-

¹ See Horatio Seymour's noted article in the *North American Review*.

less cruelty of Julius II. They had carefully noted the crimes of Sixtus IV., which culminated in the assassination of Julian de' Medici beneath the dome of Florence at the moment the Host was uplifted. They had sat near Leo X. while he enjoyed the obscenities of the *Calandria* and the *Mandragora*, — plays which, in the most corrupt of modern cities, would, in our day, be stopped by the police. No wonder that, in one of their dispatches, they speak of Rome as “the *cloaca* of the world.”¹

Naturally, then, while their religion showed itself in wonderful monuments of every sort, their practical sense was shown by a steady opposition to papal encroachments.

Of this combination of zeal for religion with hostility to ecclesiasticism we have striking examples throughout the history of the Republic. While, in every other European state, cardinals, bishops, priests, and monks were given leading parts in civil administration and, in some states, a monopoly of civil honors, the Republic of Venice not only excluded all ecclesiastics from such posts, but, in cases which touched church interests, she excluded even the relatives of ecclesiastics. When church authority decreed that commerce should not be maintained with infidels and heretics, the Venetian merchants continued to deal with Turks, Pagans, Germans, Englishmen, and Dutchmen as before. When the Church decreed that the taking of interest for money was sin, and great theologians published in Venice some of their mightiest treatises demonstrating this view from Holy Scripture and the Fathers, the Venetians continued borrowing and lending money on usance. When efforts were made to enforce that tremendous instrument for the consolidation of papal power, the bull *In Coena Domini*, Venice evaded and even defied it. When the Church frowned

upon anatomical dissections, the Venetians allowed Andreas Vesalius to make such dissections at their University of Padua. When Sixtus V., the strongest of all the Popes, had brought all his powers, temporal and spiritual, to bear against Henry IV. of France as an excommunicated heretic, and seemed ready to hurl the thunderbolts of the Church against any power which should recognize him, the Venetian Republic not only recognized him, but treated his Ambassador with especial courtesy. When the other Catholic powers, save France, yielded to papal mandates and sent no representatives to the coronation of James I. of England, Venice was there represented. When Pope after Pope issued endless diatribes against the horrors of toleration, the Venetians steadily tolerated in their several sorts of worship Jews and Greeks, Mohammedans and Armenians, with Protestants of every sort who came to them on business. When the Roman Index forbade the publication of most important works of leading authors, Venice demanded and obtained for her printers rights which were elsewhere denied.

As to the religious restrictions which touched trade, the Venetians in the public councils, and indeed the people at large, had come to know perfectly what the papal theory meant, — with some of its promoters, fanaticism, but with the controlling power at Rome, revenue, revenue to be derived from retailing dispensations to infringe the holy rules.

This peculiar antithesis — nowhere more striking than at Venice, on the one side, religious fears and hopes; on the other, keen insight into the ways of ecclesiasticism — led to peculiar compromises. The bankers who had taken interest upon money, the merchants who had traded with Moslems and heretics, in their last hours frequently thought it best to perfect their title to salvation by turn-

¹ For Sixtus IV. and his career, with the tragedy in the Cathedral of Florence, see Villari's *Life of Machiavelli*, English Edition, vol.

ii. pp. 341, 342. For the passages in the dispatches referred to, *vide* *ibid.* vol. i. p. 198.

ing over large estates to the Church. Under the sway of this feeling, and especially of the terrors infused by priests at deathbeds, mortmain had become in Venice, as in many other parts of the world, one of the most serious of evils. Thus it was that the clergy came to possess between one fourth and one third of the whole territory of the Republic, and in its Bergamo district more than one half; and all this was exempt from taxation. Hence it was that the Venetian Senate found it necessary to devise a legal check which should make such absorption of estates by the Church more and more difficult.

There was a second cause of trouble. In that religious atmosphere of Venice, monastic orders of every sort grew luxuriantly, not only absorbing more and more land to be held by the dead hand, thus escaping the public burdens, but ever absorbing more and more men and women, and thus depriving the state of any healthy and normal service from them. Here, too, the Senate thought it best to interpose a check: it insisted that all new structures for religious orders must be authorized by the State.

Yet another question flamed forth. Of the monks of every sort swarming through the city, many were luxurious and some were criminal. On these last, the Venetian Senate determined to lay its hands, and in the first years of the seventeenth century all these questions, and various other matters distasteful to the Vatican, culminated in the seizure and imprisonment of two ecclesiastics charged with various high crimes,—among these rape and murder.

There had just come to the papal throne Camillo Borghese, Paul V.,—strong, bold, determined, with the highest possible theory of his duties and of his

position. In view of his duty toward himself, he lavished the treasures of the faithful upon his family, until it became the richest which had yet risen in Rome; in view of his duty toward the Church, he built superbly, and an evidence of the spirit in which he wrought is his name, in enormous letters, still spread across the façade of St. Peter's. As to his position, he accepted fully the theories and practices of his boldest predecessors, and in this he had good warrant; for St. Thomas Aquinas and Bellarmine had furnished him with convincing arguments that he was divinely authorized to rule the civil powers of Italy and of the world.¹

Moreover there was, in his pride, something akin to fanaticism. He had been elected by one of those sudden movements, as well known in American caucuses as in papal conclaves, when, after a deadlock, all the old candidates are thrown over, and the choice suddenly falls on a new man. The cynical observer may point to this as showing that the laws governing elections, under such circumstances, are the same, whether in party caucuses or in church councils; but Paul, in this case, saw the direct intervention of the Almighty, and his disposition to magnify his office was vastly increased thereby. He was especially strenuous, and one of his earliest public acts was to send to the gallows a poor author, who, in an unpublished work, had spoken severely regarding one of Paul's predecessors.

The Venetian laws checking mortmain, taxing church property, and requiring the sanction of the Republic before the erection of new churches and monasteries greatly angered him; but the crowning vexation was the seizure of the two clerics. This aroused him fully. He at once sent orders that they be delivered up to him, that apology be

¹ For details of these cases of the two monks, see Pascolato. *Fra Paolo Sarpi*, Milano, 1893, pp. 126-128. For the Borghese avarice, see Ranke's *Popes*, vol. iii. pp. 9-20. For the development of Pope Paul's theory of govern-

ment, see Ranke, vol. ii. p. 345, and note, in which Bellarmine's doctrine is cited textually; also Bellarmine's *Selbstbiographie*, herausgegeben von Döllinger und Reusch. Bonn, 1887. pp. 181, *et seq.*

made for the past and guarantees given for the future, and notice was served that, in case the Republic did not speedily obey these orders, the Pope would excommunicate its leaders and lay an interdict upon its people. It was indeed a serious contingency. For many years the new Pope had been known as a hard, pedantic ecclesiastical lawyer, and now that he had arrived at the supreme power, he had evidently determined to enforce the high mediæval supremacy of the Church over the State. Everything betokened his success. In France he had broken down all opposition to the decrees of the Council of Trent. In Naples, when a magistrate had refused to disobey the civil law at the bidding of priests, and the viceroy had supported the magistrate, Pope Paul had forced the viceroy and magistrate to comply with his will by threats of excommunication. In every part of Italy, — in Malta, in Savoy, in Parma, in Lucca, in Genoa, — and finally even in Spain, he had pettified, bullied, threatened, until his opponents had given way. Everywhere he was triumphant; and while he was in the mood which such a succession of triumphs would give he turned toward Venice.¹

There was little indeed to encourage the Venetians to resist; for, while the interests of other European powers were largely the same as theirs, current political intrigues seemed likely to bring Spain and even France into a league with the Vatican.

To a people so devoted to commerce, yet so religious, the threat of an interdict was serious indeed. All church services were to cease; the people at large, no matter how faithful, were to be as brute beasts, — not to be legally married, — not to be consoled by the sacraments, — not to be shriven, and virtually not to be buried; other Christian peoples were to be forbidden all dealings with them, under pain of excommunication; their

commerce was to be delivered over to the tender mercies of any and every other nation; their merchant ships to be as corsairs; their cargoes, the legitimate prey of all Christendom; and their people, on sea and land, to be held as enemies of the human race. To this was added, throughout the whole mass of the people, a vague sense of awful penalties awaiting them in the next world. Despite all this, the Republic persisted in asserting its right.

Just at this moment came a diplomatic passage between Pope and Senate like a farce before a tragedy, and it has historical significance, as showing what resourceful old heads were at the service of either side. The Doge Grimani having died, the Vatican thought to score a point by promptly sending notice through its Nuncio to Venice that no new election of a Doge could take place if forbidden by the Pope, and that, until the Senate had become obedient to the papacy, no such election would be sanctioned. But the Senate, having through its own Ambassador received a useful hint, was quite equal to the occasion. It at once declined to receive this or any dispatch from the Pope on the plea, made with redundant courtesy and cordiality, that, there being no Doge, there was no person in Venice great enough to open it. They next as politely declined to admit the papal Nuncio on the ground that there was nobody worthy to receive him. Then they proceeded to elect a Doge who could receive both Nuncio and message, — a sturdy opponent of the Vatican pretensions, Leonardo Donato.

The Senate now gave itself entirely to considering ways and means of warding off the threatened catastrophe. Its first step was to consult Sarpi. His answer was prompt and pithy. He advised two things: first, to prevent, at all hazards, any publication of the papal bulls in Venice or any obedience to them; secondly, Paolo V. e la Republica Veneta, Vienna, 1859, p. 285.

¹ For letters showing the craven submission of Philip III. of Spain at this time, see Cornet,

to hold in readiness for use at any moment an appeal to a future Council of the Church.

Of these two methods, the first would naturally seem by far the more difficult. So it was not in reality. In the letter which Sarpi presented to the Doge, he devoted less than four lines to the first and more than fourteen pages to the second. As to the first remedy, severe as it was and bristling with difficulties, it was, as he claimed, a simple, natural, straightforward use of police power. As to the second, the appeal to a future Council was to the Vatican as a red flag to a bull. The very use of it involved excommunication. To harden and strengthen the Doge and Senate in order that they might consider it as an ultimate possibility, Sarpi was obliged to show from the Scriptures, the Fathers, the Councils, the early Popes, that the appeal to a Council was a matter of right. With wonderful breadth of knowledge and clearness of statement he made his points and answered objections. To this day, his letter remains a masterpiece.¹

The Republic utterly refused to yield, and now, in 1606, Pope Paul launched his excommunication and interdict. In meeting them, the Senate took the course laid down by Sarpi. The papal Nuncio was notified that the Senate would receive no paper from the Pope; all ecclesiastics, from the Patriarch down to the lowest monk, were forbidden, under the penalties of high treason, to make public or even to receive any paper whatever from the Vatican; additional guards were placed at the city gates, with orders to search every wandering friar or other suspicious person who might, by any possibility, bring in a forbidden missive;

a special patrol was kept, night and day, to prevent any posting of the forbidden notices on walls or houses; any person receiving or finding one was to take it immediately to the authorities, under the severest penalties, and any person found concealing such documents was to be punished by death.

At first some of the clergy were refractory. The head of the whole church establishment of Venice, the Patriarch himself, gave signs of resistance; but the Senate at once silenced him. Sundry other bishops and high ecclesiastics made a show of opposition; and they were placed in confinement. One of them seeming reluctant to conduct the usual church service, the Senate sent an executioner to erect a gibbet before his door. Another, having asked that he be allowed to await some intimation from the Holy Spirit, received answer that the Senate had already received directions from the Holy Spirit to hang any person resisting their decree. The three religious orders which had showed most opposition — Jesuits, Theatins, and Capuchins — were in a semi-polite manner virtually expelled from the Republic.²

Not the least curious among the results of this state of things was the war of pamphlets. From Rome, Bologna, and other centres of thought, even from Paris and Frankfort, polemic tractates rained upon the Republic. The vast majority of their authors were on the side of the Vatican, and of this majority the leaders were the two cardinals so eminent in learning and logic, Bellarmine and Baronius; but, single-handed, Sarpi was, by general consent, a match for the whole opposing force.³

Of all the weapons then used, the

¹ For Sarpi's advice to the Doge, see Bianchi Giovini, vol. i. pp. 216, *et seq.* The document is given fully in the *Lettere di F. P. S.*, Firenze, 1863, vol. i. pp. 17, *et seq.*; also in Machi, *Storia del Consiglio dei Dieci*, cap. xxiv., where the bull of excommunication is also given.

² For interesting details regarding the departure of the Jesuits, see Cornet, Paolo V. e la Repubblica Veneta, pp. 277-279.

³ In the library of Cornell University are no less than nine quartos filled with selected examples of these polemics on both sides.

most effective throughout Europe was the solemn protest drawn by Sarpi and issued by the Doge. It was addressed nominally to the Venetian ecclesiastics, but really to Christendom, and both as to matter and manner it was Father Paul at his best. It was weighty, lucid, pungent, and deeply in earnest, — in every part asserting fidelity to the Church and loyalty to the papacy, but setting completely at naught the main claim of Pope Paul: the Doge solemnly declaring himself “a prince who, in temporal matters, recognizes no superior save the Divine Majesty.”

The victory of the friar soon began to be recognized far and near. Men called him by the name afterward so generally given him, — the “*terribile frate*.” The Vatican seemed paralyzed. None of its measures availed, and it was hurt, rather than helped, by its efforts to pester and annoy Venice at various capitals. At Rome, it burned Father Paul’s books and declared him excommunicated; it even sought to punish his printer by putting into the Index not only all works that he had ever printed, but all that he might ever print. At Vienna, the papal Nuncio thought to score a point by declaring that he would not attend a certain religious function in case the Venetian Ambassador should appear; whereupon the Venetian announced that he had taken physic and regretted that he could not be present, — whereat all Europe laughed.

Judicious friends in various European cabinets now urged both parties to recede or to compromise. France and Spain both proffered their good offices. The offer of France was finally accepted, and the French Ambassador was kept running between the Ducal Palace and the Vatican until people began laughing at him also. The emissaries of His Holiness begged hard that, at least, appearances might be saved; that the Republic would undo some of its measures before the interdict was removed, or at least would seem to do so, and especially that

it would withdraw its refusals before the Pope withdrew his penalties. All in vain. The Venetians insisted that they had committed no crime and had nothing to retract. The Vatican then urged that the Senate should consent to receive absolution for its resistance to the Pope’s authority. This the Senate steadily refused; it insisted, “Let His Holiness put things as before, and we will put things as before; as to his absolution, we do not need it or want it; to receive it would be to acknowledge that we have been in the wrong.” Even the last poor sop of all was refused: the Senate would have no great “function” to celebrate the termination of the interdict; they would not even go to the mass which Cardinal Joyeuse celebrated on that occasion. The only appearance of concession which the Republic made was to give up the two ecclesiastics to the French Ambassador as a matter of courtesy to the French king; and when this was done, the Ambassador delivered them to the Pope; but Venice especially reserved all the rights she had exercised. All the essential demands of the papacy were refused, and thus was forever ended the papal power of laying an interdict upon a city or a people. From that incubus, Christendom, thanks to Father Paul and to Venice, was at last and forever free.

The Vatican did, indeed, try hard to keep its old claim in being. A few years after its defeat by Fra Paolo, it endeavored to reassert in Spain the same authority which had been so humbly acknowledged there a few years before. It was doubtless felt that this most pious of all countries, which had previously been so docile, and which had stood steadily by the Vatican against Venice in the recent struggle, would again set an example of submission. Never was there a greater mistake: the Vatican received from Spanish piety a humiliating refusal.

Next it tried the old weapons against the little government at Turin. For

many generations the House of Savoy had been dutifully submissive to religious control; nowhere out of Spain had heresy been treated more cruelly; yet here, too, the Vatican claim was spurned. But the final humiliation took place some years later under Urban VIII., — the same pontiff who wrecked papal infallibility on Galileo's telescope. He tried to enforce his will on the state of Lucca, which, in the days of Pope Paul, had submitted to the Vatican decrees abjectly; but that little republic now seized the weapons which Sarpi had devised, and drove the papal forces out of the field: the papal excommunication was, even by

this petty government, annulled in Venetian fashion and even less respectfully.¹

Thus the world learned how weak the Vatican hold had become. Even Pope Paul learned it, and, from being the most strenuous of modern pontiffs, he became one of the most moderate in everything save in the enrichment of his family. Thus ended the last serious effort to coerce a people by an interdict, and so, one might suppose, would end the work of Father Paul. Not so. There was to come a second chapter in his biography, more instructive, perhaps, than the first, — a chapter which has lasted until our own day.

A. D. White.

THE SCAB.

[Although the author of this paper has been chiefly known to the readers of the ATLANTIC as a writer of stories of the Klondike, he has given many years to the study of social problems. The People of the Abyss is one of his latest productions in this field. The present article is an interesting contribution, from a radical point of view, to the ATLANTIC's series of papers on the Ethics of Business. It is to be followed in February by an article, Is Commercialism in Disgrace? by John Graham Brooks. — THE EDITORS.]

IN a competitive society, where men struggle with one another for food and shelter, what is more natural than that generosity, when it diminishes the food and shelter of men other than he who is generous, should be held an accursed thing? Wise old saws to the contrary, he who takes from a man's purse takes from his existence. To strike at a man's food and shelter is to strike at his life, and in a society organized on a tooth-and-nail basis, such an act, performed though it may be under the guise of generosity, is none the less menacing and terrible.

It is for this reason that a laborer is so fiercely hostile to another laborer who offers to work for less pay or longer

hours. To hold his place (which is to live), he must offset this offer by another equally liberal, which is equivalent to giving away somewhat from the food and shelter he enjoys. To sell his day's work for two dollars instead of two dollars and a half means that he, his wife, and his children will not have so good a roof over their heads, such warm clothes on their backs, such substantial food in their stomachs. Meat will be bought less frequently, and it will be tougher and less nutritious; stout new shoes will go less often on the children's feet; and disease and death will be more imminent in a cheaper house and neighborhood.

Thus, the generous laborer, giving more of a day's work for less return

¹ The proofs — and from Catholic sources — that it was the Pope who condemned Galileo's doctrine of the earth's movement about the sun, and not merely the Congregation of the

Index, the present writer has given in his History of the Warfare of Science with Theology, vol. i. chap. iii.

(measured in terms of food and shelter), threatens the life of his less generous brother laborer, and, at the best, if he does not destroy that life, he diminishes it. Whereupon the less generous laborer looks upon him as an enemy, and, as men are inclined to do in a tooth-and-nail society, he tries to kill the man who is trying to kill him.

When a striker kills with a brick the man who has taken his place, he has no sense of wrong-doing. In the deepest holds of his being, though he does not reason the impulse, he has an ethical sanction. He feels dimly that he has justification, just as the home-defending Boer felt, though more sharply, with each bullet he fired at the invading English. Behind every brick thrown by a striker is the selfish "will to live" of himself and the slightly altruistic will to live of his family. The family-group came into the world before the state-group, and society being still on the primitive basis of tooth and nail, the will to live of the state is not so compelling to the striker as the will to live of his family and himself.

In addition to the use of bricks, clubs, and bullets, the selfish laborer finds it necessary to express his feelings in speech. Just as the peaceful country-dweller calls the sea-rover a "pirate," and the stout burgher calls the man who breaks into his strong-box a "robber," so the selfish laborer applies the opprobrious epithet "scab" to the laborer who takes from him food and shelter by being more generous in the disposal of his labor-power. The sentimental connotation of scab is as terrific as that of "traitor" or "Judas," and a sentimental definition would be as deep and varied as the human heart. It is far easier to arrive at what may be called a technical definition, worded in commercial terms, as, for instance, that *a scab is one who gives more value for the same price than another.*

The laborer who gives more time, or

strength, or skill, for the same wage, than another, or equal time, or strength, or skill, for a less wage, is a scab. This generousness on his part is hurtful to his fellow laborers, for it compels them to an equal generousness which is not to their liking, and which gives them less of food and shelter. But a word may be said for the scab. Just as his act makes his rivals compulsorily generous, so do they, by fortune of birth and training, make compulsory his act of generousness. He does not scab because he wants to scab. No whim of the spirit, no burgeoning of the heart, leads him to give more of his labor-power than they for a certain sum.

It is because he cannot get work on the same terms as they that he is a scab. There is less work than there are men to do work. This is patent, else the scab would not loom so large on the labor-market horizon. Because they are stronger than he, or more skilled, or more fortunate, or more energetic, it is impossible for him to take their places at the same wage. To take their places he must give more value, must work longer hours, or receive a smaller wage. He does so, and he cannot help it, for his will to live is driving him on as well as they are being driven on by theirs, and to live he must win food and shelter, which he can do only by receiving permission to work from some man who owns a bit of land or piece of machinery. And to receive permission from this man, he must make the transaction profitable for him.

Viewed in this light, the scab who gives more labor-power for a certain price than his fellows is not so generous after all. He is no more generous with his energy than the chattel slave and the convict laborer, who, by the way, are the almost perfect scabs. They give their labor-power for about the minimum possible price. But, within limits, they may loaf and malingering, and, as scabs, are exceeded by the machine, which

never loafers and malingers, and which is the ideally perfect scab.

It is not nice to be a scab. Not only is it not in good social taste and comradeship, but, from the standpoint of food and shelter, it is bad business policy. Nobody desires to scab, to give most for least. The ambition of every individual is quite the opposite, — to give least for most; and as a result, living in a tooth-and-nail society, battle royal is waged by the ambitious individuals. But in its most salient aspect, that of the struggle over the division of a joint-product, it is no longer a battle between individuals, but between groups of individuals. Capital and labor apply themselves to raw material, make something useful out of it, add to its value, and then proceed to quarrel over the division of the added value. Neither cares to give most for least. Each is intent on giving less than the other and on receiving more.

Labor combines into its unions; capital into partnerships, associations, corporations, and trusts. A group-struggle is the result, in which the individuals, as individuals, play no part. The Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, for instance, serves notice on the Master Builders' Association that it demands an increase of the wage of its members from \$3.50 a day to \$4.00, and a Saturday half-holiday without pay. This means that the carpenters are trying to give less for more. Where they received \$21.00 for six full days, they are endeavoring to get \$22.00 for five days and a half, — that is, they will work half a day less each week and receive a dollar more.

Also, they expect the Saturday half-holiday to give work to one additional man for each eleven previously employed. This last affords a splendid example of the development of the group idea. In this particular struggle the individual has no chance at all for life. The individual carpenter would be crushed like a mote by the Master Builders' Association, and like a mote the individual mas-

ter builder would be crushed by the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners.

In the group-struggle over the division of the joint-product, labor utilizes the union with its two great weapons, — the strike and boycott; while capital utilizes the trust and the association, the weapons of which are the blacklist, the lockout, and the scab. The scab is by far the most formidable weapon of the three. He is the man who breaks strikes and causes all the trouble. Without him there would be no trouble, for the strikers are willing to remain out peacefully and indefinitely so long as other men are not in their places, and so long as the particular aggregation of capital with which they are fighting is eating its head off in enforced idleness.

But both warring groups have reserve weapons up their sleeves. Were it not for the scab, these weapons would not be brought into play. But the scab takes the places of the strikers, who begin at once to wield a most powerful weapon, — terrorism. The will to live of the scab recoils from the menace of broken bones and violent death. With all due respect to the labor leaders, who are not to be blamed for volubly asseverating otherwise, terrorism is a well-defined and eminently successful policy of the labor unions. It has probably won them more strikes than all the rest of the weapons in their arsenal. This terrorism, however, must be clearly understood. It is directed solely against the scab, placing him in such fear for life and limb as to drive him out of the contest. But when terrorism gets out of hand and inoffensive non-combatants are injured, law and order threatened, and property destroyed, it becomes an edged tool that cuts both ways. This sort of terrorism is sincerely deplored by the labor leaders, for it has probably lost them as many strikes as have been lost by any other single cause.

The scab is powerless under terrorism. As a rule he is not so good or gritty a man as the men he is displacing, and he

lacks their fighting organization. He stands in dire need of stiffening and backing. His employers, the capitalists, draw their two remaining weapons, the ownership of which is debatable, but which they for the time being happen to control. These two weapons may be called the political and judicial machinery of society. When the scab crumples up and is ready to go down before the fists, bricks, and bullets of the labor-group, the capitalist-group puts the police and soldiers into the field, and begins a general bombardment of injunctions. Victory usually follows, for the labor-group cannot withstand the combined assault of gatling guns and injunctions.

But it has been noted that the ownership of the political and judicial machinery of society is debatable. In the Titanic struggle over the division of the joint-product, each group reaches out for every available weapon. Nor are they blinded by the smoke of conflict. They fight their battles as coolly and collectedly as ever battles were fought on paper. The capitalist-group has long since realized the immense importance of controlling the political and judicial machinery of society. Taught by gatlings and injunctions, which have smashed many an otherwise successful strike, the labor-group is beginning to realize that it all depends upon who is behind and who is before those weapons. And he who knows the labor-movement knows that there is slowly growing up and being formulated a clear, definite policy for the capture of the political and judicial machinery.

This is the terrible spectre which Mr. John Graham Brooks sees looming portentously over the twentieth-century world. No man may boast a more intimate knowledge of the labor-movement than he, and he reiterates again and again the dangerous likelihood of the whole labor-group capturing the political machinery of society. As he says in his recent book:¹

¹ *The Social Unrest*. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

"It is not probable that employers can destroy unionism in the United States. Adroit and desperate attempts will, however, be made, if we mean by unionism the undisciplined and aggressive fact of vigorous and determined organizations. If capital should prove too strong in this struggle, the result is easy to predict. The employers have only to convince organized labor that it cannot hold its own against the capitalist manager, and the whole energy that now goes to the union will turn to an aggressive political socialism. It will not be the harmless sympathy with increased city and state functions which trade unions already feel; it will become a turbulent political force bent upon using every weapon of taxation against the rich."

This struggle not to be a scab, to avoid giving more for less, and to succeed in giving less for more, is more vital than it would appear on the surface. The capitalist and labor groups are locked together in desperate battle, and neither side is swayed by moral considerations more than skin-deep. The labor-group hires business agents, lawyers, and organizers; and is beginning to intimidate legislators by the strength of its solid vote, and more directly, in the near future, it will attempt to control legislation by capturing it bodily through the ballot-box. On the other hand, the capitalist-group, numerically weaker, hires newspapers, universities, and legislatures, and strives to bend to its need all the forces which go to mould public opinion.

The only honest morality displayed by either side is white-hot indignation at the iniquities of the other side. The striking teamster complacently takes a scab driver into an alley and with an iron bar breaks his arms so that he can drive no more, but cries out to high heaven for justice when the capitalist breaks his skull by means of a club in the hands of a policeman. Nay, the members of a union will declaim in impassioned rhet-

oric for the God-given right of an eight-hour day, and at the time be working their own business agent seventeen hours out of the twenty-four.

A capitalist, such as the late Collis P. Huntington, and his name is Legion, after a long life spent in buying the aid of countless legislatures, will wax virtuously wrathful and condemn in unmeasured terms "the dangerous tendency of crying out to the government for aid" in the way of labor legislation. Without a quiver, a member of the capitalist-group will run tens of thousands of pitiful child-laborers through his life-destroying cotton factories, and weep maudlin and Constitutional tears over one scab hit in the back with a brick. He will drive a "compulsory" free contract with an unorganized laborer on the basis of a starvation wage, saying, "Take it or leave it," knowing that to leave it means to die of hunger; and in the next breath, when the organizer entices that laborer into a union, will storm patriotically about the inalienable rights of all men to work. In short, the chief moral concern of either side is with the morals of the other side. They are not in the business for their moral welfare, but to achieve the enviable position of the non-scab who gets more than he gives.

But there is more to the question than has yet been discussed. The labor scab is no more detestable to his brother laborers than is the capitalist scab to his brother capitalists. A capitalist may get most for least in dealing with his laborers, and in so far be a non-scab; but at the same time, in his dealings with his fellow capitalists, he may give most for least and be the very worst kind of scab. The most heinous crime an employer of labor can commit is to scab on his fellow employers of labor. Just as the individual laborers have organized into groups to protect themselves from the peril of the scab laborer, so have the employers organized into groups to protect themselves from the peril of the scab

employer. The employers' federations, associations, and trusts are nothing more or less than unions. They are organized to destroy scabbing amongst themselves and to encourage scabbing amongst others. For this reason they pool interests, determine prices, and present an unbroken and aggressive front to the labor-group.

As has been said before, nobody likes to play the compulsorily generous rôle of scab. It is a bad business proposition on the face of it. And it is patent that there would be no capitalist scabs if there were not more capital than there is work for capital to do. When there are enough factories in existence to supply, with occasional stoppages, a certain commodity, the building of new factories, by a rival concern, for the production of that commodity, is plain advertisement that that capital is out of a job. The first act of this new aggregation of capital will be to cut prices, to give more for less; in short, to scab, to strike at the very existence of the less generous aggregation of capital, the work of which it is trying to do.

No scab capitalist strives to give more for less for any other reason than that he hopes, by undercutting a competitor and driving that competitor out of the market, to get that market and its profits for himself. His ambition is to achieve the day when he shall stand alone in the field both as buyer and seller, when he will be the royal non-scab, buying most for least, selling least for most, and reducing all about him, the small buyers and sellers (the consumers and the laborers), to a general condition of scabdom. This, for example, has been the history of Mr. Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Company. Through all the sordid economies of scabdom he has passed until to-day he is a most regal non-scab. However, to continue in this enviable position, he must be prepared at a moment's notice to go scabbing again. And he is prepared. Whenever a competitor arises, Mr. Rockefeller changes about from giv-

ing least for most, and gives most for least with such a vengeance as to drive the competitor out of existence.

The banded capitalists discriminate against a scab capitalist by refusing him trade advantages, and by combining against him in most relentless fashion. The banded laborers, discriminating against a scab laborer in more primitive fashion, with a club, are no more merciless than the banded capitalists.

Mr. Casson tells of a New York capitalist, who withdrew from the Sugar Union several years ago and became a scab. He was worth something like twenty millions of dollars. But the Sugar Union, standing shoulder to shoulder with the Railroad Union and several others, beat him to his knees till he cried enough. So frightfully did they beat him that he was obliged to turn over to his creditors his home, his chickens, and his gold watch. In point of fact, he was as thoroughly bludgeoned by the Federation of Capitalist Unions as ever scab workman was bludgeoned by a labor union. The intent in either case is the same, to destroy the scab's producing power. The labor scab with concussion of the brain is put out of business, and so is the capitalist scab who has lost all his dollars down to his chickens and his watch.

But the rôle of scab passes beyond the individual. Just as individuals scab on other individuals, so do groups scab on other groups. And the principle involved is precisely the same as in the case of the simple labor scab. A group, in the nature of its organization, is often compelled to give most for least, and, so doing, to strike at the life of another group. At the present moment all Europe is appalled by that colossal scab, the United States. And Europe is clamorous with agitation for a Federation of National Unions to protect her from the United States. It may be noted, in passing, that in its prime essentials this agitation in no wise differs from the

trade union agitation among workmen in any industry. The trouble is caused by the scab who is giving most for least. The result of the American Scab's nefarious actions will be to strike at the food and shelter of Europe. The way for Europe to protect herself is to quit bickering among her parts and to form a union against the Scab. And if the union is formed, armies and navies may be expected to be brought into play in fashion similar to the bricks and clubs in ordinary labor struggles.

In this connection, and as one of many walking delegates for the nations, M. Leroy-Beaulieu, the noted French economist, may well be quoted. In a letter to the Vienna Tageblatt, he advocates an economic alliance among the Continental nations for the purpose of barring out American goods, an economic alliance, in his own language, "*which may possibly and desirably develop into a political alliance.*"

It will be noted in the utterances of the Continental walking delegates that, one and all, they leave England out of the proposed union. And in England herself the feeling is growing that her days are numbered if she cannot unite for offense and defense with the great American Scab. As Andrew Carnegie said some time ago, "The only course for Great Britain seems to be reunion with her grandchild, or sure decline to a secondary place, and then to comparative insignificance in the future annals of the English-speaking race."

Cecil Rhodes, speaking of what would have obtained but for the pig-headedness of George III., and of what will obtain when England and the United States are united, said, "*No cannon would . . . be fired on either hemisphere but by permission of the English race.*" It would seem that England, fronted by the hostile Continental Union and flanked by the great American Scab, has nothing left but to join with the Scab and play the historic labor-rôle of armed Pinkerton.

Granting the words of Cecil Rhodes, the United States would be enabled to scab without let or hindrance on Europe, while England, as professional strike-breaker and policeman, destroyed the unions and kept order.

All this may appear fantastic and erroneous, but there is in it a soul of truth vastly more significant than it may seem. Civilization may be expressed to-day in terms of trade unionism. Individual struggles have largely passed away, but group struggles increase prodigiously. And the things for which the groups struggle are the same as of old. Shorn of all subtleties and complexities, the chief struggle of men, and of groups of men, is for food and shelter. And, as of old they struggled with tooth and nail, so to-day they struggle, with teeth and nails elongated into armies and navies, machines, and economic advantages.

Under the definition that a scab is *one who gives more value for the same price than another*, it would seem that society can be generally divided into the two classes of the scabs and the non-scabs. But on closer investigation, however, it will be seen that the non-scab is almost a vanishing quantity. In the social jungle everybody is preying upon everybody else. As in the case of Mr. Rockefeller, he who was a scab yesterday is a non-scab to-day, and to-morrow may be a scab again.

The woman stenographer or book-keeper who receives forty dollars per month where a man was receiving seventy-five is a scab. So is the woman who does a man's work at a weaving machine, and the child who goes into the mill or factory. And the father, who is scabbed out of work by the wives and children of other men, sends his own wife and children to scab in order to save himself.

When a publisher offers an author better royalties than other publishers have been paying him, he is scabbing

on those other publishers. The reporter on a newspaper who feels he should be receiving a larger salary for his work, says so, and is shown the door, is replaced by a reporter who is a scab; whereupon, when the belly-need presses, the displaced reporter goes to another paper and scabs himself. The minister who hardens his heart to a call, and waits for a certain congregation to offer him say five hundred a year more, often finds himself scabbed upon by another and more impecunious minister; and the next time it is *his* turn to scab while a brother minister is hardening his heart to a call. The scab is everywhere. The professional strike-breakers, who, as a class, receive large wages, will scab on one another, while scab unions are even formed to prevent scabbing upon scabs.

There are non-scabs, but they are usually born so, and are protected by the whole might of society in the possession of their food and shelter. King Edward is such a type, as are all individuals who receive hereditary food-and-shelter privileges, such as the present Duke of Bedford, for instance, who yearly receives \$75,000 from the good people of London because some former king gave some former ancestor of his the market privileges of Covent Garden. The irresponsible rich are likewise non-scabs, and by them is meant that coupon-clipping class which hires its managers and brains to invest the money usually left it by its ancestors.

Outside these lucky creatures, all the rest, at one time or another in their lives, are scabs, at one time or another are engaged in giving more for a certain price than any one else. The meek professor in some endowed institution, by his meek suppression of his convictions, is giving more for his salary than the other more outspoken professor gave, whose chair he occupies. And when a political party dangles a full dinner-pail in the eyes of the toiling masses, it is offering more for a vote than the dubious dollar of the op-

posing party. Even a money-lender is not above taking a slightly lower rate of interest and saying nothing about it.

Such is the tangle of conflicting interests in a tooth-and-nail society that people cannot avoid being scabs, are often made so against their desires, and unconsciously. When several trades in a certain locality demand and receive an advance in wages, they are unwittingly making scabs of their fellow laborers in that district who have received no advance in wages. In San Francisco the barbers, laundry workers, and milk-wagon drivers received such an advance in wages. Their employers promptly added the amount of this advance to the selling price of their wares. The price of shaves, of washing, and of milk went up. This reduced the purchasing power of the unorganized laborers, and, in point of fact, reduced their wages and made them greater scabs.

Because the British laborer is disinclined to scab, that is, because he restricts his output in order to give less for the wage he receives, it is to a certain extent made possible for the American capitalist, who receives a less restricted output from his laborers, to play the scab on the English capitalist. As a result of this (of course, combined with other causes), the American capitalist and the American laborer are striking at the food and shelter of the English capitalist and laborer.

The English laborer is starving to-day because, among other things, he is not a scab. He practices the policy of "Ca' Canny," which may be defined as "go easy." In order to get most for least, in many trades he performs but from one fourth to one sixth of the labor he is well able to perform. An instance of this is found in the building of the Westinghouse Electric Works at Manchester. The British limit per man was 400 bricks per day. The Westinghouse Company imported a "driving" American contractor aided by half-a-dozen "driving"

American foremen, and the British bricklayer swiftly attained an average of 1800 bricks per day, with a maximum of 2500 bricks for the plainest work.

But the British laborer's policy of Ca' Canny, which is the very honorable one of giving least for most, and which is likewise the policy of the English capitalist, is nevertheless frowned upon by the English capitalist whose business existence is threatened by the great American Scab. From the rise of the factory system, the English capitalist gladly embraced the opportunity, wherever he found it, of giving least for most. He did it all over the world wherever he enjoyed a market monopoly, and he did it at home, with the laborers employed in his mills, destroying them like flies till prevented, within limits, by the passage of the Factory Acts. Some of the proudest fortunes of England to-day may trace their origin to the giving of least for most to the miserable slaves of the factory towns. But at the present time the English capitalist is outraged because his laborers are employing against him precisely the same policy he employed against them, and which he would employ again did the chance present itself.

Yet Ca' Canny is a disastrous thing to the British laborer. It has driven ship-building from England to Scotland, bottle-making from Scotland to Belgium, flint-glass-making from England to Germany, and to-day it is steadily driving industry after industry to other countries. A correspondent from Northampton wrote not long ago: "Factories are working half and third time. . . . There is no strike, there is no real labor trouble, but the masters and men are alike suffering from sheer lack of employment. Markets which were once theirs are now American." It would seem that the unfortunate British laborer is 'twixt the devil and the deep sea. If he gives most for least, he faces a frightful slavery such as marked the beginning of the factory system. If he gives least for most, he

drives industry away to other countries, and has no work at all.

But the union laborers of the United States have nothing to boast of, while, according to their trade-union ethics, they have a great deal of which to be ashamed. They passionately preach short hours and big wages, the shorter the hours and the bigger the wages the better. Their hatred for a scab is as terrible as the hatred of a patriot for a traitor, of a Christian for a Judas. And in the face of all this they are as colossal scabs as the United States is a colossal scab. For all of their boasted unions and high labor-ideals, they are about the most thorough-going scabs on the planet.

Receiving \$4.50 per day, because of his proficiency and immense working power, the American laborer has been known to scab upon scabs (so called) who took his place and received only \$.90 per day for a longer day. In this particular instance, five Chinese coolies, working longer hours, gave less value for the price received from their employer than did one American laborer.

It is upon his brother laborers overseas that the American laborer most outrageously scabs. As Mr. Casson has shown, an English nailmaker gets \$3.00 per week, while an American nailmaker gets \$30.00. But the English worker turns out 200 pounds of nails per week, while the American turns out 5500 pounds. If he were as "fair" as his English brother, other things being equal, he would be receiving, at the English worker's rate of pay, \$82.50. As it is, he is scabbing upon his English brother to the tune of \$79.50 per week. Dr. Schultze-Gaevernitz has shown that a German weaver produces 466 yards of cotton a week at a cost of .303 per yard, while an American weaver produces 1200 yards at a cost of .02 per yard.

But, it may be objected, a great part of this is due to the more improved American machinery. Very true; but, none the less, a great part is still due to

the superior energy, skill, and willingness of the American laborer. The English laborer is faithful to the policy of Ca' Canny. He refuses point blank to get the work out of a machine that the New World scab gets out of a machine. Mr. Maxim, observing a wasteful hand-labor process in his English factory, invented a machine which he proved capable of displacing several men. But workman after workman was put at the machine, and without exception they turned out neither more nor less than a workman turned out by hand. They obeyed the mandate of the union and went easy, while Mr. Maxim gave up in despair. Nor will the British workman run machines at as high speed as the American, nor will he run so many. An American workman will "give equal attention simultaneously to three, four, or six machines or tools, while the British workman is compelled by his trade union to limit his attention to one, so that employment may be given to half-a-dozen men."

But to scabbing, no blame attaches itself anywhere. All the world is a scab, and, with rare exceptions, all the people in it are scabs. The strong, capable workman gets a job and holds it because of his strength and capacity. And he holds it because out of his strength and capacity he gives a better value for his wage than does the weaker and less capable workman. Therefore he is scabbing upon his weaker and less capable brother workman. This is incontrovertible. He is giving more value for the price paid by the employer.

The superior workman scabs upon the inferior workman because he is so constituted and cannot help it. The one, by fortune of birth and upbringing, is strong and capable; the other, by fortune of birth and upbringing, is not so strong or capable. It is for the same reason that one country scabs upon another. That country which has the good fortune to possess great natural resources, a finer

sun and soil, unhampering institutions, and a deft and intelligent labor class and capitalist class, is bound to scab upon a country less fortunately situated. It is the good fortune of the United States that is making her the colossal scab, just as it is the good fortune of one man to be born with a straight back while his brother is born with a hump.

It is not good to give most for least, not good to be a scab. The word has gained universal opprobrium. On the other hand, to be a non-scab, to give least for most, is universally branded as stingy, selfish, and unchristian-like. So all the world, like the British workman, is 'twixt the devil and the deep sea. It is treason to one's fellows to scab, it is treason to God and unchristian-like not to scab.

Since to give least for most and to give most for least are universally bad,

what remains? Equity remains, which is to give like for like, the same for the same, neither more nor less. But this equity, society, as at present constituted, cannot give. It is not in the nature of present-day society for men to give like for like, the same for the same. And as long as men continue to live in this competitive society, struggling tooth and nail with one another for food and shelter, (which is to struggle tooth and nail with one another for life), that long will the scab continue to exist. His will to live will force him to exist. He may be flouted and jeered by his brothers, he may be beaten with bricks and clubs by the men who by superior strength and capacity scab upon him as he scabs upon them by longer hours and smaller wages, but through it all he will persist, going them one better, and giving a bit more of most for least than they are giving.

Jack London.

MORLEY'S GLADSTONE.

MOORE records in his Diary a breakfast at Jeffrey's where Sydney Smith spoke of Sir T. Lawrence having bled to death owing to the ignorance of a servant in not properly adjusting the bandage: "On my remarking the additional ill luck, after such a death, of falling into the hands of such a biographer as Campbell, he started up and exclaimed theatrically, 'Look to your bandages, all ye that have been blooded; there are biographers abroad!'"

The modern biographer abroad, to say nothing of his lack of skill in dressing wounds, has torn open so many that one commonly experiences a certain involuntary trepidation on taking up a new Life. Nor does the fact that the biography is official necessarily relieve the apprehension. "Literary executors," said Coleridge, "make sad work in general with

their testators' brains." This was probably not a direct prophecy of Froude or Purcell. Even before their day, which Coleridge would have distinctly *not* rejoiced to see, lives had been taken under the guise of being written. That literary tragedy, however, no man need have feared to see repeated in John Morley's biography of Gladstone.¹ It was certain in advance that nothing but poised judgment, measured estimate, and perfect taste, with fair though pungent phrase and characterization, should we get from the biographer of Cromwell and Cobden, the interpreter of Diderot and Voltaire and Rousseau, of Walpole and of Burke, and, latterly, the political orator whom the best of England hear gladly. His

¹ *The Life of William Ewart Gladstone.* By JOHN MORLEY. In three volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

old chief never gave a better proof that, contrary to the general opinion, he was a good judge of men than in the choice of a literary executor. The appeal to Mr. Morley's discretion, to speak for the moment of that quality alone, was of the slightest from the transparent openness of Gladstone's manner of life. "Nobody ever had fewer secrets." There were no pathological passages in his letters or journals of which to make a public clinic. Even the asterisks denoting omitted sentences in his correspondence, as printed, hide, Mr. Morley assures us, "no piquant hit, no personality, no indiscretion." There will be no place, then, for the future digger-up of the original manuscripts, on scandal bent. We have before us the "real" Gladstone, without that abused word at all possessing its now customary connotation of something derogatory or repellent.

One formidable difficulty obviously confronted Mr. Morley from the start. How was the biographer to disentangle the hero from the history of his time, of which he was so great a part? The life could not be made intelligible apart from its political setting; on the other hand, to make the latter stand out full and clear would be to run the risk of throwing the man himself too much into the shadow. It cannot be said that the bulky volumes wholly escape the double peril. It would be unfair to apply to them what has been said of Professor Masson's *Life and Times of Milton*, — that the *Times* are to the *Life* as nine to one; yet there is an undeniable impression, now and then, in this work of Mr. Morley's, of the historian getting the better of the biographer. Even contemporary events in which Gladstone had but a minor rôle — such as the Franco-German war — are narrated in a way to come near falling between two stools. The history is scamped, the biography overweighted. In the case of such themes as Ireland, the Transvaal, Egypt, the

struggle for Italian unity, the rescue of the bleeding provinces from the Turk, we may well admit the demand for full handling, since with them Gladstone had a militant and fiercely debated connection. Indeed, there is one theory of the function which Mr. Morley may have defined to himself that would justify all his historical *longueurs*. It is possible that he designed his great work, not precisely as a "huge Whig tract" of the Macaulay order, but as a conscious contribution to the propaganda of Liberalism, — using that word in no party sense, but as signifying the movement to enfranchise the spirit of mankind. The careful translation of all the citations from Greek, Latin, and even French and Italian, would look as if his volumes were sent out in the hope of being understood of the common people. Their sale by popular subscription in England points the same way. If the actual aim were to make all plain to short memories and meagre reading, there is constructive excuse for pages which would otherwise be voted both superfluous and tedious.

Thirty years ago, John Morley as the biographer of William Ewart Gladstone would have seemed the most palpable misfit. Even to-day, many have had grave doubt on one point. Would not the *Life* reveal much less than perfect sympathy between writer and subject on the religious side? How could an avowed agnostic, though of the most grave and weighty cast of mind, possibly hope to portray the ardent theologian, the convinced Churchman, the devout Christian believer, who, as Dean Church said of his personal knowledge of Gladstone, went from his knees to the business of the nation? Mr. Gladstone himself, so Frederic Harrison reminds us, thought Morley's *Life* of Cobden defective in religious appreciation. In his own case the difficulty would seem vastly greater. But it is vanquished *ambulando*. Frankly stating that he can only describe from the exterior Gladstone's religious nature

and activities, Mr. Morley at once rises to serene impartiality of spirit in saying: "It was the affinity of great natures for great issues that made Mr. Gladstone from his earliest manhood onwards take and hold fast the affairs of the churches for the objects of his most absorbing interest. He was one and the same man, his genius was one. His persistent incursions all through his long life into the multifarious doings, not only of his own Anglican communion, but of the Latin church of the West, as well as of the motley Christendom of the East, puzzled and vexed political whippers-in, wire-pullers, newspaper editors, leaders, colleagues; they were the despair of party caucuses; and they made the neutral man of the world smile, as eccentricities of genius and rather singularly chosen recreations. All this was, in truth, of the very essence of his character, the manifestation of its profound unity." If that does not echo the emotional sympathy of a brother in the faith, it at least shows us the sound and fair critic. Mr. Morley, in reality, sets forth the churchly and the Christian side of Gladstone with satisfactory clearness, if not with all ecclesiastical amplitude. The most apprehensive Anglican must confess the picture to be faithful. Minuter traits are not overlooked. We are shown Gladstone's Cromwellian habit of being greatly stayed by some verse of Scripture when going forth to oratorical slaughter. If anything is left out it is the laughter, or the mockery, which Mr. Gladstone's consuming religious zeal so often provoked in the ungodly. Their gibes Mr. Morley passes by. Kinglake, for example, was only one of many to call Mr. Gladstone "a good man in the worst sense of the term, conscientious with a disordered conscience." And it was in an "Imaginary Conversation" between Madame Novikoff and Gortchakoff that the same brilliant but bitter writer conveyed wittily the general impression of the way in which Glad-

stone's theological flank lay open to attack: —

"Gortchakoff: How did you get hold of Gladstone?"

"Madame Novikoff: *Rien de plus simple*. Four or five years ago I asked what was his weak point, and was told that he had two — 'Effervescence' and 'Theology.' With that knowledge I found it all child's play to manage him. I just sent him to Munich, and there boiled him up in a weak decoction of *Filioque*, then kept him ready for use, and impatiently awaited the moment when our plans for getting up the 'Bulgarian atrocities' should be mature," etc.

Whatever might have been dreaded in regard to Mr. Morley's painting of Gladstone the theologian, everybody must have recognized his peculiar advantage in describing Gladstone the statesman. It is the advantage of first-hand acquaintance with the matter. This enables him not only to understand, but to give those realistic touches of experience which we find, for example, in Condorcet's Life of Turgot, Disraeli's sketch of Bentinck, Rosebery's Pitt, and Schurz's Clay. Saturated for years in politics, himself active in the movements that he describes, an intimate of the men who made the history it is his task to write, Mr. Morley is able to light up his pages with many a flash of personal familiarity. Thus when the mysterious break-up of a certain Cabinet is under discussion, he turns this ray upon the problem, — "Perhaps the Ministers had grown weary of each other." That could have occurred to no one who had not himself kissed hands and held a portfolio. Even his journalistic years yield Mr. Morley something, as when, referring to an unhappy attempt to "inspire" a newspaper, he remarks: "Unluckily, it would seem to need at least the genius of a Bismarck to perform with precision and success the delicate office of inspiring a modern oracle on the journalistic tripod."

Mr. Morley is no idolizing biographer.

His critic's eye is not dazzled even by the splendid orb of Gladstone's genius. He sees and points out the flecks in the brilliance. With resolute hand he unveils for us the deep mystery of Mr. Gladstone's complex nature, — simply duplex, his enemies called it. This personal interest is, after all, the most compelling thing in the 1800 pages. Old political issues — Maynooth and the Gorham judgment, distribution bills and budgets, even Bulgaria and Irish Home Rule — seem far away and burned out compared with the perennial charm and vitality of a dominant human personality. In Gladstone there was as extraordinary a union of opposites as ever met in one breast. "Ah," said a disapproving old Whig, at the time of the 1860 budget, "Oxford on the surface, but Liverpool below." This was but one of the many phrases in which Gladstone's remarkable dualism of character was bodied forth. He was at once the meticulous scholastic theologian, and the prodigious worker in the practical. This strange mingling of qualities, with its resultant perils, Mr. Morley puts fairly before us. A hair-splitting intellect yoked to immense moral enthusiasm was certain to lead its owner into awkward passages, and to lay him open to the charge of sophistry or insincerity. The subtly mediæval tinge of Mr. Gladstone's mind was perceived with marvelous clarity of vision by Walter Bagehot, in that acute analysis of the man which he published as far back as 1860. "His intellect is of a thoroughly scholastic kind. He can distinguish between any two propositions; he never allowed, he could not allow, that any two were identical. If any one on either side of the House is bold enough to infer anything from anything, Mr. Gladstone is ready to deny that the inference is accurate — to suggest a distinction which he says is singularly important — to illustrate an apt subtlety which, in appearance at least, impairs the validity of the deduction. No schoolman could be readier at such work. . . . It

must be pleasant to have an argumentative acuteness which is quite sure to extricate you, at least in appearance, from any intellectual scrape. But it is a dangerous weapon to use, and particularly dangerous to a very conscientious man. He will not use it unless he believes in its results; but he will try to believe in its results, in order that he may use it."

Mr. Morley practically acquiesces in this diagnosis. Indeed, confirmation of it rains upon any one who closely follows Gladstone's career, and notes the impression he made upon different men. "He perplexes his chief [Sir Robert Peel]," writes Lord Rosebery of Gladstone, in his little book on Peel, "who complains of sometimes *finding great difficulty in exactly comprehending what he means*." This recalls a saying of the Pope: "I like, but I do not understand, Mr. Gladstone." It was a complaint which dogged Gladstone from his earliest to his latest years. In 1830 he wrote a long letter to his father urging that he be permitted to give his life to the Church. There were in it sentences of burning and martyr-like devotion, but alongside stand others which leave one uncertain what the youth really wanted. This "vague and obscure" letter is, observes Mr. Morley, "the first definite indication alike of the extraordinary intensity of his religious disposition, and of that double-mindedness, that division of sensibility between the demands of spiritual and of secular life, which remained throughout one of the marking traits of his career." From this involved letter at twenty-one, down to his apparent but Orphic denial that he was to resign the premiership at eighty-five, — though he promptly did it, — Gladstone left behind him an enormous number of letters, articles, and speeches in which lurking qualifications, meaning everything to him, though unperceived by the general, lay as so many snares for the unwary, so many causes of wrath to the plain and blunt Englishman who blurts his whole mind out. No won-

der that this trait "sometimes amused friends, but always exasperated foes. . . . His adversary, as he strode confidently along the smooth grass, suddenly found himself treading on a serpent; he had overlooked a condition, a proviso, a word of hypothesis or contingency, that sprang from its ambush and brought his triumph to naught on the spot. If Mr. Gladstone had only taken as much trouble that his hearers should understand exactly what it was that he meant, as he took trouble afterwards to show that his meaning had been grossly misunderstood, all might have been well. As it was, he seemed to be completely satisfied if he could only show that two propositions, thought by plain men to be directly contradictory, were all the time capable on close construction of being presented in perfect harmony."

Along with this tendency to "over-refining in words, a disproportionate impressiveness in verbal shadings without real difference," went an amazing combativeness. This is perhaps a part of the oratorical temperament. Fox was once reproached for disputing vehemently about a trifle. "I *must* do so," he said; "I can't live without discussion." To quote Bagehot again: "Mr. Gladstone by nature, by vehement overruling nature, longs to pour forth his own belief; he cannot rest till he has contradicted every one else." This made the most peace-loving of statesmen the most pugnacious of debaters. "He can bear a good deal about the politics of Europe; but let a man question the fees on vatting, or the change in the game certificate, or the stamp on bills of lading — what melodious thunders of loquacious wrath! The world, he hints, is likely to end at such observations." Indeed, great as were Mr. Gladstone's oratorical powers in exposition or persuasion, they never blazed so high as in rejoinder. "He is terrible in the rebound," testified Lord Aberdeen. This falls in with what Gladstone himself said, when asked if he were

ever nervous about speaking. "In opening, yes; in reply, never."

But this intense nature was not always in the white heat of mighty labor or close-joined debate. He had his lighter, playful side. The bow was sometimes unbent. His wonderful charm in undress conversation, his story-telling, his mimicry, his facile acting — to say nothing of his stores of out-of-the-way knowledge and exhaustless fund of reminiscence — built up a strong and enduring tradition of his fascinating personality in private life. But almost all of this part of Gladstone is left in the shadow by Mr. Morley. He asserts its existence, but he illustrates it only in the most meagre way. Presumably, authentic material was lacking. There was no Boswell by, unluckily. Mr. Morley prints twenty-five pages of his own notes of Gladstone's conversation on successive days at Biarritz. It is bookish, glancing, rather superficial; little quotable, nowhere making a deep impression, though showing a great range of reading for a busy public man. In his letters Mr. Gladstone seems never to have overflowed in raillery or anecdote. All was intent on the matter in hand. It was as if the previous question were always on the point of being ordered. Even in the correspondence with his friend of many years, the Duchess of Sutherland, one finds little of that lightsome play of mind which an intellectual woman will call out of a man if he has it in him. This helps us to understand the Queen's complaint that Gladstone always talked to her as if she were a public meeting. The net result is to make his letters uninteresting, except as fixing disputed dates and the true order of his unfolding policy; so that Mr. Morley was wise to publish but a few of the thousands that were turned over to him. Nor is Gladstone's private diary richer in the asides and leisurely jottings of a full mind. It was strictly business, — a kind of skeleton *agenda* or *adjudicata*. It was a record, and records are not lively reading. And yet,

and yet, we know that there was a Gladstone who could disarm and delight even his enemies by his bright bravura at dinner or reception ; who gave George Russell some of his best and wickedest stories, — even that one about the swearing Archbishop of Canterbury ; who pursued the oddest fads with enthusiasm, and took up with the wildest fashions in a spirit of hilarity. In Lord Malmesbury's memoirs we find him writing in 1844 : "Met Mr. Gladstone, a man who is much spoken of as one who will come to the front. We were disappointed at his appearance, which is that of a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic." But twenty years later the same nobleman wrote : "Gladstone, who was always fond of music, is now quite enthusiastic about negro melodies, singing them with the greatest spirit and enjoyment, never leaving out a verse, and evidently preferring such as 'Camptown Races.'" Punch seized upon the contrast of monk and negro minstrel, and had its caricature of Mr. Gladstone in clerical black, his downcast eyes upon his breviary ; with a parallel portrait displaying him in the exaggerated dress of the end man, screaming, "Oh, do dah dey !" But no comic art, testifies an intimate of the family, "could body forth a more amusing picture than the scene in real life when Mr. Gladstone, taking Mrs. Gladstone by the hand, would warble the song of the wandering fiddler : — 'A ragamuffin husband and a rantipoling wife, We'll fiddle it and scrape it through the ups and downs of life.'"

One can only sigh and wish that it had been in Mr. Morley's power to give us more of *this* Gladstone. We moderns would not be so fastidious as Greville, who confided to his diary, in 1854, that he could not dispute Gladstone's "extraordinary capacity," but noted that "I was not prepared to hear the Chancellor of the Exchequer warble a sentimental ballad, accompanied by his wife."

For so conspicuously marked and brilliant a young man, Mr. Gladstone's

political development was strangely slow. He signally defied the saying that the great driving impulses come to a man under thirty. Gladstone was fifty before it even became certain to which political party he was to belong. A disheartening list of reactionary measures had his early approval. But his sympathies broadened with time ; he burst through the hard casing of his Oxford education, and began to be of Burke's approved type of statesman, — one who, with a disposition to preserve, united the ability to improve. His improvements, no doubt, often looked like willful changes. It was said of him that he could let nothing alone — in flat defiance of Lord Melbourne's counsel of political wisdom. "Sir," said an old distributor of revenue stamps, "I must resign. My head is worn out. The Chancellor, sir, is imposing of things that I can't understand." Many others rebelled at Mr. Gladstone's appalling industry of innovation. Yet one supreme test always differentiated him from the mere agitator. He was ever ready with his bill to enact his policy. His outcry was not the vague protest which aims at it knows not what. His grievances he stood ready to reduce to writing, and produced his remedy in the form of an act of Parliament. It was not his way to carry an election on blown promises, and then, when challenged on the score of fulfillment, to fall back with the audacious cynicism of a Disraeli upon the assertion that "many things have happened" since the pledge was made. "Do you call that amusing?" he asked Browning, when the poet once told him of "Dizzy's" latest duplicity ; "I call it devilish." And through all the changes of front which he had to offer to a changing enemy, Gladstone held fast to some one principle which, to him at least, was vital. This is no place to review his Irish policy. Those who wish to must go to Mr. Morley. But one thing may be said. From the moment that Gladstone bent his mind

to the discovery of a real cure for the chronic malady of Irish misgovernment, he clung to the central conception which he formed, through good report and through evil report. One dismal failure more, or a splendid posthumous success — and it is too soon to say which his Home Rule scheme will be rated by history — in his personal attitude throughout the great debate he seemed to be the visible realization of Coleridge's prayer: "How miserably imbecile and objectless has the English government of Ireland been for forty years past! Oh! for a great man — but one really great man — who could feel the weight and the power of a principle, and unflinchingly put it into act!"

But all Mr. Gladstone's political principles were subsumed in one. "Political life was only part of his religious life." Mr. Morley writes: "At nearly every page of Mr. Gladstone's active career, the vital problem stares us in the face of the correspondence between the rule of private morals and of public. Is the rule one and the same for the individual and the state? From his early years onwards, Mr. Gladstone's whole language and the moods that it reproduces, — his vivid denunciations, his sanguine expectations, his rolling epithets, his aspects and appeals and points of view, — all take for granted that right and wrong depend on the same set of maxims in public life and in private. The puzzle will often greet us, and here it is enough to glance at it. In every statesman's case it arises; in Mr. Gladstone's it is cardinal and fundamental." It is, of course, easy for the closet moralist to maintain that the law of right conduct is for the politician exactly what it is for the man; but for a leader of a great party in a democracy to assert it, and proudly to challenge the testing of his own political course through many years by this touchstone — that is another thing. It would be absurd to say that Mr. Gladstone always emerges triumphant from the ordeal.

No intellect but one as subtle and refining as his own could make out a clear moral consistency in all the crises of his public career. He himself confesses to a certain opportunism. The difficulty of saying at a given moment just what is the greater good, he admits. But there lies the hidden rock for the Christian statesman. A little weak compromising to save the party, concealment or truckling for the sake of "the cause," doubt whether the nation might not suffer more by your renouncing the devil, and being driven out of office for it, than by speaking him fair and staying in to compass your beneficent ends, — those are the nice distinctions which make political morality so dubious and controverted. That Gladstone never left a gap between his principles and his acts need not be contended. Mr. Morley defends no such thesis. But the principles were so high, and the approximation to them in practice so remarkable, — in the age of Bismarck, — that Gladstone was, in this respect, if not impeccable, at least first, and the rest nowhere, among the commanding public figures of his time.

This trait of a higher standard and a severer morality early impressed those who observed him narrowly. "The only Cabinet Minister of five years' standing," wrote Cobden in 1859, "who is not afraid to let his heart guide his head a little at times." This was particularly the case in all matters affecting foreign relations. He was the most plain-spoken and fearless of diplomats. Every one recalls the lengths he went in denouncing the Austrian government during his Midlothian campaign. For this, when taking office again, he made an apology as Minister of the Crown; as Gladstone the man, his opinions doubtless remained the same. "Gladstone," wrote the Duke of Newcastle to Abraham Hayward in 1858, "is not a diplomat, and probably spoke in the salons of Count Beust very much what he felt about the tyrannies of Bomba, or those of some of our more intimate friends."

That early and chivalrous championing of the wretched in Naples marked a humane and lofty impulse which never ceased to vibrate under appeal. Gladstone left a mass of notes for a volume which he once contemplated on Future Retribution. The pages were found docketed: "*From this I was called away to write on Bulgaria.*" The present scorching of sinners could not wait as well as the Day of Judgment. Mr. Gladstone had an extraordinary capacity for righteous indignation. What his flaming speech against giant injustice could do in the way of impressing the popular imagination, let his sweeping victory of 1880, in the teeth of the wisest political prophets, be the witness. And as the historian J. R. Green wrote to Humphry Ward: "Let us never forget that the triumph is *his*. He and he only among the Liberals I met never despaired. He and he only foresaw what the verdict on this 'great trial' would be. When folk talk of 'cool-headed statesmen' and 'sentimental rhetoricians' again, I shall always call to mind that in taking stock of English opinion at this crisis the sentimental rhetorician was right and the cool-headed statesmen were wrong." Mr. Morley quotes Green's glowing tribute to the leader of whom he was so proud, — the man who "was always noble of soul." Mr. Gladstone had the power of thus impressing widely diverse natures. Large-fibred Spurgeon rivaled the finely grained Green in admiration. "We believe," he wrote, "in no man's infallibility, but it is restful to be sure of one man's integrity." "That admirable sentence," comments Mr. Morley, "marks the secret." No ordinary man could have so clasped to himself such differing supporters. At Oxford, he had Pusey's vote, and he had Jowett's.

Of this richly endowed and flashing nature, what was the master-passion?

Gladstone himself thought it was a love of human liberty. He worked out into it slowly. Oxford scholasticism and Oxford prejudice long smothered the sacred flame. But at last it burst out. Blazing before the eyes of all the world, it gave Gladstone his peculiar fame, — friend of humanity, enemy of all tyrants. An extract from his journal in 1879 lets us into his inner mind: "I am writing in the last minutes of the seventh decade of my life. . . . It is hardly possible that I should complete another decade. . . . For the last three and a half years I have been passing through a political experience which is, I believe, without example in our parliamentary history. I profess to believe it has been an occasion when the battle to be fought was a battle of justice, humanity, freedom, law, all in their first elements from the very root, and all on a gigantic scale. The word spoken was a word for millions, and for millions who for themselves cannot speak. If I really believe this, then I should regard my having been morally forced into this work as a great and high election of God. . . . Such are some of an old man's thoughts, in whom there is still something that consents not to be old." Nor did it for fifteen years thereafter. That frame of steel bore him later into still fiercer battles for the inarticulate oppressed. His intellect, with its wonderful strength and its almost equally wonderful weaknesses, — entirely dead, as it was, to the whole scientific movement of his age, — flamed high and steady for a decade and a half longer before the men who followed him, like another Dandolo, to a nobler fight; while over all, a pillar of cloud by day and fire by night, was that moral enthusiasm, that majestic rage for truth and right and justice which made Gladstone an inspiring leader not simply of a party, but of mankind.

Rollo Ogden.

BIRCH CREEK CAÑON.

THREE pines stand out against the tawny hill,
With long roots reaching down among the moss ;
A slender aspen slants with leaves a-thrill,
And at its foot a charred log leans across
The damp black rocks, the fronded ferns, the thread
Of silver glittering from its gravel bed.

Feeling its way beneath low briars and brush
The stream slips onward, fed by hidden springs ;
A crystal murmur in the cañon's hush,
Through splintered rocks, and wild sweet growing things,
Into the shade where narrowing pine-walls rise
Dark on the blue of burning stainless skies.

*(O my heart's heart, beyond the purple pines,
A thousand leagues beyond the sunset hill,
I find you here, where yonder wild-rose twines ;
Your step has left the aspen leaves a-thrill ;
Your voice was here but now — or whence this ache
Of poignant silence, sweet on brier and brake ?)*

By shadowed banks the water murmurs on,
Where shelving ledges shut the light away,
With glitters from the darkness come and gone,
And ripples gleaming out against the day,
And silver flash of fins, where lurking trout
From the green shadow of the ledge leap out.

A black birch swings its lustrous branches down,
Flecking the sunlight through its checkered screen,
Above the boulders mossed with lichens brown,
And fallen leaves, and starry tufts of green.
On either slope the serried fir trees wait
Rank after rank, to guard the cañon gate.

*(O my heart's heart, beyond that guarded wall
A world of struggle lies between us still ;
Yet you are here ! I felt your shadow fall
But now across the grassy sunlit hill,
And where the fir-boughs yonder interlace
Could I but venture, I should find your face.)*

Mabel Earle.

ROXELLA'S PRISONER.

THE house part, painted white with neat green blinds, faced the village and the sunrise with an air of conscious rectitude, which quite overshadowed all suggestion of bad company. The dingy stone structure in its rear looked away through narrow close-barred windows to the open country and the hills. There were no other buildings near, for the shire town of Evergreen County was but a sleepy country village after all, and prospecting home builders by common consent avoided the near neighborhood of Evergreen County Jail. Yet it had been a not unpeaceful neighborhood in years gone by. For long months of many years the narrow stone rooms had stood closed and tenantless, or open only to admit a mild offender for the briefest possible term. Evergreen County was the banner county of the state, and Peterson Thomas, who had been its sheriff, and jailer for twelve successive years, boasted freely of the county's record during that time. "We ain't sent but three to State Prison in all them years," he was fond of asserting, "and one of them I never felt sure ought to gone; this circumstantial evidence is a terrible clincher when it comes to provin' things that *could* have happened so and so whether they actually *did* or not. The other two I ain't got nothin' to say for. They might have been guilty of the crimes charged against 'em, and then again they mightn't. But I'm free to confess, after a close acquaintance of two months, that prison was the proper place for 'em both on any charge whatsoever that would gain 'em entrance there, whether they did it or not. I never could see no real good reason why the brains we send down to Augusty year after year, and pay 'em high to go, could n't make a law that 'll take care of the natural-born criminal before he actually jeperdizes the safety an' well-

bein' of the community. A villain's a villain so fur as that goes, and any honest man of good judgment can size him up first jest as easy as last. But then professional villains ain't common to Evergreen County. No, sir. Our folks for the most part are an honest, good-intentioned sort of fellers, who 'd *done* a heap better if they had n't *meant* so well. Weak wills and shiftlessness may be full as aggravatin' as crime, but they're more respectable."

For Jailer Thomas in his career as sheriff had learned to regard his prisoners with much the same loyalty which Dr. Roswell, president of a neighboring college, felt toward his students.

"If the other party don't increase in power more 'n they have, Emily Ann, you and me bids fair to die in harness," Jailer Thomas frequently assured his good wife. "Well, we might done worse. It's a peaceful life, and our record's one to be proud of. Heaven grant there don't no murders nor bank robberies come up in this county to disgrace us in our old age."

That the thirteenth year of his term of office entered upon Friday was not at the time regarded by the good man as a specially ominous circumstance, yet he recalled it mournfully when, in the months following, the jail experienced what Mrs. Thomas declared to be "a terrible rush of business," and seven of its ten cells were occupied at once by offenders of varying degrees of crime. Peterson Thomas was plunged in gloom. "We're goin' back on our record," he declared mournfully. "I'd ought to let well enough alone, and refused to run the thirteenth year." His dejection did not lessen when just before spring planting an attack of lumbago prostrated the energetic mistress of the house.

"I sh'll have to have a girl, Peterson," she said tearfully, — "I that's

made my boasts never once to have hired a day's work or a washing done in all my married life. Poor health in itself's a dretful affliction, but it's nothin' in my opinion to the hired help which comes in its train." Sheriff Thomas, sitting hopelessly on the edge of her bed, whistled a funeral march in dreary notes.

"The case is peculiar," he declared as the tune came to an end, "and ordinary hired help ain't fit to be trusted with county responsibilities. I wonder if one of Hiram Hodges's girls would n't come down for a spell jest to accommodate. The Hodgeses are mighty dependable stock, and in pickin' a hired help for the county I feel jest as I did in pickin' a wife for myself,—the best ain't none too good."

"I don't believe but what they would," assented Mrs. Thomas in a relieved tone. "Never havin' been used to village life, those girls would n't be light-headed and flighty like so many young folks nowadays. You better set right down and write up to their folks."

So it came about that one April morning Roxella, youngest of Hiram Hodges's seven daughters, stood just behind Jailer Thomas while he unlocked the heavy iron door which shut the stone jail off from the white house. Roxella's rosy cheeks were a little pale. "I'm almost scairt," she acknowledged in an awestruck whisper. "Are they awful bad?"

"Bad enough," returned Jailer Thomas, whose gloom was still apparent. "There ain't no actual murderers among them that's ever manifested themselves as such, but there's one sheep thief which makes the general average pretty low. That's him sulk-in' by the window of his cell 'way down along. I've had several sheep thieves more or less in the last twelve years, but I can't recall one that's ever turned out well yet. Now mind, Roxelly, you ain't to hold any converse with 'em whatsoever. I don't know what your

father 'n' mother'd say to me lettin' you sweep this corridor anyhow, but I'm clear at my wit's end unless you do. I'm too fur behind with the county's plantin' to do any more such work myself, and I don't dare risk Emily Ann gettin' around to see it in this state. Like enough she'd have a relapse. You ain't scairt, be you? There ain't none of 'em really dangerous. If they speak to you don't answer. They get sassy sometimes."

Left alone in the long chilly corridor, lighted only by a high window at either end, Roxella strove to quiet her fears. "There is n't anything to be scared of," she assured herself, even while uncomfortably mindful of interested faces looking out upon her from five of the grated doors.

"Good-mornin', miss, how long are you in fur?" called a derisive voice.

"Sent up for stealin' some poor feller's heart most likely," added another. Roxella did not even glance toward the line of doors, but commenced her work in a far corner by an unoccupied cell. "I won't be scared," she insisted to herself, and in an attempt to prove it began the first verse of *Pull for the Shore*, in a voice which quavered noticeably at first, but increased in power as she sang. "That's a handsome piece, miss; give us another," suggested the prisoner who had first accosted her, as the song came to an end. The voice at least held no note of wickedness, and Roxella, though mindful of her instructions to make no reply, summoned courage for a glance in its direction. The glance was followed at intervals in her work by others toward the line of faces still regarding her with deep interest. Roxella's spirits lightened suddenly, and she was conscious that she had expected to find these prisoners not unlike the Wild Man from Orinoco, who had grimaced and gnashed his teeth at her from his securely barred cage in the circus at Plainville last summer. These men, hardened criminals though they

were in Roxella's estimation, differed not in general appearance from the customers she was accustomed to serve in her father's little country hotel far up the river. Four of them were young, not so very far past her own age. The fifth, a gray-haired man, whose mild blue eyes smiled vacantly upon her, called her Susie, and begged her to bring him a handful of dandelions from the grassy yard below. Roxella hesitated. Jailer Thomas's prohibition of conversation had not included dandelions. "He ain't wicked so much as he is foolish," decided Roxella as she passed the coveted blossoms through the grating. "And goodness knows I've seen fools enough in my life, so I need n't be scared of them." She shook her head in refusal of a polite request for squash blossoms from cell No. 4, and even smiled guardedly at No. 3's petition for a fresh watermelon. It was not so bad after all; these young men might have been a party of honest woodsmen come in for supper after a hard day's toil. She glanced with some apprehension at the occupant of No. 6, who had thus far taken no notice of her presence. "That 's the sheep stealer," she remembered uncomfortably, with a second glance at the stalwart figure which stood back to the door with hands deep in its pockets, staring out of the narrow window. "He looks dangerous," decided Roxella.

There was one more prisoner, a little apart from the others, in cell No. 9. Roxella noticed with some curiosity that this cell was larger than the others and rather more comfortable. A vase of flowers stood upon the window ledge, and a table with writing materials occupied the centre of the room. A young man whose dress was somewhat superior to that of the other prisoners sat beside the table, his head pillowed upon his folded arms. Roxella observed that his hair was black and curly, and wondered as she carefully swept the corners of his doorway what

injustice or misfortune had brought him here. "He certainly ain't like the others," she decided, even before the prisoner lifted his head to regard her mournfully with large eyes set in a face of startling pallor. He sighed heavily and dropped his head upon his arms once more. The girl's heart stirred with pity, and she began to regret the command which prevented an expression of it. She lingered a little by the door, wondering if he would address her, but he took no further notice of her presence.

"Roxelly," said Peterson Thomas doubtfully, three mornings later, "do you s'pose you could give the boarders their feed, come noontime, for a spell? Now we're workin' on that northeast medder I could save an hour for the county ev'ry day by not comin' home. I hate to have you do it, but it don't seem jest right to waste the county's time. You would n't be scairt, would you?"

Roxella consented readily. "Not a mite," she declared.

"So fur as that goes," Peterson Thomas continued musingly, "I s'pose you've fed worse criminals 'n they be, many's the time, and never give it a thought. The criminals ain't all behind bars, and there's some men in that ought to be out, though that ain't for us to settle. I ain't sayin' but what there's such in this very jail. However, our part is to keep 'em safe and give 'em enough to eat. Nobody livin' can't say a prisoner ever went hungry from this jail yet. You're sure you ain't scairt? Well, don't talk to 'em, and above all don't let 'em think you feel scared."

"I ain't," Roxella declared stoutly. "I've got all over that."

"It's funny," she said reflectively, sitting by Mrs. Thomas's bedside a week later. "But there ain't a man up there that's done a thing to be put in for without it's the sheep stealer, and he don't say a word as to whether

he did or did n't. They don't any of 'em say a word about each other, but accordin' to each man's own story there ain't a guilty one there."

"There never is," replied the prostrate mistress of the house skeptically. "In all the years I've been here we've never had one that was guilty by his own showin', except a crazy man who confessed to a crime he never committed, and was proved innocent against his own testimony. You can't help their running on to you I s'pose, but you must n't talk back to 'em, Roxelly. Peterson would be terrible put out."

"No, ma'am, I don't," replied Roxella obediently, adding a moment later, "that is, not without it's just to pass the time of day, or say 'do tell' or 'is that so?' or something. I don't even do that much talkin' with the sheep man. He acts dreadful ill natured. You don't suppose he's dangerous, do you?"

Mrs. Thomas shook her head contemptuously. "There never was one of his breed had spunk enough to be dangerous," she said. "They're a bad lot all through, and Peterson and I both hope he'll get a long term when his case comes up. Just let him sulk it out and take no notice of him."

Roxella portioned the plain fare provided by Evergreen County for its prisoners into seven narrow tin trays, and surveyed it doubtfully. "I s'pose a hotel bringin' up makes this look meaner," she mused; "but the county's well-to-do, and on the ground of holdin' every man innocent till he's proved guilty I must say I can't see any justice in it. No. 9 don't eat enough to keep a mouse alive, and I believe his appetite needs temptin'. Neither the county nor Peterson Thomas would want him to go into a decline on their hands."

She resolutely added a rhubarb pie to the tray, and carefully cut it in seven impartial sections. "Nobody ever told me not to," she protested to her conscience as she traversed the long corridor, "and anyhow rhubarb's cheap."

"I'll leave it for you to say," she said, standing pie in hand before the door of cell No. 1. "The county ain't been accustomed to servin' desserts, but those that think they ain't undeservin' of pie can have it."

There was no apparent feeling of unworthiness until she timidly repeated her formula at the door of No. 6. To her surprise the tall prisoner smiled and shook his head. "I guess I ain't worthy, miss," he admitted, attacking his bread and potatoes with the appetite of a hungry man. Roxella reflected upon his hardened character as she went on to No. 9, who pushed aside the plainer food disdainfully, but consumed the two remaining pieces of pie with apparent relish. "It reminds me of home," he said in a subdued tone. "I was longing for a piece of my mother's pie this morning when I saw you pulling rhubarb in the jail garden. I have watched you far more than you know in the past two weeks. You can never realize how a true woman's presence brightens even a gloomy prison. I hope your womanly powers of perception have revealed to you that I am not like these others." Roxella blushed.

"Of course I could n't help seeing there was a difference," she acknowledged shyly.

"A political prisoner has much to endure of injustice and persecution," he continued sadly; "but he has the satisfaction of knowing that no one, not even his enemies, can rate him with the common criminal. My only crime is in loving my native land too well. Yet in the dreary days which passed before you came to lighten the darkness I never regretted it."

Roxella listened attentively. It sounded like a book.

"It's a downright pity," she declared in deeply sympathetic tones. "I wish there was something more I could do for you," she added bashfully. "Could you relish a custard, do you suppose?"

"Your sympathy is more help than you realize," he replied sadly. "Custard, did you say? Yes, mother used to make those too."

The six worthy prisoners dined upon custards next day. "For I ain't goin' to show partiality even if he is different," Roxella decided.

The day following there was ice cream. "The county can afford it," Roxella assured herself, resolutely stifling a guilty pang.

She went one afternoon to answer an unaccustomed peal of the front door bell, and received from the hands of a ten-year-old girl a large basket and a bouquet of lilac blossoms. "For pa," the child explained. "Hiram Risley, you know. He's stoppin' here a spell."

Roxella hesitated. "I don't know whether it's against the rules or not," she acknowledged frankly, "and Mis' Thomas is havin' a poor day, so I can't ask her. Her lumbago's developed into nervous prostration. Never mind, sis, I'll risk it. What's your pa's number did you say?"

The child looked puzzled. "What's he in for?" Roxella continued.

"Nothin' at all," the child returned hotly. "They said he stole John Fremont's sheep; but he never, for ma says he never."

Roxella carried the basket to the door of No. 6 and tapped gently.

"Your folks have sent you some little tokens," she explained. The tall prisoner's face lighted.

"Well, now, that's something I was n't lookin' for," he said.

"Most people get more or less that they don't really deserve," remarked Roxella. "I hope 't will lead you to serious thoughts of a better life." She crowded the lilacs through the grating as she spoke and looked doubtfully at the basket. "This won't go through; shall I open the basket and pass the things in?" she asked. He looked with interest at the doughnuts and sponge cake.

"I don't know why it should be made easier for me any more than other men," he said aloud. "I guess I won't eat any, miss. You just pass the sweet stuff round among the boys wherever you think it's needed most, and give the flowers to Uncle Petingill. He'll like 'em to play with, poor old soul. For me, I'll take jail life just as it comes."

Roxella delivered the lilacs to the delighted old man, then carried the basket straight to No. 9.

"The sheep man don't feel worthy of all this which his folks has sent," she explained. "And I'm glad to see him show a little proper feelin'. Could you relish a piece?" He finally accepted the entire loaf of cake under protest. "The others like doughnuts best, so I will leave them all for them," he said. "The cake is n't frosted as mother used to do, but it may be I can eat a piece." He slipped a folded paper through the grate.

"This will show you how I brighten the weary hours," he explained.

It was a little poem, written upon a sheet of letter paper and entitled *A Fettered Bird*. "It was just lovely," Roxella assured him next day as she passed a tiny dish of early strawberries through the grate.

She was becoming very good friends with most of the prisoners, even while following Sheriff Thomas's command to say little to them. "You can get pretty well acquainted with folks by just listening," Roxella decided. She brought to the gray-haired man in No. 2 a daily offering of spring blossoms, wrote occasional letters for illiterate No. 3, and one June afternoon paused triumphantly before the door of No. 5, bearing upon Mrs. Thomas's best china platter a frosted mound encircled by exactly two dozen wild roses. Upon the snowy surface of the cake, wrought in pink candy, was the inscription "No. 5 aged 24." "It's angel underneath," Roxella announced. "Too bad you can't

have it whole, but I've brought a long knife so you could cut it yourself through the grating and then take in the pieces. I heard you holler to No. 4 this mornin' about to-day bein' your birthday."

No. 5 sliced the cake carefully, concealing beneath a gay exterior some real emotion. "There never was any woman livin' ever made me a birthday cake before," he said solemnly as he swallowed the last pink crumb of the "5," "and this 's the first time I ever even tasted angel. I would n't be surprised if it went clear through and made another fellow of me. Now, miss, please pass some of it to the other boys."

Even No. 6, after a moment's hesitation, accepted a piece, and No. 9, having eaten his, spent the rest of the afternoon in writing a poem entitled *The Angel of the Prison*.

A week later Nos. 4 and 5, having served their ninety days' sentence for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, were dismissed, and the gray-haired prisoner finished his term for vagrancy soon after. Roxella found her midday duties lightened. She was becoming deeply interested in the political prisoner, who confided to her by degrees long portions of his early history and blighted career.

"My real name is Philip Cartwright," he whispered one day. "I wanted *you* to know, though for political reasons I am now bearing another. It doesn't matter, since the rest of my life will undoubtedly be passed in prison. If I could only be brought to trial all might yet be well. But my enemies prevent that, knowing that my innocence could soon be proved."

"I didn't know those things ever happened outside of story books," Roxella assured him with distressed face.

No. 6 beckoned to her one day as she passed his door. "It's none of my affair," he said kindly, "but I sh'd want somebody to meddle if 't was a sister of mine. I'm no hand to talk about

my neighbors, and I would n't for the world carry tales to Peterson Thomas as mebber I ought to do, but I want to advise you as a wellwisher not to go too far with any of us fellows in here, or to take too much stock in what we say. Our judgment gets warped till we think too well of ourselves and too little of other folks, and we ain't to be trusted. I would n't listen to that fellow in No. 9 quite so long to a time, if I was you."

Roxella's cheeks blazed. "That 's about what I should have expected from you," she said with indignation. "If I want advice, thank you, I can get it outside the jail."

Next day she defiantly spent a full half hour in conversation with No. 9. The political prisoner was looking ill from his long confinement. "I am wasting for want of sunshine and fresh air," he reluctantly admitted when Roxella anxiously remarked upon his failing health. "Roxella, would it not be possible for you to grant me a brief hour in the open air, sometimes? It would be perfectly safe. The wall is far too high for me to scale in my weak condition even were other bonds than my word necessary. Let me have an hour there with you in the moonlight, since sunlight is no more for me."

Roxella assented eagerly. "It's just what you need," she declared. "I'll ask Sheriff Thomas this very night."

He stopped her sadly. "That is worse than useless," he said. "It would only end in depriving me of the one pleasure left in life — your visits. No, if you do not pity me enough to grant this little boon without the knowledge of any one, I must still languish here."

For a week Roxella held firm against pleading and reproaches, while No. 9 grew paler and weaker each day. Then she yielded.

"Broad daylight 's the best time," she said shortly. "Sheriff 's gone all day, and Mis' Thomas's room is on the

front. You'll give me your word of honor to come back when the hour is up?" He cast a reproachful look upon her. "This — from you, Roxella," he said weakly.

He drew in deep breaths of the summer air as they sat in the shadow of the south wall upon a long bench. A huge elm tree drooped its branches from the other side, and fragrant odors of summer floated about them. "Oh, to be free again and go my way unhindered — with you beside me," he sighed. Roxella rose hastily. "The kitchen clock's striking four," she announced.

She locked the door of No. 9 upon him once more, and went back to preparations for the evening meal with troubled face. "It's nothing short of unfaithfulness to them that trust me," she acknowledged to her conscience. "I'm choosin' a wrong course deliberately rather than see a fellow bein' who is really innocent waste away before my eyes."

The following day was rainy, but Roxella and her charge walked for an hour up and down the gravel walk beneath a large umbrella.

"Even the rain is a blessed privilege — with you," he whispered.

On the fourth day, as they sat again beneath the wall, the prisoner leaned suddenly toward his jailer. "Dearest" — he began, but Roxella shrank away. "Don't!" she commanded.

A sudden push sent her headlong upon the soft grass. Half stunned she scrambled to her feet, to find her prisoner scaling the high wall in a manner which indicated both strength and agility. Already his hands were grasping the very top. In Roxella's bewildered brain there was room for but one thought, — her responsibility to Evergreen County. She flung herself against the wall, grasping his right foot with desperate energy, while the other flourished wildly about her head, and threats of dire vengeance all unheeded floated down to her from the top of the wall.

"Help — help — help!" screamed Roxella, though hopeless of aid; for Sheriff Thomas and his farm hands were two good miles away.

A well-aimed kick struck the top of her head. Roxella felt her brain reel and her grasp weaken. He would escape, and she had betrayed the trust of Evergreen County. Her hands weakly slipped from their hold, but a pair of strong arms reaching above her head pulled the escaping prisoner to the ground.

"You contemptible villain!" cried the indignant voice of No. 6. "I don't see why I didn't stop you before you got this fur."

He marched the recaptured prisoner back to his cell, delivering upon the way sundry pungent bits of advice and warning, while Roxella, with aching head and deep humiliation of spirit, followed with the political prisoner's hat.

"How'd you get out?" she questioned of No. 6 as they locked their prisoner in once more.

"I ain't ever been locked in," replied No. 6 lightly. "Pete Thomas said he couldn't help my bein' fool enough to come here, since that was a matter between me and my own brains or the lack of 'em, but he swore he would n't never turn a key on me, and he has n't." He turned to Roxella. "What did you s'pose I was here for?" he asked. "No, I ain't goin' in again. My time was up two days ago, but I made a bogus excuse to Pete and hung on here to watch that fellow. I knew he was up to something of this kind, and I'd ought to stopped him sooner. What'd you say you thought I was here for?"

He laughed shortly at Roxella's faltered confession.

"That's Hi Risley in No. 9," he said with some sarcasm. "Mighty slick talker, ain't he?"

Roxella, sitting down in the side doorway of the white house, subsided

into a flood of emotion. No. 6's sarcastic tone changed instantly.

"Oh, come now, little girl, don't take it that way," he pleaded. "'T ain't any wonder after all. Hi 's the slick-est liar I ever saw, and he 's fooled many a shrewd man who had long experience in the art himself. Why should n't he take in a tender-hearted little woman, who, bein' the soul of truth herself, has a right to expect it in other folks? That interestin' paleness of his was chalk, and them circles round his eyes black lead. More or less of it got rubbed off in rescuing him, but he 'll have it on again before he goes before a jury. There, there, never mind. He ain't worth sheddin' a tear over. But with all his lyin' propensities there never was truer words spoke than those poetry pieces he wrote off about sunshine and angels gettin' into the jail."

"I would n't never believed it of a Hodges, Roxelly," said Sheriff Thomas in a reproachful tone as he listened to Roxella's confession. "I 'm terribly disappointed. But there, as Tom Leslie says, it wa'n't any more than natural for one so innocent and trustin' to be taken in, and I 've a strong sus-

picion your father 'd say I was the one to blame. Anyhow, Tom made me promise I would n't blame you, so we won't say no more about it. Court sets next week, and we 'll soon be rid of this blot on a respectable institution."

"Mr. Sheriff," questioned Roxella a few moments later, "who is No. 6, and what was he here for?"

"That," replied Peterson Thomas with satisfaction, "was Tom Leslie. He 's been one of my best deputies for years, for all he 's a young feller. And he 's jest served a term of sixty days for contempt of Court in refusin' to testify against a neighbor, and send him to jail away from his dyin' wife and little children. It ought to been settled by a fine, but Tom and the Court was both stuffy, though the judge says to me afterwards, says he, 'Every inch of that fellow's six feet is clear man,' says he. And that 's the truth. You 've done well for yourself, Roxelly, and your father, who knows the Leslies, won't find no fault with me on that ground."

"But it 's not — I did n't — I have n't done anything," protested Roxella with burning cheeks.

"You wait and see," replied Sheriff Thomas in prophetic tones.

Harriet A. Nash.

SOME NINETEENTH-CENTURY AMERICANS.

THE books on the biographical shelf of any library stand a double chance of interesting the reader to whom no human thing is foreign. They are like all other books in that the writers must give their own flavor, more or less individual, to each. They are unlike the rest of the library in that the theme of each is inevitably that most human of themes, — a person and his life, with all that is implied in the contact of one life with others. It may almost be said that a dou-

ble stupidity is required to make a biography dull, — a stupidity enveloping both the writer and his theme. There are widely varying degrees of interest in the things to be revealed in different biographies, even as biographers display a wide diversity of cunning and power in making the most of their opportunities. Yet the stars do not often conjoin so malignly as to permit a complete disappointment both in theme and in treatment. Certainly the titles and the au-

thorship of a few of the new accessions to the shelf of biography bear with them a promise of which at least a partial fulfillment is assured.

It has become the fashion amongst biographers to let a man speak as volubly as possible for himself — through letters, diaries, and quotations from his published works. When the biographer is essentially less interesting than his theme, this is a fortunate fashion. This relation, however, does not always exist. It may even happen at times that the reader finds himself in the condition of a guest at a dinner to which a delightful host has asked him to meet a delightful friend. The guest goes home disappointed if the host has taken the rôle of a mere prompter, asking those leading questions which provide the links of conversation, and has contributed nothing more himself. Our host, Mr. Henry James, leaves no such regret with those whom he has introduced to *William Wetmore Story and His Friends*.¹ His book has grown from "a boxful of old papers, personal records and relics all," which was placed in his hands. In printing these papers, chiefly letters, he has seized every opportunity to let Story speak for himself; but, in the nature of the case, the letters to Story outnumber those of his own writing. From beginning to end of the two volumes, moreover, Mr. James supplies a generous contribution of comment and interpretation, page after page of writing which could have come from no pen but his own. The reader is correspondingly grateful that Mr. James has not followed blindly the current fashion of biography, for besides learning all that is told of Story and his friends one gains a new and fuller acquaintance with Mr. James himself.

The preliminary chapter, *Precursors*, strikes the keynote of Mr. James's special fitness for his task. His *Precursors*

are those first Americans of the nineteenth century who found their native land barren of artistic promptings and satisfactions, and sought in Europe what they missed at home. The keen sympathy of Mr. James with these pioneers and their successors is repeatedly shown forth. This, indeed, is quite as it should be, for Story, with all his reasons for feeling himself a true portion of the Boston and Cambridge community, manifestly suffered from something very like homesickness when he revisited it. What it all amounted to — as Mr. James himself has made bold to state the case — "was that, with an alienated mind, he found himself again steeped in a society both fundamentally and superficially *bourgeois*, the very type and model of such a society, presenting it in the most favorable, the most admirable, light; so that its very virtues irritated him, so that its inability to be strenuous without passion, its cultivation of its serenity, its presentation of a surface on which it would appear to him that the only ruffle was an occasionally acuter spasm of the moral sense, must have acted as a tacit reproach." Yet Mr. James indulges the speculation that if Boston, and not Italy, had been the home of Story, the poet rather than the sculptor might have attained the higher development in him. The literary art, as the biographer subtly argues, "has by no means all its advantages in the picturesque country. . . . In London, in Boston, he would have *had* to live with his conception, there being nothing else about him of the same color and quality." In one way and another, then, it is honestly made to appear that Story paid the penalty of the absentee. But the points at which the insight of Mr. James has penetrated the less evident significances of this theme are quite too many to specify.

Of the letters at Mr. James's disposal, those written by Story himself reveal many winning qualities of a man with rarely versatile powers. In none of them

¹ *William Wetmore Story and His Friends*. By HENRY JAMES. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

does he stand forth more clearly than when writing to the friends of longest association, Lowell and Mr. Norton. Yet he appears with but little loss of distinctness in the letters which all his friends wrote to him. One realizes him the more clearly for finding Lowell at his own delightful best in more than one of his characteristic bits of fooling. It is only to a man of a certain sort — none too familiar — that Browning could have written as he did in the great crisis that came to him with the death of Mrs. Browning. Of many other friends — such as Sumner, Landor, Lord Lytton — there are characteristic glimpses. Mr. James's image of most of them as "ghosts" is forced perhaps into a duty too constant and obvious. In many passages of the biographer's work there is of course much that is anything but obvious. Humor, insight, delicacy of perception and expression, — these good things are so abundant that one should not grow querulous over such sentences as, "The ship of our friends was, auspiciously — if not indeed, as more promptly determinant of reactions, ominously — the *America*, and they passed Cape Race (oh the memory, as through the wicked light of wild sea-storms, of those old sick passings of Cape Race!) on October 13th." This is not an isolated example of what may be called Mr. James's past-mastery of the English sentence. These happily separated fragments baffle and estrange one like passages from his later novels. Yet here they may be taken — like the inadequate index with which the volumes are equipped — not too seriously; for the compensations are many. The total impression of the volumes is that of a faithful picture of a delightful man, period, and group of personalities.

The fruits of sophistication and of simplicity could hardly be contrasted more strongly than in turning from Mr. James's work to the record of Mr. J. T. Trow-

bridge's¹ fruitful years. In this volume, with which the readers of the *Atlantic* have already had some opportunity to familiarize themselves, subject and writer are one. The Backwoods Boyhood which Mr. Trowbridge describes, and his early experiences of teaching and bread-winning by various methods, provided as a whole the most valuable training he could have had for the work he was destined to perform. In spite of the novels and poems with which he has delighted his maturer readers, it is of course as a writer of stories for boys that he has taken his securest hold upon the remembrance of his generation. It is the privilege of maturity to exhibit toward what has concerned the boyhood left behind an attitude in which something patronizing, perhaps half apologetic, is found. But with this is blended the peculiar tenderness which accompanies a sense of proprietorship and early discovery. If the boys who have not yet grown to manhood are doomed to lack a memory which shall become a possession of this sort, so much the worse for them. Their fathers have had Mr. Trowbridge, and in his *Own Story* many of them will find abundant grounds for their allegiance to him.

The qualities in a writer upon which the youthful reader is perhaps surest to insist are those of directness and sanity. These appear with rare distinctness in Mr. Trowbridge's reminiscences. The manner of the narrative is simplicity itself. It is all as modest as the writer was when he spoke to Longfellow "of his being already a famous poet, a Cambridge professor, a man representing the highest culture, when I first came to Boston with the odor of my native backwoods still upon me, — without friends, or academic acquirements, or advantages of any sort; — and of the feeling I could never quite get over, of the immense distance between us." Yet there is never a trace of that false modesty which

¹ *My Own Story*. With Recollections of Noted Persons. By JOHN TOWNSEND TROW-

BRIDGE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

sometimes becomes a distorting glass when its possessor looks through its medium upon surrounding objects and persons. This seeing of things clearly — the quality which appeals to boys — gives a high value to the comments Mr. Trowbridge has made in the later chapters of his book upon contemporary writers. To Emerson his "spiritual indebtedness was first and last the greatest," and he acknowledges it generously. In writing of Whitman, whom he knew well, he takes the point of view which must ultimately come to prevail — of separating wheat from chaff, both in the man's character and in his work. His powers are recognized, and his limitations. His debt to Emerson is recorded, apparently beyond dispute. Against those later friends of Whitman who maintain "that he wrote his first *Leaves of Grass* before he had read Emerson," Mr. Trowbridge squarely arrays himself: "When they urge his own authority for their contention, I can only reply that he told me distinctly the contrary, when his memory was fresher." The handling of Alcott is as reverent as one with Mr. Trowbridge's esteem of Emerson's opinion would naturally make it. Yet the pervading sanity of the reminiscences incites the reader to draw his own conclusions from the story of Alcott on the Nantasket boat, complacently accepting the "provision" which he foresaw would be made for his fare, and of the Conversation in which the Sage ascribed to himself and Emerson the "highest" temperament, and placed his hearers, including Mr. Trowbridge, far lower in the scale. By swelling the list of just such anecdotes as these, Mr. Trowbridge does his part in confirming the justice of Professor Wendell's estimate of "the extreme type of what Yankee idealism could come to when un-

hampered by humor or common-sense." Indeed, there is hardly any one of whom Mr. Trowbridge has written without making a personality more definite. It is even worth while to know that Longfellow after a conversation with Dr. Holmes almost always suffered from a headache. It is noteworthy, also, that the author — as if to symbolize his habit of getting at the reality of whatever he is writing about — is fond of setting down the stature of his friends in feet and inches. The book, in a word, is one of those valuable contributions to the knowledge of a period which are also to be measured by the genuine pleasure they bring to the reader.

The service of Mr. Trowbridge's boyhood in preparing him for his work in the world is one of those things which are easier to recognize when past than they would have been in looking forward. Yet the recognition is complete. The two other autobiographies in the present group of books provide instances of beginnings from which it is even harder to see how a poet¹ and a scientist² could have emerged.

The New England childhood of Richard Henry Stoddard was of the somewhat squalid, quite unlettered kind not often recorded of real persons, for the simple reason that few who have experienced it have developed the power to conquer their circumstances. Even of his mother, who moved from one mill town to another, and after his father's death married a stevedore and drifted to New York, the son cannot give an encouraging report. His schooling was of the slenderest, yet, with what he taught himself by indomitable reading, it might have led to something more germane to his later life than the work in an iron foundry to which he found himself committed at

¹ *Recollections Personal and Literary.* By RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. Edited by RIPLEY HITCHCOCK, with an Introduction by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1903.

² *Reminiscences of an Astronomer.* By SIMON NEWCOMB. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

eighteen. After three years of this hard labor there was a period of employment by a carriage painter, and of the emergence from this work into that of the writer there is no more definite account than the statement with which the story of his courtship comes to a climax: "Being married, I set resolutely to work to learn the only trade for which I seemed fitted — literature." The rarely congenial life of the married poets, the good and evil fortunes which they faced with equal courage, the intimacies with such men from the front rank of the second order in letters as G. H. Boker, T. B. Read, and Bayard Taylor, the frequent glimpses of others with more abiding claims to greatness, — these are the chief themes of Mr. Stoddard's reminiscences. Interesting as many of them are, they fail as a whole to impress one with the importance which would attach to a small collection of the very best lyrics from the published writings of Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard.

Of a type of boyhood quite as unfamiliar in American annals as that of Mr. Stoddard Professor Newcomb's Reminiscences afford a striking example. The Canadian provinces have so far supplied but few of our men of distinction. Yet the picture of Nova Scotia in the fourth and fifth decades of the century is drawn against a background like that of the remoter parts of New England at an earlier time. The anomaly of Professor Newcomb's formative period was his apprenticeship through the important years between sixteen and eighteen to a quack botanic doctor whose theory of life was summed up in his declaration: "This world is all a humbug, and the biggest humbug is the best man. That's the Yankee doctrine, and that's the reason the Yankees get along so well." It was a good augury for the future of the apprentice that this man and his theory filled him with increasing disgust, which finally expressed itself in just such a running away to seek his fortunes as many a

writer of fiction has utilized as "material" for his opening chapters. The hero of the escape soon found himself in those thickly trodden paths of school-teaching which have so often led on to eminence. On the avenues by which it was reached — through work on the *Nautical Almanac*, in the Naval Observatory at Washington, in many important astronomical undertakings — he came into contact with many men of distinction in the world of science. Of them, and of the various scientific enterprises with which Washington and the national government have had to do, Professor Newcomb has written with enthusiasm and a contagious sympathy. To some readers it will be a matter of surprise to find how many of the names which are instantly recognized as important mean less to the uninstructed in scientific lore than corresponding, or even less important, names in almost any of the arts would signify. With the realization of this fact comes a sense of the usefulness of Reminiscences like these of Professor Newcomb's: they will bring into the clearer light of recognition some of the most valuable phases of intellectual activity in America through the generations which may now fairly begin to be reminiscent.

The beginning and the long continuance of Whittier's career are matters of profuse and familiar record. One does not look, therefore, for many surprises in the new attempts to picture his life. It is more interesting to compare the points of view of two writers who bring to their task respectively the qualifications of the younger contemporary and of the very much younger student who belongs to a later generation.

Colonel Higginson's book¹ has already been a year before the public. The personality of the writer finds expression in it perhaps a little less freely than one might wish. Like one without the ad-

¹ *John Greenleaf Whittier*. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. *English Men of Letters*. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

vantages of a contemporary, Colonel Higginson has availed himself freely of the previous records of Whittier and his times, not even eschewing his own good story of the Atlantic Club dinner in honor of Mrs. Stowe. But in addition to his use of the more obvious sources, he has drawn with advantage — as befits so constant a champion of the sex — upon the short sketches of Whittier by his friends Mrs. Fields and Mrs. Claffin. The passages from their little books confirm all one's impressions of the true sympathy which existed between Whittier and his feminine friends, and therefore have even a greater biographic value than that which appears on the surface. For the light the volume throws upon the anti-slavery period one welcomes especially such pages as those in which Colonel Higginson discriminates between the voting and the non-voting abolitionists, and shows how possible he himself found it to work with both. It is because these pages have so marked a value that the reader finds himself regretting that there are not more of them.

The writer of a later generation cannot rely upon the aid of these personal remembrances. The necessity is therefore laid upon him of putting to the best possible use all the existing sources of information. Before Professor Carpenter's book¹ was finished Colonel Higginson's could be added to the list of authorities. What he has done is not so much to draw upon their pages for quotation — though of course they must frequently be used in this way — as to make them his own, and to give forth in a fresh form their essential elements. Professor Carpenter, addressing the younger generation in its own language, has accomplished this difficult task with uncommon success. He has been fortunate, moreover, in securing really important letters, not hitherto pub-

lished, which passed between Whittier and such men as John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, and William Lloyd Garrison. These, together with what appears to be the justifiable emphasis laid upon Whittier's reluctant celibacy, place certain pages of the book among the "original sources" for future study. There is a fresh value also in the author's discussion of the anti-slavery question as it affected not only Whittier, but all his fellow countrymen. The book, from its very nature, makes no attempt at the completeness of the *Lives and Letters* which are sure to follow the death of a great man. It is merely an admirable specimen of those products of a later day which give posterity what it really wishes and needs to know, and render the more voluminous records necessary in the course of time to special students only.

It has been said in England that the supreme test of citizenship in the United States is found in the record of a man's relation to the civil war. Both Whittier and Henry Ward Beecher were of the generation to which the remark applies. A full third of Dr. Lyman Abbott's new life of Beecher² deals with the period which begins with the anti-slavery agitation and ends with the problems of reconstruction. Beecher's part in the great struggle of our national life is set forth with a fullness and comprehension which make these pages — like the best of Colonel Higginson's and Professor Carpenter's — a genuine addition to the history of the period. The unique service of Beecher to his country was — as everybody knows — the series of speeches in England which had so remarkable an effect in bringing the British middle and laboring classes into sympathy with the Union cause. It was a self-imposed duty undertaken with some doubt regarding its wisdom. The

¹ *John Greenleaf Whittier*. By GEORGE RICE CARPENTER. *American Men of Letters*. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

² *Henry Ward Beecher*. By LYMAN ABBOTT. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

speeches, but five in number, were delivered under circumstances of the utmost physical difficulty. But their success, first with the audiences that had to be conquered, and then with a half-hostile public, was one of the notable triumphs of our heroic period; and Dr. Abbott is to be thanked for putting it so effectively on record. For the rest of Beecher's career—it is no easy task to write of the most conspicuous member of the family which inspired the remark that mankind is divided into "the good, the bad, and the Beechers." It would be harder for most biographers than it has been for Dr. Abbott, for, except in such a chapter as the discreet and restrained "Under Accusation," into which the whole miserable Tilton business is com-

pressed, the author has permitted himself the fluency of one whose constant practice has made it easy to expatiate on any theme. Some condensation might therefore have been well. Yet the book leaves a clear impression of an extraordinary personality:—the preacher who, using his text, as he said himself, as a gate not to swing upon, but to push open and go in, made his pulpit a living power; the editor, who observed no rules or office hours, yet profoundly affected the type of journalism with which he had to do; the writer and public speaker, of persuasive wit and eloquence. The figure of Beecher could not be spared from an American gallery of the last century, and Dr. Abbott's picture bids fair to stand as the authoritative portrait.

M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

THE BLUE COLOR OF THE SKY.

THE blue color of the sky on a clear day is familiar to all. And yet how many have considered the source of this delicate mantle of azure which Nature spreads over the dome of the heavens? The beautiful tints of the sky are universally admired, and every one has welcomed with mental relief the break in the clouds which gives a glimpse of the firmament when gloom and darkness have long hovered over the Earth. The color of this blue naturally appears the more striking when seen in immediate contact with the clouds.

Probably our very familiarity with the every-day appearance of the sky diminishes our wonder at one of the most exquisite colors in the physical world, and for this reason we seldom inquire into its origin. It certainly is a remarkable circumstance in the history of the human mind that some of the most obvious of natural phenomena, which every one notices and no one especially dwells upon, should have es-

caped the attention of philosophers to such an extent that even now their causes are not fully understood, while other phenomena much more remote, and having little connection with daily life, excite such wonder that they have long since been duly explained and appreciated. These latter phenomena obviously are cases where "distance lends enchantment to the view," and therefore after all are not so unnatural as they at first appear.

It is undeniable that a singular charm often attaches to objects remote from us either in time or space, and a similar mental attitude is frequently illustrated in the history of the Physical Sciences. This subtle psychological tendency arises from a natural disposition to endow those things which we see in the distance, or learn of only by report, with all the perfections of descriptive language so framed as to convey the salient qualities of interest, without the imperfections usually revealed by per-

sonal contact and close observation. The creations of the imagination are more ideal than the works of Nature, and we always see these remote objects under the fascination of the imagination.

The blue color of the sky on a bright clear day has been constantly noticed by the individual from childhood. To the primitive lay mind the azure tint of the firmament is simply its natural color. But our daily experience shows that the visible dome of the heavens is only an appearance, and Science teaches us to inquire critically into the nature of things. The cause of this color viewed from a scientific standpoint has been almost as elusive as the fabled philosopher's stone, which during the Middle Ages was for centuries an object of profound research. The same may be said of the familiar color of the deep-blue sea, which has elicited the admiration of dwellers on the ocean shores from the earliest ages of mankind; and yet probably no great number of individuals have inquired into the cause of this color.

Viewed from an artistic standpoint, the ancient Greeks, who were so much favored by auspicious influences both human and divine, were especially fortunate in their location in a region of the world where the color phenomena of sea, sky, and mountains assume a beauty not only unsurpassed but probably unapproached at any other point of the terrestrial globe. These vivid impressions of the Physical Universe, working upon the free minds of the most gifted race of antiquity, turned their idealizing tendency to Art, Poetry, and Science, whence has come the most beautiful language and literature in history. The sea-faring Greeks beheld daily the bluest of skies reflected in dark blue seas beneath their feet; and at the distant horizon snow-capped mountains of bluish purple appeared to prop the firmament above the Earth like the fabled Atlas of old. Admiration

for these wonders of nature finds expression in the gorgeous colors which they bestowed on their temples in imitation of the divine spirit pervading the world, and which they worshiped in majestic edifices of noble simplicity.

It was natural for the Greeks to inquire into physical phenomena, so far as the knowledge of the times permitted, and nothing excited their wonder and admiration more than the blue canopy of the heavens, from which the gods of Homer descended to their ministrations in the affairs of men. Indeed, Zeus or Jupiter means the Father of the Skies, the deity who presides over the orderly and beautiful Cosmos. This spirit is admirably conveyed by Kaulbach's justly celebrated painting in the National Gallery at Berlin, where the Greeks of the Homeric age are seen on the seashore near an imposing temple, mingling with the nymphs of the blue sea, while the gods are ascending to Heaven over the arches of a brilliant rainbow which illuminates the sky, after the manner of the token which God set in the clouds as a sign of the everlasting covenant made with Noah and all living creatures after the Flood.

If the Physical Sciences had been developed in antiquity, it is safe to say that the Greek spirit of devotion to all that is artistic and beautiful in the Cosmos would have led them to inquire as minutely into the colors of the sea and sky as they did into those sublime relations of Art, Philosophy, and Mathematical Science, which have filled subsequent generations with admiration and despair. Nothing could surpass the artistic and æsthetic spirit of the age of Æschylus and Sophocles, Phidias and Praxiteles, Aristotle and Plato.

Yet astonishing as were the intellectual creations of the Greeks, there is no record of the scientific study of the familiar color of the firmament. Nor indeed could such study be expected, when we consider the infancy of the sciences at that early epoch, and the

amazing difficulties of the problem as made known by the scientific methods of our own age. We look therefore in vain for a correct understanding of the cause of the color of the sea and sky among the ancients, not because artistic appreciation or scientific ability was lacking, but because the state of research was then much too primitive to fathom the depths of a problem at once familiar and profound.

The color of the sky has to be studied in connection with the theory of light, and as this was not well understood by the ancients, we find scientific theories of the colors of natural objects only in modern times, chiefly since the epoch of the great Newton.

The simple propagation of light in right lines was well known to the ancients. Archimedes understood the conic sections and the elementary theories of optics so well that by means of reflecting mirrors of his own construction he was enabled to burn the ships of the besieging Romans in the harbor of Syracuse. The astronomer Ptolemy clearly understood the reflection of light from mirrors, and even recognized the effects of atmospheric refraction upon the light of the stars and planets. But all the ancients thought the velocity of light was infinite, or that it passed instantaneously from one part of the earth to another; and even in modern times similar views continued to prevail until the year 1675, when Roemer discovered from irregularities in the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites that light is propagated across the Earth's orbit in measurable time. This discovery is one of the most fortunate in the annals of history; and yet when first announced Roemer's theory seemed so extraordinary that for a time it was scarcely believed. The realization of Roemer's observations of the satellites of Jupiter depended upon the astronomical telescope which Galileo had invented sixty-five years before, and applied with such revolutionary effect to the study of the

heavens. These discoveries opened up new views of the nature of light, and it subsequently came to be the subject of profound philosophical research and experimentation, especially by the illustrious Newton, who analyzed the spectrum in 1666, and during the next ten years was much occupied with developing a theory of the colors of natural bodies. These were the first strictly scientific attempts to explain the color of objects by principles deduced from experimental research, in which the ancients had been singularly deficient. Unfortunately, the novelty of the new theory of colors gave rise to professional jealousies which involved Sir Isaac Newton in disputes so bitter that he afterwards regretted publishing his work. He blamed his imprudence in parting with so substantial a blessing as his peace of mind to run after the shadow of fame, and said if he got rid of certain controversies with Linus he would bid adieu to such experiments forever except such as he did for his own satisfaction, or left to come out after him. He declared that "a man must either resolve to put out nothing new, or make himself a slave to defend it."

Before the memorable work of Newton some of the great Continental painters of the Renaissance had formed theories of light and color based upon the mixture of pigments; and a few of them naturally attempted to account for the blue color of the sky. Leonardo da Vinci, who had devoted much attention to the composition of colors in his extensive artistic designs, conjectured that the blue color of the sky was the result of the mixing of the white sunlight reflected from the upper layers of the atmosphere with the intense blackness of space. Historically this is the first explanation of the color of the sky worthy of mention, and its simplicity reminds one of the early speculations of the Ionian philosophers that the world is composed of the elements water, fire, air, and earth. Though resembling the

natural science of the primitive Greeks, this explanation after all comes nearer the modern theories than might be expected, for these declared that the blue color of the sky is due to reflections from very minute particles of oxygen and nitrogen in the upper layers of the atmosphere.

Before touching upon these recent investigations it seems advisable to elucidate the historical steps by which such views were established. Newton's study of the color of the sky was a part of the brilliant optical experiments which he finished about the year 1675. While absorbed in these labors during the year 1666, the young philosopher admitted a beam of sunlight into his chamber through a small aperture in the window shutter. On passing it through a triangular prism of glass he produced the famous experiment of colors, leading at once to the solar spectrum; and when this spectrum was again passed through a reversed prism he produced white light. To a keen youth of twenty-four these experiments opened a very wide field of optical investigation, and for the next ten years he was largely occupied with researches into the nature of light, and especially with investigating the colors of thin films of transparent bodies. He used soap bubbles as the most practicable means of getting films of water of the requisite thinness, and studied the colors which they exhibit.

It is well known that under the action of gravity the water composing such a thin shell tends to run down on all sides, so that the walls of the bubble grow thin at the top and thicken toward the bottom. After a time the bubble becomes so thin at the top that further flow of water from this point can hardly take place, and finally the bubble bursts. But before this last stage is reached a degree of thinness in the walls of the bubble is attained, which causes it to glow with brilliant iridescent colors. Newton noticed that on

top of the thin bubble illuminated by white sky light a black spot is formed; with increase of thickness downward from this point on all sides, a red band next appears, then a blue one; then, again, red and blue, red and blue, and so on; the colors showing more extremes of red and purple in the higher orders. This blue band, which first expands outward from the black spot at the top, and descends slowly with the subsidence of the water, Newton called the "blue of the first order;" and although somewhat dingy, he judged it to be of the same tint as the blue of the sky.

Newton's theory of the colors of bodies rests upon the iridescent effects produced by white light falling upon thin plates of the given substances; and he says the color will be the same when the plates are cut up into infinitely thin strips, and again cut crosswise into particles; so that he explains the color of powdered paint by referring it to the color of plates of the same thickness as the grains of powder.

Reasoning from analogy, he inferred that the transparent globules in the air were small particles of water, such as a thin soap bubble would yield when cut up into small particles. The following passages from Newton's famous *Treatise on Optics*, published in 1704, are of interest:—

"If we consider the various phenomena of the Atmosphere, we may observe that when Vapors are first raised, they hinder not the transparency of the Air, being divided into parts too small to cause any reflexion in their superficies. But when in order to compose drops of rain they begin to coalesce and constitute globules of all intermediate sizes, those globules, when they become of a convenient size, reflect some colors and transmit others, may constitute clouds of various colours according to their sizes. And I see not what can be rationally conceived in so transparent a substance as water for the production of

these colours, besides the various sizes of its fluid and globular parcels. . . .

"The blue of the first order, though very faint and little, may possibly be the color of some substances; and particularly the azure of the skys seems to be of this order. For all vapors, when they begin to condense and coalesce into small parcels, become first of that bigness whereby such an azure must be reflected, before they can constitute clouds of other colours. And so, this being the colour which vapours begin to reflect, it ought to be the colour of the finest and most transparent skys in which vapours are not arrived to that grossness requisite to reflect other colours, as we find it by experience."

Newton's explanation seemed so plausible that for a long time it was generally accepted as correct. But since the discovery of the *blue clouds* which Tyndall artificially produced in the laboratory about a third of a century ago, and Lord Rayleigh's subsequent mathematical investigations of the reflection of light from small particles, it has been replaced by the theory of Tyndall as verified by Rayleigh, an account of which will be given below.

Before taking up this recent work it may be remarked that the French physicist Mariotte about 1675 adopted the naturalistic view that it is an inherent quality of the sky to reflect blue light. Under the influence of this opinion the great Euler in 1762 wrote: "It is more probable that all the particles of the air should have a faintly bluish cast, but so very faint as to be imperceptible, until presented in a prodigious mass, such as the whole extent of the atmosphere, than that this color is to be ascribed to vapors floating in the air, which do not pertain to it. In fact the purer the air is, and the more purged from exhalation, the brighter is the lustre of heaven's azure, which is sufficient proof that we must look for the cause of it in the nature of the particles of the air."

Sir John Herschel about 1830 still adhered to Newton's original view that the color of the sky is a blue of the first order, and he made extensive use of this theory. When Clausius in 1847 attempted to test Newton's theory mathematically, he reached the conclusion that if the heavenly bodies are to appear sharply defined through such a medium the particles of water in the air must have the form of thin shells or hollow spheres, whose parallel surface would not greatly refract the waves of light, but, when the bubbles are sufficiently thin, would yet reflect the blue of the first order. This singular doctrine of vesicular vapor did not originate with Clausius, but had come down from the speculative age of Leibnitz and Descartes; in recent years it has been entirely abandoned as having no foundation in nature.

It was discovered by Arago in 1810, and more fully established by the observations of Sir David Brewster about 1840, that blue sky light is always polarized in a plane passing through the Sun, the point of the sky observed, and the observer. According to the laws of polarization of light by reflection, this proved that the light of the sky is sunlight reflected from solid particles in the air. Moreover, the maximum polarization occurs in a great circle of the heavens ninety degrees from the Sun. In 1853 the German physicist Brücke showed that the light scattered by fine particles in a turbid medium is blue, and that the blue of the sky is in reality much deeper than Newton had supposed, being of at least the second or third order.

In 1869 Tyndall showed by some very beautiful experiments which have since become famous that when the particles causing the turbidity are so exceedingly fine as to be invisible with a powerful microscope, the scattered light is not only a magnificent blue, but is polarized in the plane of scattering, the amount of the polarization being a max-

inum at an angle of ninety degrees with the incident light. The definition of objects seen through this fine-grained medium was found to be unimpaired by the turbidity. Here for the first time the physicist at work in the laboratory had produced all the essential qualities of blue sky light. Tyndall's experiment was recognized as giving the key to the problem which had wellnigh proved the riddle of the ages.

Using a glass tube about a yard in length and some three inches in diameter containing air of one tenth the ordinary density mixed with nitrite of butyl vapor, which is extremely volatile, and then exposing the mixture to the action of a concentrated beam of electric light which would pass almost unhindered through the transparent ends of the tube, Tyndall was enabled to precipitate the attenuated vapors in the form of a *blue cloud*. This cloud is not visible in ordinary daylight, and to be seen must be surrounded with darkness, the vapor alone being illuminated. The blue cloud differs in many ways from the finest ordinary clouds, and, in fact, occupies an intermediate position between these clouds and true cloudless vapor. By graduating the quality of vapor admitted into the tube, Tyndall found that the precipitation may be obtained of any desired degree of fineness, so that particles could be produced sufficiently coarse to be visible to the naked eye, or so fine as to be hopelessly beyond the reach of the most powerful microscope. The light emitted by the blue cloud in a direction perpendicular to the beam of incident light was found to be completely polarized, and the polarization was the more perfect the deeper the blue of the cloud. Tyndall demonstrated that the blue cloud would result from particles of any kind provided they are sufficiently fine, and the analogy of the blue sky was so evident that he concluded that the phenomenon of the firmamental blue found definite explanation in these experiments. He as-

sumed the existence of fine particles of water in the higher regions of the air, and his studies on the heat-retaining power of aqueous vapor, which does not extend very high above the Earth, led him to think that these particles are in a solid state, owing to the intense cold to which they are exposed in the rare medium of oxygen and nitrogen composing the upper layers of the atmosphere.

In these experiments Tyndall felt confident that "particles might be precipitated whose diameters constitute but a very small fraction of the wave length of violet light.¹ . . . In all cases, and with all substances, the cloud formed at the commencement, when the precipitated particles are sufficiently fine, is *blue*, and it can be made to display a color rivaling that of the purest Italian sky." On account of certain difficulties incident to the use of aqueous vapor at the pressure and temperature desirable in these experiments, he made no actual use of water in any form; yet he says: "That *water-particles*, if they could be obtained in this exceedingly fine state of division, would produce the same effects, does not admit of reasonable doubt. . . . Any particles, if small enough, will produce both the color and polarization of the sky. But is the existence of small water-particles, on a hot summer's day, in the *higher regions of our atmosphere*, inconceivable? It is to be remembered that the oxygen and nitrogen of the air behave as a vacuum to radiant heat, the exceedingly attenuated vapors of the higher atmosphere being therefore in practical contact with the cold of space."

Tyndall concludes his theory of the color of the sky thus: "Suppose the atmosphere surrounded by an envelope impervious to light, but with an aperture on the sunward side, through which a parallel beam of solar light could enter and traverse the atmosphere. Surrounded on all sides by air not directly

¹ Which is about one sixty-thousandth of an inch.

illuminated, the track of such a beam would resemble that of a parallel beam of the electric light through an incipient cloud. The sunbeam would be blue, and it would discharge light laterally in the same condition as that discharged by the incipient cloud. The azure revealed by such a beam would be to all intents and purposes a 'blue cloud.'"

Lord Rayleigh's profound mathematical investigations prove that when white light is transmitted through a cloud of particles small in comparison with the cube of the shortest wave length, the light scattered laterally is polarized in the plane of scattering, the maximum of polarization is ninety degrees from the incident light, and the intensity of the scattered light varies inversely as the fourth power of the wave length. This result takes no account of light which has undergone more than a single scattering. All the facts brought out by Lord Rayleigh have been shown to agree with phenomena observed in the laboratory when light is passed through turbid media; and very recently this illustrious physicist has shown that about one third of the total intensity of the blue light of the sky may be accounted for by the scattering due to the molecules of oxygen and nitrogen in the air, entirely independent of the dust and aqueous vapor which assume great importance in the lower layers of the atmosphere. Solid particles of water, ozone, and very fine aggregations of oxygen and nitrogen condensed under the intense cold prevailing in the upper regions of the atmosphere enable us to account for the rest of the sky light in accordance with Rayleigh's mathematical theory.

It is worthy of remark that but for the brightness of the sky the stars could be seen in daylight. Even as matters stand, some of the brighter of them have been seen after sunrise by explorers in high mountains, where the air is very clear and the sky dark blue. If we could go above the atmosphere the sky would appear perfectly black, and stars

would be visible right close up to the Sun. Astronomers observe bright stars in daytime by using long focus telescopes, the dark tubes of which cut off the side light; and persons in the bottoms of deep wells have noticed stars passing overhead, the side light being reduced by the great depths of the wells.

The sky is bluer in the zenith than elsewhere, because the path traversed by scattered light is here the shortest, so that it appears with less admixture of white light reflected from haze and water vapor, and less absorption of blue light in the same watery envelope. Near the horizon, where the path traversed by the light reflected from the Sun is very long, there should be a great increase in the whiteness of the background, and this is fully verified by experience. The sky is generally more or less milky near the horizon, and if it assumes a perfectly blue color it is usually just after a heavy rain. At this time all the dust is washed out of the air and the watery haze has been precipitated. Even then the blue remains deepest in the zenith, for the reasons above mentioned.

In the average condition of the sky the haze is usually sufficiently prevalent to render our sunsets and sunrises yellowish or reddish. This is due mainly to selective absorption of the blue rays by water vapor, smoke, and dust in the air. The existence of this selective absorption is a fortunate circumstance for painters, poets, and writers, who have used these beautiful and familiar adornments of Nature to fascinate the minds and charm the imaginations of mankind in all ages.

The study of the polarization and color of the sky viewed scientifically is very useful to meteorologists, as indicating the size and kind of condensation taking place in the atmosphere. Considerable observational data on these points have been collected in the past by Sir David Brewster and Professor

James D. Forbes, and by the Swedish physicist Rubenson, but a vastly greater work is being done now by the scientists of the United States Weather Bureau in supplying valuable observations for the future study of the atmosphere.

The great aerial ocean over our heads is made up of an infinite multitude of moving currents and streams of varying density and temperature, all in process of continued change and adjustment due to the heating of the atmosphere by the Sun during the day and cooling by radiation at night. The atmosphere is full of little waves or streaming masses of air somewhat resembling the ripples in a shallow stream of water flowing over gravel. And if the astronomer will point his telescope on a bright star and remove the eye-piece, so as to look directly upon the object-glass illuminated by the light of the star, he may see these streaming currents dancing in all their complexity. It is these little waves in the air which cause the twinkling of the fixed stars. As the waves are passing before our eyes they act like prisms, deflecting the light first this way and then that, producing flashes of the spectral colors and sometimes almost extinguishing the stars, so that momentarily they appear to go out. In high dry countries where the atmosphere is quiescent these waves are greatly diminished in importance; and astronomers have noticed that in such localities the scintillation of the stars almost ceases. There the air is quite free from agitating currents, and the astronomers can make good observations. At present such regions are known chiefly in Peru, and in the high dry plateaus of the southwestern part of the United States.

Having thus penetrated the cause of the blue color of the sky, it is not a very great leap to infer that a similar explanation holds for the color of the ocean, which next to the sky offers to our senses the most attractive tints of the great objects in nature. The saline and

other mineral substances dissolved in the waters of the sea may be looked upon as infinitely small particles in a turbid medium; and these should reflect the sunlight and give a bluish green appearance to the ocean, just such as we observe. For the salts are not in chemical combination with the water, but merely dissolved in the medium, and thus constitute an infinitely fine mixture of molecules and particles suspended in a colorless fluid. The light of the Sun penetrates the ocean to a considerable depth before all the reflections are produced, and the depth of this layer is such that some of the shorter waves of blue are absorbed, while the slightly longer waves of green are transmitted. This accounts for the appearance of the well-known greenish tinge in the color of the ocean.

If the sea water is full of air bubbles, as in the neighborhood of breakers, or when turning violently before a moving ship, the light reflected from the surface of these bubbles suffers a double absorption by the water before it reaches the eye, thus producing some of the exquisite colors of the sea. Near the shore, or in shoal water, another cause sometimes comes into play, namely, fine solid particles suspended in the water. Such particles, whether in air or in water, if sufficiently small, may produce colors due to their minuteness alone, as we have seen in the experiments of Tyndall. If the particles are somewhat coarser, like fine grains of soil washed down in the erosion of rivers, they may give the water a muddy appearance, as in the China Sea; while again, if excessively minute, they may produce the deep blue seen in the West Indies and the equatorial Pacific. Extremely minute animalculæ, both living and dead, are said to affect the color of the sea water in many places. Owing to the suspension of such mineral matter in the waters of the ocean, they are not penetrable by the Sun's rays to any very great depth. After a depth of a few

hundred fathoms has been attained, the darkness becomes so great that attempts at submarine photography have to be made by artificial electric light sent down for the purpose. And sea animals of all kinds living in the bottom of the ocean are wrapt in perpetual night of such blackness that Nature has beneficently provided them with phosphorescent powers for illuminating their surroundings, not unlike the common bull's-eye lamp so frequently used for exploring dark corners. The phosphorescent lamps of the denizens of the deep sea serve for the explorations needed in their daily life, and also for gratifying the sense of color, which is preserved and even highly developed among animals dwelling in the total darkness of the uttermost abysses of the ocean.

The beauty of pictorial works of Art dealing with ocean scenery depends very largely upon the magnificent coloring of the background; and here, as in the case of the aerial ocean over our heads, the color is due to reflection of light by small particles suspended in the fluid medium. According to Helmholtz, the blueness of the eyes is also due to the action of suspended particles. The "dark blue sea" of Homer, and the endless variety of allusions to the color of the ocean in the literature of all ages, thus find a curious and instructive explanation in the light of modern Science.

Let us now consider how the theory of Tyndall and Rayleigh works when the lower strata of the atmosphere are filled with dust and water vapor in its various forms. It is well known that but little water vapor ascends to a very great height above the Earth's surface. The temperature decreases so rapidly as we ascend, that at a height of 29,000 feet the thermometer falls to sixteen degrees below zero centigrade, as was observed by the English aeronauts Glaisher and Coxwell in 1862. At this height the color of the sky was noticed to be "an exceedingly deep Prussian blue," and the air was "almost deprived

of moisture." In an ascent to the height of 23,000 feet made at Paris in 1804 Gay-Lussac found the temperature nine degrees below zero centigrade, and the dryness of the air so extreme that hygrometric substances such as paper and parchment became dried and crumpled, as if they had been near a fire. At this great height he noticed that the sky had a dark blue tint, and that the absolute silence prevailing was impressive. Most of the moisture in the atmosphere had been left behind before the balloon entered the rare abode of the cirrus clouds, which surround the tops of our highest mountains.

In high altitudes in the Rocky Mountains, the Andes, and the Alps, travelers notice the striking blueness of the sky, and the rarity and dryness of the atmosphere. The writer recalls very vividly the blue aspect of the sky as seen from the top of the San Francisco Mountains in Arizona, which have an altitude of 13,000 feet above the sea; and in an ascent of Popocatepetl to a height of 16,000 feet the sky also appeared deep blue. The same color was noticed at other points of the Rocky Mountains and in the Alps of Switzerland, where the contrast between the blue of the sky and white snow on the mountain peaks appeared so striking as to attract the instant notice of the thoughtful observer. Similar phenomena have been noticed by travelers who have explored high mountains in all parts of the globe, and theory and observation agree in indicating that water vapor is confined mainly to the lower part of the atmosphere, though in the form of cirrus clouds the height has been shown occasionally to exceed ten miles. At this height the water of course is frozen, and the clouds are made up of crystals of ice and snow.

One of the simplest means of verifying these views, that the water vapor and dust of the air are confined to the layers within a few miles of the sea level, is to notice the shadows cast by

heavy clouds on mountains at the setting or rising of the Sun. The great beams which spread out fanlike from the setting Sun teach us a great deal about the atmosphere. We always see a blue streak where the clouds or mountains cast a shadow; while the surrounding region of the sunset sky is whitish, golden, purple, or even reddish, and sometimes the colors are amazingly brilliant. Thunder clouds seldom exceed the height of five miles, and yet the shadows cast by them at the time of sunset are conspicuously blue. The blue color of the shadow indicates that the predominant part of the blue light of the sky originates at great height, while the whitish, yellow, and reddish colors are confined to the lower strata of the air. The persistence of the blue color for more than an hour after sunset, when the sky light is reflected from illuminated particles in the rare medium more than one hundred miles above the Earth's surface, also strengthens this view. In the spaces intervening between the blue beams the lower layers of the atmosphere are directly illuminated by the Sun, and reproduce Homer's "rosy-fingered dawn." This color is due to the absorption of blue light in the denser and more turbid medium of the lower air, through which only the longer waves, as the yellow, orange, and red, can be freely transmitted.

It was this gorgeous aspect of the rising Sun, casting shadows from the clouds and mountains of Greece against a sky naturally rich in color, which gave the Greek poets their elegant conceptions of the dawn. The sun-god Apollo, worshiped at Delphi, without doubt owes much of his mystery and impressiveness to the towering mountains which surround the seat of the ancient oracle. Nothing could be more majestic than mountains like Parnassus, to the east of Delphi, from which the morning sun looks down into the precipitous gorges in front of that famous temple. The Sun

emerges suddenly from his hiding behind overhanging peaks, and is seen radiating with all brilliancy in a sky of the deepest blue. The natural color of the Greek landscape combined with the gorgeous phenomena of the rising Sun bursting upon a scene where shadows from mountains and clouds fill the air with luminous beams of purple and azure, without doubt accounts for much of the glory of Apollo at the Temple of Delphi. As seen by the art-loving Greeks of the primitive ages nothing could be more beautiful or more impressive than this grand natural spectacle, which we now explain by the reflection of light from myriads of minute particles suspended in the atmosphere. Most of the deep sky blue comes from excessively minute particles at a great height; while the "rosy-fingered dawn" arises from aqueous vapor, and haze, and innumerable particles of smoke and dust floating near the earth.

Those who have visited Egypt, where the atmosphere is usually clear, and so free from clouds that the annual rainfall is only an inch and a half, have been impressed by the absence of a pure deep blue sky. The vault of the firmament appears rather whitish, or muddy, due of course to the absorption of the blue by dust diffused from the dry regions of Sahara. While the Egyptian sky is very bright, the white light is so pronounced that the blue does not appear particularly attractive. The skies of Italy and the Alps, on the other hand, frequently are clear blue. Of all the places which the writer has visited Greece has the purest and deepest blue sky. The color frequently is so striking that one does not wonder at even the most vivid descriptions in Greek literature. While traveling in Greece during the spring of 1891 the writer took particular occasion to notice the color of the sky, sea, and mountains. The atmospheric colors are much the most brilliant known in any part of the world. The mountains of Greece seen

at a distance of more than ten miles appear of deep indigo blue tinged with a delicate purple of inexpressible beauty.

The admirable paintings in the National Museum at Berlin, representing restorations of various places of classic celebrity, as Athens, Olympia, and Syracuse, convey this rich coloring of bluish purple in great vividness, but are not in the least degree overdrawn. They are among the most beautiful paintings in the world, and eminent scholars have regretted that they are not extensively reproduced.

It is probable that the climate of Greece, from a combination of several natural causes, is such that the atmospheric reflection and absorption become especially pronounced. And as this sky was evidently the same in classic antiquity as it is to-day, this color phenomenon affords an interesting proof of the unchanging climatic conditions of that part of our globe during the last two thousand years.

In most parts of the United States our skies are whitened by water vapor, haze, and dust; and we usually see the deepest blue just after rainy days, when the haze and moisture have been precipitated, and the particles of dust washed out of the atmosphere by the falling rains.

It is perhaps fortunate, from an æsthetic point of view, that the appearance of the sky varies so much as it

does. The infinite varieties of color which it affords when so delicately frescoed with clouds of all forms and of all shades of color and intensity, combined with vegetable and mineral hues upon the land, whether in the green of spring, the smoky blue of Indian Summer, the purple of autumn, or the whiteness of winter, yield in due succession a constant mental relief, and have inspired most of the exquisite delineations of Nature in pictorial Art as well as in Literature. The soft hues with which the land is clothed give to the whole aspect of the world a lifelike appearance, and the light of the Sun reflected from the blue sky and luminous clouds fills the whole scene with such vivid radiation, that the Universe becomes to a modern student as truly an inspiration as the orderly and beautiful Cosmos was to the primitive Greeks. As Goethe says: —

“Angels are strengthen’d by the sight,
Though fathom thee no angel may;
Thy works still shine with splendour bright,
As on Creation’s primal day.”

Now that Science has at length added her share to these pleasurable contemplations by showing the causes from which the inspirations of the mind have sprung, the result of explaining the color of the sea and sky, phenomena often considered almost obvious and yet for long ages wholly obscure, may be ranked among the most gratifying triumphs of the human mind.

T. J. J. See.

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

THE world changes, and the minds of men. Helen Keller outstrips Laura Bridgman,¹ as Rudyard Kipling outstrips Maria Edgeworth. Will Helen herself appear quaint and old-fashioned fifty years hence, to a generation spoiled

by some still more daring recipient of its sympathy and wonder? We can answer such a question as little as Dr. Howe could have answered it fifty years ago; for the high-water mark of one age in every line of its prowess always seems

¹ *Laura Bridgman*. Dr. Howe's Famous Pupil and what He taught Her. By MAUD HOWE

and FLORENCE HOWE HALL. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1903.

"the limit," — at any rate the only limit positively imaginable to those who are living, — and just what form and what direction Evolution will strike into when she takes her next step into novelty is ever a secret till the step is made.

Laura was the limit in her day. The child of seven was dumb and blind and almost without the sense of smell, with no plaything but an old boot which served for a doll, and with so little education in affection that she had never been taught to kiss. She was sternly handled at home, and was irascible and an object of fear and pity to all but one of the village neighbors, and that one was half-witted. The way in which she became in a few years, through Dr. Howe's devotion, an educated girl, delicate-mannered, spiritual-minded, and sweet-tempered, seemed such a miracle of philanthropic achievement that the fame of it spread not only over our country, but throughout Europe. It was regarded as a work of edification, a missionary feat. The Sunday-schools all heard of Laura as a soul buried alive but disinterred and brought into God's sunlight by science and religion working hand in hand. The few other blind deaf-mutes on whom attempts at rescue had been made — Oliver Caswell, Julia Brace, and others — were so inferior that Laura's decidedly attenuated personality stood for the extreme of richness attainable by humanity when its experience was limited to the sense of touch alone. Of such all-sided ambitions and curiosities, of such untrammelled soarings and skimmings over the fields of language, of such completeness of memory and easy mastery of realities as Helen Keller has shown us, no one then had a dream.

It is now indeed the age of Kipling *versus* that of Edgeworth. Laura was primarily regarded as a phenomenon of conscience, almost a theological phenomenon. Helen is primarily a phenomenon of vital exuberance. Life for her is a series of adventures, rushed at with enthusiasm and fun. For Laura it was

more like a series of such careful indoor steps as a convalescent makes when the bed days are over. Helen's age is that of the scarehead and portrait bespattered newspaper. In Laura's time the papers were featureless, and the public found as much zest in exhibitions at institutions for the deaf and dumb as it now finds in football games.

In contrast with the recklessly sensational terms in which everything nowadays expresses itself, there seems a sort of white veil of primness spread over this whole biography of Laura. All those who figure in it bear the stamp of conscience. Dr. Howe himself took his educative task religiously. It was his idea, as it was that of all the American liberals of his generation, that the soul has intuitive religious faculties which life will awaken, independently of revelation. Laura's nature was intensely moral, — almost morbidly so, in fact, — and assimilated the conception of a Divine Ruler with great facility; but it does not appear certain that such an idea would have come to her spontaneously. She was easily converted into revivalistic evangelicism at the age of thirty-three, through communications which her biographers deplore as having perverted her originally optimistic faith. Her spiritual accomplishments seem to have been regarded rather as matters for wonder by the public of her day. But, granted a nature with a bent in the spiritual direction, it is hard to imagine conditions more favorable to its development than Laura's. Her immediate life, once it was redeemed (as Dr. Howe redeemed it) from quasi-animality, was almost wholly one of conduct toward other people. Her relations to "things," only tactile at best, were for the most part remote and hearsay and symbolic. Personal relations had to be her foreground, — she had to think in terms almost exclusively social and spiritual.

When she was twenty-two years old her education was practically finished,

and she was sent to her parents' home in New Hampshire. The withdrawal of the personal attentions with which at the Perkins Institution she had been so lovingly surrounded, the loss of the thousand communications which had fed her mental being daily, came near costing the sensitive creature her life. At the farm, mother, father, brothers, all had engrossing occupations, and no one could give time to the formidably tiresome task of manual alphabet conversation with Laura. She had to subsist mainly on her internal resources. Julia Brace would have turned over on her face and gone to sleep like a dog. Laura simply sickened unto death with moral starvation. "On one occasion she became so impatient with her mother for not talking with her, that she struck her! — and was immediately overcome with despair at her action. She brooded over it continually and would not be comforted. . . . Dr. Howe was summoned and found her a shadow of herself, dying of that subtle disease which we call homesickness." A friend, Miss Paddock, was sent to bring her home. It was bitter winter weather. When Miss Paddock came to the girl's bedside "and spelt into the nerveless hand these words: 'I have come to take you home,' a wave of color surged over the wan face. 'When do we start?' whispered the thin fingers. 'As soon as you can eat an egg,' answered the practical Paddock." Before they had covered half the distance to the railroad, Laura had fainted, but her will never faltered. "To Boston! to Boston! that cry had gone up night and day from her homesick heart. . . . And her fingers flew faster and faster as the train brought her nearer. Would Doctor meet them? Was he glad she was coming? These two questions were repeated endlessly." At last they arrived, and in the warm and affectionate human atmosphere of the institution she soon recovered her vitality. It was an exquisite case of purely moral nostalgia.

Laura never got a perfectly free use of the English language. Her style in writing was of a formality both quaint and charming. From the *History of My Life*, which she wrote at the age of thirty, I cull a few examples, slips of the pen and all, just as they were written: —

"I was very full of mischief and fun. I was in such high spirits generally. I would cling to my Mother so wildly and peevishly many times. I took hold of her legs and arms as she strode across the room. She acted so plain as if it irritated her very much indeed. She scolded me sternly. I could not help feeling so cross and uneasy against her. I did not know any better. I never was taught to cultivate patience and mildness and placid until I came away from my blessed family at home. . . . Sometimes I took possession of a small room in the attic. I slept and sat there with some of my dear friends. I observed many different things in the garret, barrels containing grain and rye etc. and bags filled with flour wheat. I was very much alarmed by not finding a banister on the edge of the floor above the stairs. . . .

"I loved to sport with the cat very much. One morning I was sitting in my little rocking chair before the fire. I stretched out my hand toward the old cat and drew her up to my side. I indulged myself in having a game with her. It was so cruel a sport for the poor living being. I was extremely indiscreet and ignorant. I rejected the poor creature into the hot fire. My Mother came rushing suddenly and rescued the cat from her danger. She seemed very impulsive with the insent she shook and slapped me most sternly for my committing a sin against her dear cat. She punished me so severely that I could not endure the effect of it for a long time. She held two of the cat's paws up for me to discern the mark of the flame of fire. My conscience told me at length that it was truly very wicked in me to have done

a harm to her. It was very strange for the cat to go with the greatest fearful suspection. She concealed herself so lucky some. The old cat never brought her company to her oldest home since she was banished from our sight. I cannot ask her the reason why she never retraced her natural steps. I am positive that it must be reality of her death now. The favorite cat had not faith in us that we should treat her more kindly and tenderly again. . . .

"Once I set a chair by the fire place; I was trying to reach the shelf to search for something. I drooped my central gravity down and I scorched my stomach so terribly that it effectually made me very unwell and worrisome."¹

There are endless interesting traits, some of them humanly touching, some of them priceless to the psychologist, scattered through this life of Laura. The question immediately suggests itself, Why was Laura so superior to other deaf-mutes, and why is Helen Keller so superior to Laura? Since Galton first drew attention to the subject, every one knows that in some of us the material of thought is mainly optical, in others auditory, etc., and the classification of human beings into the eye-minded, the ear-minded, and the motor-minded, is familiar. Of course if a person is born to be eye-minded, blindness will maim his life far more than if he is ear-minded originally. If ear-minded, deafness will maim him most. If he be natively constructed on a touch-minded or motor-minded plan, he will lose less than the others from either blindness or deafness. Touch-images and motor-images are the only terms that subjects "congenitally" blind and deaf can think in. It may be that Laura and Helen were originally meant to be more "tactile" and "motile" than their less successful rivals in the race for education, and that Helen, being more ex-

clusively motor-minded than any subject yet met with, is the one least crippled by the loss of her other senses.

But such comparisons are vague conjectures. What is not conjecture, but fact, is the philosophical conclusion which we are forced to draw from the cases both of Laura and of Helen. Their entire thinking goes on in tactile and motor symbols. Of the glories of the world of light and sound they have no inkling. Their thought is confined to the pallidest verbal substitutes for the realities which are its object. The mental material of which it consists would be considered by the rest of us to be of the deadliest insipidity. Nevertheless, life is full of absorbing interest to each of them, and in Helen's case thought is free and abundant in quite exceptional measure. What clearer proof could we ask of the fact that the relations among things, far more than the things themselves, are what is intellectually interesting, and that it makes little difference what terms we think in, so long as the relations maintain their character. All sorts of terms can transport the mind with equal delight, provided they be woven into equally massive and far-reaching schemes and systems of relationship. They are then equivalent for intellectual purposes, and for yielding intellectual pleasure, for the schemes and systems are what the mind finds interesting.

Laura's life should find a place in every library. Dr. Howe's daughters have executed it with tact and feeling. No reader can fail to catch something of Laura's own touching reverence for the noble figure of "the Doctor." And if the ruddier pages which record Helen's exploits make the good Laura's image seem just a little anæmic by contrast, we cannot forget that there never could have been a Helen Keller if there had not been a Laura Bridgman.

William James.

¹ I take these extracts from Professor Sanford's article on Laura Bridgman's writings, in

the *Overland Monthly* for 1887. For some reason they are omitted from the present volume.

THE RICHNESS OF POVERTY.

God made my spirit somewhat weak and small.

From rich satiety of joy I shrink :

The faintly fragrant wild-rose, faintly pink,
Better I love than garden beauties tall,
Deep-scented, with full-petaled coronal ;

Better the hillside brook wherefrom I drink
Than strong sweet wines ; and best the twilight brink
And borderland of whatso holds me thrall.

But if life's pageantry is not for me,

And if I may not reach the mountains dim

That beckon on the blue horizon rim,

No disillusion hath mine eyes defiled,

And I shall enter Paradise heart-free,

With the fresh April wonder of a child.

M. Lennah.

THE NEW HUNTING.

THE good fairy evidently considered that she had done enough for Tommy when she gave him the eyes of a saint. Either she considered soul an unimportant matter, or left it to some other of the twelve invited fairies. The story of the christening has never been told, but it is barely possible that the thirteenth godmother cut off Thomas's supply of soul, or hampered its development in some way or other. At any rate, there is abundant room for this inference.

Fortunately for Tommy, however, a deficiency in soul is not so conspicuous as some mere physical imperfection, and no one ever looked once at the dear little fellow with his yellow hair fashionably bobbed, and his sweet little face with its great innocent black-fringed eyes, without longing to take him up and kiss him. And Tommy, even in trousers and short hair and the Fifth Grade, was still an angel so far as ocular expression was concerned.

But if Tommy was lacking in soul, Miss Laurel Petit, teacher of the Fifth Grade, was oversupplied with it. Ever since Miss Laurel began teaching, — and her career may be fitly epitomized by stating that she entered on her life-work when programme was spelled with the *me* and accented on the last syllable, and had taught through program, progr'm, and back to programme again, — she had been an ever-flowing fount of soulfulness in the arid desert of the three-story brick schoolhouse in which she presided over Grade 5A. Other teachers complained of stupidity, of the odor of onions and asafoetida bags worn to keep off contagion, which hung about certain classes, of supervisors, of new methods, but through it all, Miss Laurel, her head above the clouds, her sweet blue eyes slightly rolled upward, her plump form becomingly attired in dainty stylish gowns, knew nothing of such discomforts, but took fresh and ever-grow-

ing joy in the instruction of the infant mind. For one reason, she ever found her work more congenial. Leaders of the new education had year by year been refuting the axiom that there is no royal route to learning. The corduroy roads of her childhood had given place to macadam pavements; the birch rod and the frown had been supplanted by persuasion and the smile; the once ugly schoolroom had been beautified, and there was a constantly increasing demand for the instillation of soul into school work, — the development of soul among the children. "Remember that spirit is more important than information;" "in beginning to teach birds, think more of the pupil than of ornithology;" "nature study is not facts, it is not science, it is not knowledge, it is spirit," were some of the principles laid down by her preceptors, principles which naturally appealed far more to her than they did to Miss Henrietta Tuck, teacher of the 6AB, and Assistant Principal of the Thomas Jefferson School, whose scientific training had been acquired by strict laboratory methods, and whose sharp brown eyes saw through every boy, to his certain knowledge, the very first time he marched downstairs under her strict supervision.

Having duly inspected and classified Tommy on his entrance to the Thomas Jefferson School some years before, and having found no reason for changing her classification, Miss Henrietta laughed scornfully at Miss Laurel's exposition of her favorite's nature work.

"Dear little fellow! He is such an inspiration! Just look at his notes on spring!" They were together in Miss Laurel's room one spring evening after school.

"Humph!" said Miss Tuck, glancing through the meagre notes in Tommy's painfully vertical hand. "Here he has, 'The lilac buds is 4sided. The snow bird is a wren. They is fond of evergreens. The popular buds looks like catapil-

lers. The pussy willows is baby kittens.' Baby kittens! What does that mean? Humph!" And Miss Henrietta threw down the notebook and looked sharply at Mr. Putnam, the Principal, who was standing in the doorway.

"That is where you make a mistake, Ret," remonstrated Miss Laurel gently. "I was just saying to Mr. Putnam yesterday that this is where you fail to catch the meaning of nature study, — where your strict scientific training leads you astray. We are not teaching science, we are instilling a love for nature. Suppose dear little Tommy does say a lilac bud is four-sided when, in fact, it is six; so long as he really loves the lilac, what is the difference?"

"Prove to me that Tommy Owen loves anything, and I'll give you a prize," responded Miss Henrietta sharply.

"You would never say that if you had him in your classes. I feel fresh inspiration every time I look into those beautiful clear gray eyes of his. Other children may be slow to comprehend, but I always feel that Tommy understands. And even if he never studies botany, and never finds out your scientific truths about the lilac bud, I am sure that his whole life will be sweetened and strengthened by the beauty of the lilacs, that his soul" —

"Soul! That child has no soul! Soul! Humph!"

And Mr. Putnam, who, though an apostle of nature study, had had a fine scientific training, disregarding the pained look in Miss Laurel's sweet blue eyes, turned and went downstairs with Miss Henrietta.

In spite of his trained mind, it had never occurred to the Principal that these vexations over Miss Laurel's unscientific enthusiasms came only in the presence of Miss Henrietta's flouts at nature study. Neither had his scientific training been of the slightest avail in interpreting a certain expression in Miss Henrietta's eyes in his presence, a

queer softening and brightening that was, however, perfectly visible and interpretable to every boy and girl in the building.

But Mr. Putnam was openly delighted with the club which Miss Laurel organized that spring among her pupils, and of which, at her suggestion, Tommy Owen was made president. The object of this club was to pursue nature study more fully than was possible in the classroom, to study natural objects in their places in the fields and woods, and, above all, to instill a love for wild animals which would forever prevent the child's doing them any injury.

All the apostles of nature study being unanimous in declaring that the pupil must study from the living animal, — "Will a stuffed bobolink do? No! To the fields for a live bobolink! The light, the dark, the fly, the bird, the cockroach, they are all ours!" — even Miss Henrietta could make no carping criticism on the club in Mr. Putnam's presence. Its motto was from Agassiz, "Study nature, not books," a point on which, it is needless to say, the members thoroughly agreed with Agassiz; and it rejoiced in the rather ponderous name of "Hast Thou Named All The Birds Without A Gun Club."

The success of Miss Laurel's organization, whose work consisted of strolls after school about the neighboring parks, and on Saturdays of trips to the groves beyond the city limits, was nothing short of phenomenal. Not only were teachers in other buildings exhorted to follow Miss Laurel's example, and to teach humanity to all living things, together with nature study, but articles descriptive of its work appeared in the leading educational journals, dwelling particularly on this beautiful phase of nature study, the instillation of humane instincts, the teaching of little children from live, uncaged specimens, picturing the future of this coming generation, taught in its infancy, so to speak, to

hate the instruments of slaughter, the gun and the knife, taught to loathe the very idea of bloodshed. When these children reached their majorities, surely, it was prophesied, time would run back and fetch the Age of Gold, and the battle flags would be furled in the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.

Whenever a party of teachers from some other town came to Enterprise to visit its far-famed schools — and these visits were frequent — they demanded first of all to be taken to the Thomas Jefferson School, there to visit the grade in which was organized the famous *Hast Thou Named All The Birds Without A Gun Club*, that they might tell their pupils about it. And once there, all speedily fell victims to Miss Laurel's charm of manner, and to the beauty of Tommy's innocent eyes, as, at Miss Laurel's request, for the fiftieth time that term, perhaps, he flitted across the beach with the little sandpiper, or chee-chee-cheed with Robert o' Lincoln.

One morning in June, when Miss Laurel had been detained at home by some unforeseen occurrence, she found a company of teachers from a town some twenty miles from Enterprise already assembled in the lower hall when she arrived. Miss Henrietta was there also, leading across the hall in the direction of Mr. Putnam's office two boys in an attitude of resistance. Bud Dolan, Miss Henrietta's worst pupil, was one; the other she recognized, to her horror, — not instantly, because of his flushed face and disheveled hair, — as her beloved Tommy!

"What does this mean, Ret?" she whispered anxiously, as the Assistant Principal thrust the boys in Mr. Putnam's office, and there commanded them to remain until that gentleman came downstairs.

"Go up to your room and see!" replied Miss Henrietta sternly.

Miss Laurel, hastening upward, met

Mr. Putnam in the doorway. Across the room, from Tommy's seat in the front row to her desk, stretched a long procession of legless grasshoppers, living but helpless, bisected earthworms, and dehorned pinching bugs.

Miss Laurel's pleading eyes met Mr. Putnam's stern ones. "Wh—what does this mean?" she gasped.

"As nearly as I can gather," he replied, "Bud Dolan and the angelic Tommy have fallen out and had a fight. Unfortunately, Tommy was the victor, and this is Bud's revenge. Bud, it seems, is weary of having Tommy exalted and himself abased, and he has taken this unique method of revealing the young villain in his true colors. A fine collection for the president of such an organization, is it not? And an opportune moment for their exhibition! Those people downstairs will be up here presently."

His tones cut like a knife, and Miss Laurel's eyes filled with tears. Amiable as she was, a swift suspicion of the instigator of Bud's activity had flashed through her mind, but this, of course, she could not voice. With a distinctly feminine shiver at the approach of an unusually active pinching bug, she drew back into the hall, her pleading blue eyes fixed on Mr. Putnam's impassive face.

"I'll send up the janitor at once to take them away," said the Principal, softening visibly in Miss Henrietta's absence.

"And Tommy"—she faltered. "You know my recitation will be nothing without him. Could n't you—could n't you punish him afterwards?"

"It has been my plan," explained Miss Laurel half an hour later to her visitors, "to write every week a little nature story which I have some one of the children tell to the others. Each has his turn, and this morning, Thomas Owen, president of our little club, will tell the story of the little starfishes."

"One time," began Tommy in his

sweet, piping little voice, at the same time taking a dried starfish from Miss Laurel's table.

"One minute, Tommy. It is not our plan," explained Miss Laurel to her visitors, "to use dead specimens in our work; indeed, we are opposed to the use of specimens at all. Rather will we roam the fields and see the little animals, unfrightened and happy, in their homes. But it is necessary, as well, that the children should know something of the treasures of the great deep, and as it is manifestly impossible to procure a living starfish, I have, for one time, violated my rule, and brought this specimen. Go on, dear."

"One time," repeated Tommy, his eyes, which had been resting during this interlude, with deep meaning, on a boy in the front row, now turned to the visitors with a look of angelic sweetness in their clear gray depths,—"one time a little starfish laid some tiny eggs in the white sea sand, and then hovered over them, watching lest some danger should threaten them. One day the eggs opened, and some strange little creatures that looked much like the eggs themselves came out. They moved about in the blue water with their pretty star mother, and at night they saw, far above, many other stars like their mother, only far more bright, in what seemed like another blue ocean.

"How beautiful these stars were! Why could not they, too, be stars? They became discontented as they thought about it. But their star mother said, 'Do not have such thoughts; the way to grow beautiful is to think beautiful thoughts.' Then the little ones stopped thinking of themselves. They thought of the beautiful things about them,—the coral branches bearing flower-like polyps; the sea flower whose hues seemed to grow more lovely as they watched it; and the pearly shells that lay all about on the shining sand. The golden sun gilded the waves above them, and at

night the heavenly stars seemed to smile upon them, for now they were not discontented as they watched their mother and these brighter stars.

"And all the time the loving Father of all had not forgotten for one instant these little creatures; and one night the stars above shone down through the waves on the mother star and some tiny stars that moved happily beside her."

"And what does this lesson teach you, Tommy?" asked Miss Laurel sweetly.

"The lesson of aspiration; that by continually striving we may at last attain."

The visitors, properly impressed, had no suspicion of why Tommy was at once excused to Mr. Putnam's office. Neither, of course, could they know what occurred there; but Miss Henrietta did, and rejoiced thereat.

But worse was to happen that same day, for, unexpectedly, another delegation of teachers came in, and Tommy, restored again to the seat of honor in the front row, was the principal object of interest to the visitors. The Superintendent of the visiting school, an ardent ornithologist, and therefore intensely interested in the *Hast Thou Named All The Birds Without A Gun Club*, not only listened to the recitations, but himself told the children of a little bird he had seen that afternoon, a very little bird which he had seen from the windows of the inter-urban as he came over, flitting happily about from fence post to tree. It was a little bird, the crown of its head slate color, bordered by a white line, its throat was yellow, the back of its wings and tail were a blackish olive, there was a large white patch on its wings, and the middle of its tail quills were white. How many little boys and girls of this class could tell him, he wondered, what might be its name.

Miss Laurel eyed her class anxiously.

"A canary," piped one small voice.

"No — no —"

"An oriole," ventured another.

"No — no — not an oriole, not a canary. What would a little caged canary be doing out in the wide free fields and woods? No, no, little ones," he continued benevolently. "Now, who is going to answer my question correctly? A little yellow and black bird, a large white patch on its wings, the middle of its tail quills white — Ah, I thought so! Here is a little hand! Who, of course, can answer my question, if not the president of this club of which we have heard so often? Rise, little boy, and let me hear your reply to this question. But first, step out here, my little fellow, and let us hear you repeat the poem which has given its name to the club."

Tommy, his beautiful gray eyes fixed on the visitors, his sweet little innocent voice, pure music, recited the poem on which Miss Laurel had been drilling him ever since the organization of the club: —

"Hast thou named all the birds without a
gun?
Loved the woodrose and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior
In man or maid, that thou from speech re-
frained
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O be my friend and teach me to be thine!"

"Good, very good! Beautifully and feelingly spoken! Recited as though he meant it." The Superintendent nodded to his teachers, while Miss Laurel smiled happily. "And now, my little fellow — Thomas? yes? Thomas, let us hear the name of the bird which I have described to you. Without a doubt, you can name it correctly."

"It's a Magnolia Warbler."

"Correct, my little fellow, correct. I knew we should get an answer. And now, wait a bit," as Tommy, who had returned from the platform, prepared to take his seat. "One more question: tell us where and how you came to know this little woodland creature

—on what one of your pleasant strolls through —through field and grove you saw him flitting from bough to bough.”

“T wasn’t on no walk,” replied Tommy, rules of grammar forgotten in his contempt for such guilelessness. “T was yesterdevening in our yard. I swatted him with my sling-shot, I did, and Miss Tuck she come along just then and told me his name.”

No amount of optimism and soulfulness could lift Miss Laurel from the depths into which this incident plunged her, but somehow the days dragged on until the Thomas Jefferson School picnic, which took place on the last Saturday before the close of the term.

She must attend this, of course, and so must Tommy, who, though deposed from his high office of president of the *Hast Thou Named All The Birds Without A Gun Club*, showed surprisingly little feeling over his disgrace and that which he had brought on his room and his teacher.

It was a beautiful June day, just warm enough to make the shelter of the forest trees agreeable. The picnic was held in a park recently added to the city, a large part of which was still uncultivated woodland. Naturally the children liked this best, for it was “real woods,” and they found its rough state much more delightful than the smooth shaven parks so like their own city lawns.

The teachers too, so nearly freed from the winter’s slavery, rejoiced, and sat about after luncheon was eaten, talking together and paying as little attention as possible to their young charges, who scampered here and there, playing wood tag and hide and go seek.

All were happy, — that is, all but Miss Laurel, who sat alone on a great log, a volume of Wordsworth in her plump white hands. Wordsworth was a nature poet, and Miss Laurel should have been reveling in his cloud of golden daffodils and other poems on nature’s pure delights. Instead, however, she was using

the book as a blind, as a pretense of being occupied.

In what other way could she occupy herself when Mr. Putnam, who had been freezingly polite and very distant to her ever since the, to Henrietta ridiculous, to her heartbreaking, episode of Tommy and the bird, was absorbingly engaged with Miss Henrietta? They had come out to Eden Park together, they had eaten their lunch together, or, rather, he had eaten with Miss Henrietta the lunch provided by her, and together they had been spending the afternoon, gathering flowers, analyzing them, prodding the shallows of the little brook to stir up polliwogs and minnows for the entertainment of the children, always entirely neglecting and ignoring her.

Mr. Putnam had felt himself and his whole school disgraced by the New Hunting episode, for he had himself made much of the club, and Miss Henrietta had endeavored to make him feel the disgrace as keenly as possible. He reproached himself for his weakness in allowing Miss Laurel’s feminine attractiveness to lure him from the paths of duty; had he not been unduly influenced by her blue eyes, the tragedy would never have happened. Hardening his heart, he devoted himself to Miss Henrietta, who was only too glad to accept his attentions and snub her colleague.

Miss Laurel had worn a pretty gown to the picnic, a light blue muslin with much lace trimming and many billowy little ruffles. It was very becoming, as was also the big hat with the forget-me-not garland, and the white parasol, but was as inappropriate a costume for such an occasion as Miss Henrietta’s shirt waist and short skirt were sensible. Miss Henrietta could tramp about in the tall weeds and wade along the edge of the brook without fear of soiling her clothes, and it did not seem to matter at all to Mr. Putnam that she looked square and stumpy, and that stray locks of straight hair hung down about her ears and neck.

Of these things Miss Laurel was thinking dejectedly, so dejectedly and absorbedly that at first she scarcely noticed something touch her foot. At a second touch, however, and the sensation of a heavy body resting there, she looked up from the page to gaze straight into the beady eyes of what seemed to her an immense snake.

At her scream, everybody turned to see what was the matter, but no one was near enough to go to her help. Nobody, that is, except Tommy, who, concealed behind a tree near by in his game of hide and go seek, heard her agonized cry for help. Tommy, though devoid of soul, possessed some slight traces of affection, and an exceptionally well-developed memory. He remembered that it was Mr. Putnam and Miss Henrietta who had trounced him, and what heart he had was tender toward Miss Laurel, who had merely shed some senseless tears, and had relieved him of the presidency of that miserable club. And so, seizing a fallen branch that lay at hand, he rushed to the rescue.

"Don't move, teacher; I'll kill him!" And thwack, down on the serpent's body descended Thomas's mighty blows.

In a few minutes the other members of the party were gathered about them, and the deposed president of the Hast

Thou Named All The Birds Without A Gun Club was receiving congratulations on the promptness and efficiency with which he had performed the act he had been trained not to do. All were interested equally in Tommy and the snake, which was really a remarkably large specimen of the *Coluber Constrictor*. Miss Henrietta was already on her knees beside it, scolding Tommy for having thwacked it with such unnecessary vigor as to spoil its skin for mounting, explaining the arrangement of the scales, and exhibiting its forked tongue to the children. Mr. Putnam's eyes, however, were on Miss Laurel's pale face. They must have said much, for in another minute vivid blushes had chased away the pallor, and Miss Laurel, obeying his look, had risen and stepped toward him.

Miss Henrietta, looking up a few minutes later, saw the blue muslin ruffles trailing off over the grass beside Mr. Putnam, who was carrying the closed white parasol over his shoulder. The little blue volume of Wordsworth lay forgotten on the log. She followed them with her eyes until they disappeared among the shadows of the trees, and then, sneering savagely, returned to her specimen. It was the triumph of "spirit" over science, and on Miss Henrietta's shoulders lay the dust of defeat.

Kate Milner Rabb.

SINGAPORE.

THE equator burns its course through the Indian Ocean, belts a path across Sumatra, strikes east again into the sea, — and just here Asia ends, and finishes with a period. This is the island and town of Singapore.

There is an hotel in Singapore the town, where you can sit and watch the ships of all the world go by. And that means steamers with red funnels, and

freighters with black ones, and yachts that quiver white in the sunlight, and men-of-war that stare a sullen gray. It means white-winged sailing ships, and junks that creak a flap of burnished brown, and myriads of tiny paddling craft that fret the water with their ceaseless motion. It means everything, in fact, that drives upon the sea as the great highway.

You can even sit at your table and see all this if you face the right way, for the sea swims off blue through all the wide doors and openings. The room that you sit in is huge and white and cool. It is of white marble or white plaster, or anyway, of whatever it is, the color is white, so the effect is the same. There are big pillars and a high sort of dome that ends in a skylight, and to most of the pillars are fastened whirring electric fans. And so you sit and are comforted by the cool whiteness about you and the cool whirling above you.

If you go outside you can take a rickshaw or a gharry, — if you are wise, a gharry. They rattle furiously, and the seats are hard, but the roof is thick, and there are shutters that pull up all the way round. The gharry pony is a wee troublesome beast. Sometimes he balks rigid in the roadway, and the gharry rolls over him and he is lost. Sometimes he kicks and plunges on both sides of the road at once, and speaks clamorously to the passers-by. Oftener the gharry-syce runs at his head and stuffs him with bright green grass, and this encourages him to go forward.

At first, you sit and blink at the hard sunlight and the clouds of fine red dust that choke your lungs. Gradually you make out the red road unwinding before you and the hedges covered with red dust. Then you see other gharries passing, and rickshaws, and high English carts with red-faced men and white-faced women. You see victorias roll by with much be-liveried servants and a heavy rattling of chains, and every time you look you see a sleek Chinaman lolling on his cushions, with a wide alpine hat and a fat cigar.

You see Sikh policemen in khaki knickerbockers and red turbans, standing in the streets or marching past in squads. Not so readily you spy government peons, Tamils, and Malays, in white duck with bands of red across their breasts, and pancake hats of red and yellow.

There are quantities of creatures passing you continually whom you seldom notice. They are more or less the color of the road, and their sarongs and loin-cloths have been burned to almost the color of their wearers. Sometimes there is a flash of green or orange past your window, and you look and shudder at the rings and buttons screwed into ugly noses. These are Tamil women; they are bold and black, and stride along chewing betel, which leaks red out of the corners of their mouths. The Malay women you rarely see, for their sarongs seem always dun-colored or dust-colored, like the feathers of timid birds. They hood their heads and slip by unnoticed, — but if you knew, you would catch a corner down and round eyes staring at you.

If Sikh women or Bengali chance to pass, you stare after them out of the back of the gharry; but this is not often. They look like beautiful tropical birds, and their plumage is green and saffron and flame-color. They step daintily like birds, and their slender legs are bound tight with coral or pale lemon. Their ankles ring with heavy silver bracelets, and it was the clashing of the chains about their throats that made you look.

You never look at the Chinese in the roads. They are ugly creatures, — coolie women with blue, wide-flapping trousers, and men with bare backs burned a dirty yellow. They swing by with heavy burdens, heads down, muttering a heavy sort of chant.

These, then, are the roadway people, whose naked feet leave patterns in the thick red dust. There are thousands of them, and their twitterings sink unheeded in the vast low hum of Singapore.

There are other people whom you cannot fail to see. They reign in the hotels and shops, and fill gharries and rickshaws, and sometimes dogcarts. If you meet them on foot they are apt to jostle you and stare rudely. They

dress like Europeans, only more so, and they love pink and brightest blue. Some of them are ash-color, some are yellow, and all of them are sallow and unhealthy-looking. These are the Eurasians. All the people you cannot quite place are sure to belong to them, — the foreign-looking people in high traps, and the frouzy, wretched women who wear cotton wrappers on their front door-steps.

But these are the *people* of Singapore; besides, there are things, — buildings and bridges, and a dirty little river crammed with boats. There are long red roads with avenues of bright green trees that meet overhead. There are private houses in deep tangled gardens, and cottages called villas staring on the open street. There are polo grounds with lathered horses and dripping sun-burned men, and golf links and tennis courts with heated women. There are barracks for the regiment, and deep-browed bungalows for the officers. There is a wide-spreading garden rustling with rare plant life, and in one corner a dark nook of transplanted jungle, — birds and beasts just trapped, and a restless yawning tiger striped and shining.

Then there is Government House, in a big park that might be England. Particularly in the evening, when the road winds through a bit of meadow land with low mists rising, like English mists, only more unhealthy, — and just beyond where you startle three deer. But the view from the top is not English. That is of the East, with its stretch of shining sea lying hot and languid. And the green islands, green the year round, they are not English. Nor is the blur of spreading brown roofs, nor the slow droning hum that rises above the heat and the red dust. Nor again, when a breeze puffs that way, is the sickish, heavy, clinging breath a Western breath.

The signal station waves its gaunt arms just beyond, and on the bare beams ripples a speech that East and West

may read. A speech of colors that light and hover on the naked mast like fluttering butterflies in sunlight, and spell in symbol the passing word.

There are many turns to the winding roads of Singapore. They stretch under avenues of branching trees, and the air is still and heavy with perfume, and the horses step on limp, wide-flaring blossoms. They spread hot and glaring to the water front that reeks of brine and rotting wood. Fragrant and shaded again, they draw into villas and cottages. Then out they run between two lines of marching palms to the island's rim, with Johore across the way.

There are other places not so nice. One long road of dust and flat-faced houses. You bend low when you enter, and even then your head is brushed by dangling shabby coats and cast-off finery. And in the dim corners are cases filled with the glitter of pawned gold and the trinkets of half the world grown desperate. This road winds narrow into other streets, wretched streets where a noisy, reeling life washes night and day. Heavy, helpless, heated ways where the final misery of the world drifts in. No green shows here, only the trodden red road and the stare of blistered house fronts.

There is yet another part of Singapore. You sit on a wide veranda that leans an elbow in the street, and smoke and drink and stare at the people going past, — and time curls away. There is a thin gray mist in the air, and the harbor is of glass. The boats float in slowly like dreams, and the mist drifts out to sea.

You do not want to move, — never. Perhaps you cannot; you wonder about it languidly. The big, hot, open playground is just across the way. And everywhere is a swimming together of much green, — heavy, motionless lettuce-green. The road looks hot, and passing traps raise great clouds of the eternal red dust. You stare after them lazily

and watch them out of sight. You can do this without moving.

And also without moving you can see a great blur of red in the midst of the trees. You have been speculating about it idly for the last hour or so. The ground under it looks like spilled blood, and every few minutes the air about it dims with falling red. It looks very hot and striking in the great smear of green. Sleepily it pleases you, and you wonder what manner of tree, or bush, or beast it is.

Down the same way is the big, yellow, sun-bleached cathedral. Bits of it are sticking through the trees. It looks un-Eastern and out of place, yet altogether rather nice. It seems to be Sunday, and slow tired bells are telling people so. The punkah-pullers are jerking at their ropes outside. And you actually find yourself inside, with a high, slender, Gothic distance before you, and a glint of long blue windows. The walls and arches look dim, and a white punkah on a very long rope is swinging just above your head.

There are other punkahs, all on long ropes, and all flapping slowly. There seems to be no particular connection between them. They flap and swing most irregularly, and you watch and try desperately hard to fit them to an even time. You give it up at last, but the attempt has got you into a delicious, rhythmical mood that you vaguely feel is sleep. Then you do not know anything very clearly. You are conscious of a deep throbbing that is probably the organ, and of languid groups of voices that fade away before you place them.

Finally a single voice speaks, and that startles you for a moment into listening. At the same time you become distinctly aware of the Eurasian school in front of you. They are all of them in white with white hats, and they look particularly clean. They all have a bit of blue about them. Some have blue sashes with scant bows. The smaller ones wear

scarfs of blue across their breasts like peons. Others have only collars and belt ribbons of blue. You wonder why they do not choose different colors, — and then realize how much cheaper a single one must be. You look more closely at the big girl just in front, and find that she is almost white with tawny hair. But the little one next is as nearly black with stiff straight hair. After that you find all shades and features, — and speculate thoughtfully on Eurasians in general.

Your eyes wander farther and watch curiously a jet-black Tamil in white duck. He seems tremendously in earnest and never misses a response. He is rather dramatic, and stands with arms impressively folded. There is a large smattering of gay brunette ladies who nod a great deal and wear artificial flowers and much fluttering ribbon. They sing with great zest, but their voices are not pleasant; they are flat and shrill, and their words round off lamely. They are Eurasians of course. Finally, you pick out a handful of Europeans in limp, out-of-date clothes, and a pervading atmosphere of mildew and camphor.

Then your interest wanes, and the last thing you remember is the downward swish of your punkah, and out of an opening a final gleam of pure gold behind a cocoanut.

Afterwards you go home in a rickshaw. Quantities of other rickshaws rattle past you, and the night seems full of double yellow lights. Suddenly an unknown land stretches close at hand. Lights have started in the harbor, and you marvel at their number. You watch the far-away flickerings of sampans and the beacons swaying at heavy mast-heads. There are streets and avenues of these lights, — and unrecorded constellations.

A bugle call rings into the shore, — the last notes with a breeze at their heels. This is later, for the call is "lights out." You are alone now on your veranda, and the night is droning on. Rickshaws roll past softly. Out in that other night

a vagrant ship pokes off again into the great loneliness.

Far away comes a crash of Chinese cymbals, and much nearer is the low, broken whining of an Indian pipe. But these sounds come far apart, are filled in with spaces of silence, with waves of muffled heavy darkness.

Down the street are the dim lamp-lighted tents of a wandering circus. At

the entrance is a flare of smoke and torches, and the sudden lighting up of native faces. There is a deadened banging and beating going on inside. Snatches of it drift into the listless night, — mirthless, mournful tunes of decades ago.

A heavy, breathless night settles over the town, and beyond in the black sea sink the four great stars of the Southern Cross.

Elizabeth W. H. Wright.

STREET RAILWAY LEGISLATION IN ILLINOIS.

THE story of the street railways of Chicago illustrates at every point the want of foresight that has marked the policy, or lack of policy, of American cities touching the public services now required by urban populations. Recent Illinois legislation, due to the Chicago street railway situation, is of more than local or passing interest. The Act of May 18, 1903, known during its stormy passage through the two houses of the General Assembly as "Senate Bill No. 40," is believed to be the first general legislative act in the United States providing for the municipal ownership of street railways. Its final passage after six years of earnest effort, despite the utmost opposition of public service corporations and their political allies, is one of the most notable triumphs of public opinion within recent years.

The street railways of Chicago were constructed and have been maintained under statutes and ordinances enacted from time to time since 1858. All statutes enacted prior to the State Constitution of 1870, which prohibited such acts, were special. By enactments of 1859 and 1861 three street railway corporations, for the several natural divisions of the city, were created, each to have corporate life for twenty-five years. In 1865, by act passed at the instance of

the companies, and by means which have never been defended, over the veto of Governor Oglesby, their corporate life was extended to ninety-nine years. They claim that this act also operates to extend their rights in the streets of Chicago for a like period. The city has always protested against this legislative disposition of its streets as a violation of the principle of home rule. It also contends that the act violates the State Constitution of 1848 in certain particulars.

There are wide differences of view as to the scope of the Act of 1865. The city contends that, if valid, it only affects the streets occupied by the companies at the date of its passage. This view is practically that of the Chicago City Railway Company, which occupies the south division of the city, and is owned by local capitalists. This company only claims that about fifteen percentage of its mileage, including important portions of its terminals in the centre of the city, is covered by the act. The allied companies which occupy the north and west divisions of the city, and are largely owned by the Widener-Elkins syndicate of New York and Philadelphia, after accepting during many years grants from the city for extensions and cross lines, strictly limited to twenty years, have recently

sought to repudiate all limitations in favor of the city, claiming that the General Assembly of 1865 really intended a system grant, and that every concession since made by the city added so much to their ninety-nine-year possessions.

The city, on July 30, 1883, to set at rest for the time being its controversy with the companies over the Ninety-Nine-Year Act, made a general extension grant for twenty years without prejudice to the conflicting claims of the parties. Under this and many subsequent grants similarly limited for extension and cross lines, the cable and electric lines of the companies have been constructed and operated. At no time have the companies operated any of their lines under the Ninety-Nine-Year Act unsupported by city grants.

The state, by a general act of 1874, provided for corporations to construct, maintain, and operate "Horse and Dummy Railroads." Under its provisions the cities of the state might make grants of rights in their streets for terms not exceeding twenty years. This act, never sufficient for the protection of the public and private interests involved, gradually became more and more inadequate for these purposes. With the transformation of pioneer horse lines into costly cable and electric systems having hundreds of miles of trackage, great power plants, thousands of employees, and millions of dollars in annual receipts, the need of new legislation became more and more apparent. However, the growth of the public service corporation from small beginnings had been so rapid, its corrupting influence was so insidious, and the citizens were so occupied with their private concerns, that as yet there was no clearly defined public policy to be expressed in new legislation.

The people of Chicago, while still groping for a policy, as long ago as 1896 realized that the employment of private capital in the conduct of the public business is the direct cause of municipal mis-

rule and the real issue in municipal politics; that the question in every American city is whether the public authority shall be exercised by the people for public ends, or by allied public service corporations for incorporated greed; and that it will soon be determined whether the city of the people is to become a private municipality.

The City Council, for oft-repeated good and valuable considerations, had long been a corporate possession of the street railways and their allied corporate interests. With the first attempt of the people to recover possession of the legislative authority of the city, these interests took alarm. Under cover of the exciting national campaign of 1896 they in advance acquired title to the incoming Governor and General Assembly of the state. Early in the legislative session of 1897, the street railway companies caused to be introduced into both houses of the General Assembly a bill to extend for fifty years their disputed rights in the streets of Chicago, in wanton disregard of public interests. This bill promptly passed the Senate by a large majority. It was bitterly opposed by the people and press of Chicago, and was finally defeated in the House. The companies thereupon caused to be introduced and passed a simple measure authorizing the several cities of the state to make grants to street railway companies for periods not exceeding fifty years.

The Act of 1897 operated to extend the term for which franchise grants might be made by municipalities from twenty to fifty years. It was passed by means that disgraced the state, and aroused bitter feeling from Chicago to Cairo. How keenly the people of Illinois resented this debauchery of their state government was shown a year and a half later, at the next election of members of the General Assembly. Of sixteen retiring senators who voted for the obnoxious measure of 1897 but two were reelected; and of the eighty-two represen-

tatives who so voted but fourteen secured reelection. There was, perhaps, never such a slaughter of state legislators. The memory of the tragedy of 1898 still haunts the corridors of the state capitol at Springfield. Indeed, since that memorable election the General Assembly of Illinois has dealt with much fear and trembling with the subject of street railway legislation. At its next session, by unanimous vote in the House, it repealed the Act of 1897, and restored the former statute. The Governor who signed the obnoxious measure of two years before gave his official sanction to the new act restoring the situation. Meantime the street railway companies, which for two years had vainly sought fifty-year extensions from the City Council of Chicago, stood idly by, unable to avert the bitter humiliation of utter defeat.

Thus closes the first chapter of the story of recent street railway legislation in Illinois. Pending the struggle above outlined, an affirmative public policy for the better control of street railways was taking form in Chicago. Leaders in the movement for the protection of public interests had framed a comprehensive bill looking to public control and possible public ownership, which they offered at the legislative session of 1899. However, public opinion was not yet ripe for constructive legislation in the public interest; and the General Assembly, almost entirely composed of new members, was afraid to experiment with so dangerous a subject.

The movement to make the City Council representative of public interests had so far succeeded, that from the year 1900 its able Committee on Local Transportation properly assumed the leadership on behalf of Chicago in the effort to secure adequate street railway legislation. The committee, having made an extensive study of the conditions, submitted to the General Assembly of 1901 a comprehensive bill for a general street railway law. It was assumed by the framers of

this measure that local transportation should be treated as a monopoly; that, while conducted by the public service corporation, it should be subjected to strict public control; and that the right of municipal ownership should be reserved and safeguarded. The bill, drawn on these lines, although ably supported by the Council Committee at Springfield, was strangled in the House Committee to which it was referred. After repeated public hearings this committee simply failed to report. The bill was not relished by certain of the street railway interests; and it is believed that the inaction of the House was not solely due to legislative timidity.

Two years now quickly passed, during which the struggle on behalf of public interests steadily gained ground in Chicago. The general extension ordinance of 1883 was to expire on July 30, 1903. In the spring of 1902, under a recent act permitting the submission of public questions to popular vote, the electors of the city, by a majority of about five to one, expressed their opinion in favor of the municipal ownership of the street railways. However, as many grants of particular streets made at different times to the companies will not expire for several years, and the city is not in financial condition for so great a purchase, early municipal ownership is impracticable even if desirable. The popular vote of 1902 favoring it must be regarded as an expression of hostility to the street railway companies rather than as a demand for immediate municipal ownership.

The failure of the comprehensive street railway bills of 1899 and 1901, and the conservative attitude of leading country members to legislation uniformly branded "socialistic" by the owners of the securities of public service corporations, led the Committee on Local Transportation of the City Council of Chicago and its supporters to propose a more simple measure at the session of the General Assembly of 1903. The end

sought was to reverse existing conditions, and place the city, instead of the companies, in control of the situation. To accomplish this, it was deemed necessary to obtain for the city power to acquire, own, and operate its street railways. Hence there arose, prior to the opening of the session, a wide demand for enabling legislation as a condition precedent to the further extension of the expiring franchises of the street railway companies. Bills to empower the cities of Illinois to acquire street railways, and to reserve the right of municipal acquisition in franchise grants, were promptly offered by the Council Committee and others.

It was known prior to the organization of the House that the effort to pass such a measure would be the chief feature of the session. The Governor, representing the spoils faction of his party, of course desired to have his supporters control the House. The party boss of Chicago, Mr. William C. Lorimer, for purposes of "politics" wished to possess the House. The editor of the *Inter-Ocean*, Mr. George W. Hinman, — brought from New York by Mr. Charles T. Yerkes when he purchased that stalwart party organ and made it the avowed champion of the street railway corporations, — had, in his capacity of organ grinder, acquired some party influence outside Chicago, which gave him a place in the combine to control the House. These allies, by the utmost effort, including the use of state patronage, controlled the caucus by a bare majority and secured the organization. They chose for Speaker a weak and unknown man, pledging him to obey orders. It was subsequently understood in the House that as a condition of his election the Speaker was required to promise to carry out Hinman's orders on all street railway measures, and to use the gavel when necessary to defeat objectionable legislation. Mr. "Gus" Nohe, — Lorimer's member from his own legislative district, — when asked whether there

was to be any traction legislation, replied: "I don't know. I do whatever the old man tells me to; and he tells me to do about traction as Hinman says." Hinman himself announced that there would be no traction legislation at that session. The companies, thus safeguarded by the organization of the House, were not openly represented at Springfield.

The City Council of Chicago sent to the General Assembly, with its indorsement, a bill for an enabling act prepared by its Committee on Local Transportation. A special committee, composed in part of members of the Council, presented a somewhat more radical measure. Several members offered individual bills largely copied from these two. A bill, mainly drafted by the Secretary of the Municipal Voters' League of Chicago, and offered in the Senate by Senator Mueller, became known as Senate Bill No. 40.

While the situation at Springfield was thus confused, the mayoralty campaign came on in Chicago. The platform of the Municipal Voters' League, on which more than two thirds of the members of the Council had been elected, was heartily indorsed by the conventions of both parties. The Mayor had actively participated in the development of the street railway programme embodied in the League platform. His Republican opponent, who was without a traction record, actively exerted his influence to advance the "Mueller Bill" at Springfield. In part because of his efforts, and in response to the unanimous demand of the public press of Chicago, Senate Bill No. 40 passed the Senate just after the municipal election in Chicago.

The House organization now set itself to suppress the Senate measure and to defeat all street railway legislation, meanwhile pretending to meet the popular demand. Messrs. Lorimer and Hinman went to Springfield and openly assumed personal direction of the House.

The municipal committee, composed almost entirely of machine puppets, promptly suppressed the Senate bill, reporting a substitute prepared by its chairman, Mr. Cicero J. Lindley, under the immediate supervision of Messrs. Lorimer and Hinman. These open supporters of the Yerkes legislation of 1897 now posed as saviors of the city from the alleged evil designs of the reform leaders. They insisted that there should be no grants, even if made from time to time in succession, for more than twenty years in the aggregate. They claimed that their "Lindley Bill" was the only genuine municipal ownership measure. The bill itself was a blundering abstract of parts of the Senate bill. The provision of that measure authorizing cities to borrow money on special certificates with which to acquire street railway property was carefully emasculated. Other changes and omissions pointed unmistakably to a desire to protect the existing companies.

It may be asked, why did Lorimer, absolute dictator of the House organization, offer a substitute for the Senate bill in the House? Why did he not suppress the obnoxious measure and have done with the matter? The answer is that public opinion was so aroused in favor of enabling legislation, the suspicion of corporate interference with the public programme was so general, that even Lorimer did not dare openly to defy it. The plan was for the House to pass pretended enabling legislation, and to have it fail between the two houses.

The popular demand for the Mueller Bill became so insistent that on the night before the substitute was set for second reading, Mr. Lorimer became alarmed. The Democrats and minority Republicans that night held separate caucuses to plan for the substitution of the Senate measure. How many votes could be mustered against the organization, believed absolutely to control the fate of all pending measures in the then closing hours of the session, was not clear; but

it was evident that the revolt was formidable.

Late that night a memorable conference was held at the call of William C. Lorimer. The place was his private chamber at the Leland House, in Springfield. The time was from about 11.30 P. M. to 3.30 A. M. The subject discussed was the pending street railway legislation. There, in his lair, the boss and his subordinates received the representatives of public interests. Mr. Lorimer was supported by Mr. Hinman, and Messrs. Lindley, David E. Shanahan, "Gus" Nohe, and "Ed" Morris of the House. Mr. Frank O. Lowden was present in the dual capacity of friend of the organization and of the city. Messrs. Bennett, Mavor, and Eidman, of the Council Committee, and Mr. Graeme Stewart (late Republican candidate for Mayor of Chicago), Mr. E. L. Reeves, and the writer, of the Chicago delegation, were present on Mr. Lorimer's invitation.

We were promptly asked, "What do you want?" Our reply was, "We care nothing for names; but, in substance, we want the Senate bill. Nothing less will serve." Mr. Lorimer emphatically told us that the Senate bill was dead and buried, and that the only hope of legislation at that session lay in the enactment of the Lindley substitute. We were urged to accept that measure, and invited then and there to submit amendments. It was assumed throughout the conference that we were "up against the real thing;" that whatever amendments Mr. Lorimer might accept that night would go through the House the next day. The attitude of the members of that body on the principal question of the session was assumed to be wholly immaterial.

It makes one, who regards the people as the source of political authority and the General Assembly as a means for the expression of their will, feel somewhat queer to participate in a midnight gathering called by a voluntary political boss to dispense legislation of vital public con-

cern. However, under present conditions, only thus may one be sure to get next to the "powers that prey." Thus only may one reach the source of legislation affecting privileged interests and study it in process. In this instance we knew full well that our presence that night behind the scenes was solely due to ominous signs of revolt in the House. The boss sought to avert the storm.

The night wore on in discussion — often heated discussion — of the defects of the substitute bill. That measure, as it then stood, was a bungling imitation of the Senate bill, so emasculated as to render it practically valueless. It bore unmistakable marks of tender regard for the traction interests. It appeared on its face to provide for municipal ownership, but withheld the means for its accomplishment. By the omission of the provision of the Senate bill, broadly authorizing the municipality to grant streets already occupied by street railways to any corporation, without new frontage consents, it was sought to make it necessary for the city to deal with the present companies and to confirm them in their possession of the streets.

These chief defects of the substitute bill were stoutly defended, the first as an alleged protection to the public from the possibility of grants for more than twenty years; the second out of a professed regard for abutting property owners. Amendments to cure several minor defects, and one covering frontage consents so worded as not to fall within the title of the bill, were finally offered us. The boss thereupon delivered his ultimatum, in substance as follows: "You must accept the Lindley Bill with these amendments, pull down all opposition on the floor of the House and from the Chicago press, and actively support the bill. It is the Lindley Bill or nothing."

A few hours later, as the House assembled to consider the Lindley substitute on second reading, the Chicago dele-

gation, about twenty in number, — composed of the Mayor, citizens appointed by him, and the Council Committee, — rejected by practically unanimous vote the Lorimer ultimatum. This action, taken with full knowledge that it might mean present defeat instead of a weak compromise with the machine, was taken the more readily because Lorimer by giving out the proposed amendments had already committed himself to them, and because the representatives of the city believed that it was his intention to pass the amended substitute through the House and kill it in the closing hours of the session.

The fight on the floor of the House was now on. The Speaker, who, the day before, on the written demand of a majority of the House, declined to say whether he would recognize the constitutional demand of five members for a yeay and nay vote on all proposed amendments, arbitrarily postponed the second reading of the bill to two o'clock that day, and then until nine o'clock the next morning. Meanwhile the recalcitrant members were subjected to one of the most severe of machine tests. Some seventy-five bills making appropriations for the state government and the public institutions throughout the state, and many other bills of local or special interest to the members, stood on the calendar on third reading. Those favoring the Senate traction bill, led by Mr. Oliver W. Stewart, the able prohibition member, had given notice that none of these measures should pass until the traction question was acted on by the House.

The organization leaders now presented two carefully chosen appropriation bills for passage. The first was the appropriation bill for the maintenance of the State Normal School at Macomb, the home of Mr. Sherman, leader of the Republican opposition. It was permitted to fail, the friends of Senate Bill No. 40, including Sherman, refusing to vote. A second appropriation bill shared the fate

of the first. Thereupon the House transacted some unimportant business and adjourned for the day. That night representatives of the city declined an invitation by Mr. Lorimer to another conference.

All now anxiously awaited the morrow. Would the Speaker obey his oath of office, permitting a roll call? Was the will of William Lorimer to be more potent than the Constitution of Illinois? Was the Speaker's gavel to be used to make a minority equivalent to a majority? The action of the Speaker would plainly demonstrate to an entire people whether the public service corporation regards its wants superior to all law, whether corporate influence has become the supreme law of a great state. The opponents of the Lindley Bill believed that the Speaker would finally observe his oath. Even they had not fathomed corporate and political insolence.

The next morning, when the House met with packed galleries, "the organization" made a final effort to break the ranks of the majority. The "Child Labor Bill," the most popular measure on the calendar, was called on final passage. The vote disclosed the exact strength of the opposing forces. Fifty members voted aye. Ninety-six sat mute. The majority against the Lindley Bill was almost two to one. Had William Lorimer been present, he might have changed the programme; but, having given his Speaker orders for the day, he awaited results at his hotel. No one having authority was there.

The crisis now came. The Lindley Bill was called on second reading. The Speaker, deathly pale, stood at his desk, gavel in hand. Behind him were several ladies. Massed about his desk were twenty or more strong men prepared to defend him. Mr. Lindley offered his first amendment. The opposition leader moved to lay it on the table. Ninety-six members rose in their seats and shouted, "Roll call! Roll call!" The

Speaker, refusing to hear them, declared the amendment adopted by *viva voce* vote. "You lie!" shouted Representative Allen of the minority. Then amid the utmost confusion and excitement, with the majority members standing on their desks shouting, "Roll call! Roll call!" Mr. Lindley hastily offered his six other amendments. The Speaker, without the formality of reading or a vote, declared them all adopted. Without motion, he also declared the bill passed to its third reading, beyond the reach of further amendments.

It is impossible to describe the scene or to convey an adequate idea of its intensely dramatic interest. The pale and trembling Speaker, protected from flying inkstands by the women placed for that purpose at his back, hastily executed his orders. But he was not thus to escape the utmost personal humiliation. While in the act of declaring the bill passed to a third reading, Representative Burke of Chicago, unsupported, made a rush for him, only to be roughly thrown to the floor. This was the extent of the so-called "riot" in the House. There was a rush of members to the support of Burke; but the cowardice of the Speaker averted a general fight. The rush of one outraged member was quite enough for him. Without waiting for more, he precipitately fled to his room, declaring that the House had taken a recess until afternoon.

All this took place in much less time than it has taken to describe it. The turmoil and excitement at this point are indescribable. The Speaker's hasty flight led to a quick transformation. Representative Murray of Springfield, standing on his seat near the Speaker's desk, solemnly called the House to order and said: "It appears that the House is without a presiding officer; I move that Mr. Allen of Vermilion be chosen Speaker *pro tem*." The motion carried, Mr. Allen took the deserted chair, and the confusion quickly subsided. Within per-

haps a minute after the Speaker fled, the reorganization was perfected, and a roll call of the House was in progress.

The manner in which the ninety-six members, whose high duty it was to restore constitutional government in Illinois, performed their unexpected task left nothing to be desired. Their action on that memorable day and in the remaining days of the session will forever remain conspicuous among the landmarks on the difficult road to really representative government. There are men in our public life who are not the creatures of the corporations, men who care for something higher than spoils.

The House now proceeded to recall the Lindley Bill from its third reading. When each amendment had been reconsidered and laid on the table, the Senate bill was substituted, and the Lindley Bill became in fact, if not in name, Senate Bill No. 40. Meanwhile the leaders of the majority, in conference in an adjoining committee room, prepared the following preamble and resolution:—

“*Whereas*, The Speaker of this House has by revolutionary and unconstitutional methods denied a hearing in this House on a roll call constitutionally demanded upon measures of grave import, prepared by those not members of this House, and has attempted by the same methods to force the same beyond the point where they can be amended or calmly considered upon their merits,

“*Therefore, be it resolved*, That, until the House records shall show a reconsideration of the action of this House on House Bill No. 864 [Lindley Bill] and all amendments thereto, and shall show the adoption of this resolution, and the House shall be assured of the continuous observance during the remainder of this session of the constitutional right of a roll call on all questions and the due consideration of the business of this House, no further votes be cast upon any pending bill by the members of this

House without a permanent reorganization of this House.”

The foregoing preamble and resolution were thereupon signed by the ninety-six opposition members and spread on the Journal of the House. The Speaker *pro tem.* was also instructed to read it to the Speaker in the presence of the House on his return to the chair. This was done by Mr. Allen with great solemnity that afternoon. Whereupon the House took a recess, during which the Speaker conferred with Mr. Lorimer, Mr. Hinman, the Governor, Mr. Lindley, and a few others. Upon his reappearance he presented the following written statement to the House:—

“I have been approached at different times by parties who intimated to me that I could make money by allowing a roll call on what is known as the Mueller Bill or permitting its passage. I do not know whether the parties making the statements were authorized to make them or not, but the statements having been made to me, and some of them recently, fully convinced me that there was something wrong with this effort on the part of outside parties to push this bill. For this reason, I denied the roll call, and have stood firm on this proposition up to the very limit. A majority of the House having signified their desire to have a roll call on this proposition, I wash my hands of the entire matter, and will permit a roll call to be had.”

Thereupon Mr. Rinaker, the able leader of the majority, promptly moved the appointment by the Speaker himself of a committee of five members to investigate his charges. Upon Mr. Rinaker's suggestion it was determined that no action should be taken on traction or any other important legislation pending the investigation of the charges made by the Speaker reflecting on the House, and that the time of adjournment, already agreed upon, should be postponed as long as might be necessary for a thorough investigation of the charges, and for the

consideration thereafter of the pending street railway measures.

The next morning the press contained a statement from Governor Yates, in which he said:—

“As to Speaker Miller's action in opposing a roll call on the Mueller Bill, . . . I am glad to have the opportunity to say that I believe him to be a brave and honest man, pursuing the only course such a man can pursue under the circumstances. . . . I repeat, that I believe that in opposing what he believed to be corruption, his action is honest and brave, and entitles him to the thanks of every good citizen of Illinois.”

The following morning Representative Schlagenhauf of the majority called the attention of the House to a recent editorial published by Mr. Hinman in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, which was in part as follows: “And the boodle is ready. And it is in use. And some members already have been bought. And others are negotiating for it. . . . Can money buy the Forty-Third General Assembly of the State of Illinois?” Thereupon the House voted to call Mr. Hinman before its bar to give such information as he might have in support of his charges. Afterwards the House referred this matter to the investigating committee. The Speaker in appointing the committee passed over Mr. Rinaker, placing on it members a majority of whom it was feared could be depended upon to make a whitewashing report. Thereupon Representative Darrow of Chicago, after a hasty consultation, moved to amend by adding six names of leading members, including Mr. Rinaker. This motion was carried on roll call.

This committee on April 30 made its report, finding in part as follows:—

“1. That the evidence produced before us does not establish any real attempt to corruptly influence the action of the Speaker of this House.

“2. That there was no reasonable or substantial ground for the editorial en-

titled ‘Boodle,’ published in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* on April 21, 1903, and recited in the resolution introduced by Representative Schlagenhauf; and that the charges therein contained, and as specified further in the testimony of Mr. Hinman, were wholly without truth or foundation as to any member or officer of this House, so far as we have been able to discover. Your committee feels it due to it to say, in view of the publication by Mr. Hinman of his statement read before it, that it regarded the ‘rumors’ so frequently referred to by him, and the jocular remarks attributed to members and others, as utterly unworthy of notice, and the charges reflecting upon citizens of Chicago, employed or selected to represent it, who, in the opinion of your committee, deservedly stand high in the estimation of its best citizens, as wholly outside the purposes of this investigation. It also, in the light of the evidence before it, upon the specific charges made by him, placed no credence upon any of his charges of improper conduct or motives upon their part in connection with the subject of this investigation.”

The report of the committee was adopted by a unanimous vote of the House on roll call. Messrs. Lorimer and Hinman, at the close of Mr. Hinman's testimony before the committee, had left Springfield, not to return during the session. Upon the adoption of the report of the committee, the House by unanimous vote directed its Municipal Committee to report Senate Bill No. 40. Mr. Lindley at once complied, and the bill was promptly passed, with certain amendments proposed and accepted by the representatives of the city, by both houses. It went to the Governor the day before final adjournment. He promptly called on the Attorney-General for an opinion as to its constitutionality, meanwhile requesting both houses of the General Assembly not to adjourn until he had had time fully to consider its terms. The Attorney-General on the last night of the

session gave his opinion to the effect that the constitutional objections to the measure were not well founded. The friends of the bill in both houses, believing that to comply with the Governor's request would lead to a veto, and that if the whole responsibility was thrown on him he would approve it, adjourned *sine die*.

The Governor took the full ten days allowed by the Constitution to determine whether to veto or sign the bill. After two public hearings, and after receiving much advice, both public and private, he finally on the last day approved it with extreme reluctance. How difficult it was for him to do so appears from the memorandum explaining his action, which he filed with the Secretary of State. In that remarkable document, he said:—

"I would veto this bill, were it not that I have great confidence in the City Council of 1903, and great confidence in the people. . . .

"It has been urged against this bill by the one man in Illinois who was so courageous as to argue for its veto after it was passed . . . that this bill was passed under the whip and spur of a few newspapers in the city of Chicago. This is true. Worse than that, it was passed by default in the Senate and by riot in the House. Intimidation of every possible kind has been resorted to, and within the ten days during which the Governor has the right, under the wise and wholesome and hitherto unquestioned veto power of the Constitution, to consider and examine a bill, these same newspapers have endeavored to complete their usurpation of governmental functions—their 'govern-

ment by newspapers'—by ridiculing and abusing the executive.

"I approve the bill in spite of this clamor, because the real question is, shall the city councils of cities, and the people and not, has the right thing been brought about in the wrong way?

"I believe that this bill should be vetoed, were the General Assembly in session, and that then either this bill should be amended, or a new bill passed without the faults of this bill."

Thus after six years of strenuous conflict between public and private interests, Senate Bill No. 40 became a law of the State of Illinois. This struggle, if it be as significant as it seems to the writer, means that the employment of private capital in the conduct of the public business has led us to the brink of government by corporations. If the public service corporation is permanently to participate in the public administration, it must submit to public control. Some basis other than that of vested right must be sought for the security of private capital employed in the public business. That, however, is another story.

It is sufficient here to add that present conditions are intolerable. By means of the Act of 1903 the people of Chicago have sought to create conditions that will make the interests of the city and of the companies much more nearly identical, and lead to greatly improved relations, with adequate public control. Conservative men hope that this attempt will succeed. If other solution of the problem be not found, and that speedily, public ownership is inevitable and desirable.

Edwin Burritt Smith.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

STOPS OF VARIOUS QUILLS.

I.

THE present commentator wishes to offer for consideration several books of verse which seem to him to merit more than ordinary attention. It is always interesting to examine a first book of verse by a writer who has won a reputation in prose. Who knows but it may bring us into a new and more intimate relation with an old acquaintance? Who knows — and human nature faces this possibility with almost equal complaisance — but the verse may bring into clear outline certain suspected limitations, and so settle the question once for all. In taking up the first collection of Josephine Daskam's poems,¹ one is struck anew with the remarkable flexibility of her talent. She touches with no little adroitness the stops of various quills; she satisfies the ear with metres and the taste with images. Once or twice she stirs the imagination. In short, she writes excellent verse, most of which seems the product of an inspiration from without. She has written, one surmises, from some motive other than the desire for self-expression; perhaps from a private wish to prove herself possessed of something more than the worldly cleverness upon which her popularity is founded. As a result, her verse, skillful and interesting as it is, lacks personal distinction; it is not her "right-hand mode of expression;" it is not, perhaps, in the very strictest sense, poetry.

This is high ground, but one is excused for taking it by the quality of several other new books of verse which seem to possess both spontaneity and distinction.

¹ *Poems*. By JOSEPHINE DASKAM. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

² *The Singing Leaves*. A Book of Songs and

Young persons still dream dreams of startling the world by some outburst of metrical frenzy which shall write their names upon the skies. Few persons of any age are ready to devote themselves, for better or worse, to "the homely slighted shepherd's trade." Few of us are worthy to be so slighted; we do not deserve the tribute of contempt which the vulgar world is ready to pay to those who brazenly pursue the best. No American writer of verse is now moved by a more sincere poetic impulse than Miss Peabody. Among her lesser qualities is a cleverness which might easily have been employed to win popular success in some of the forms of literature now most sure of a wide, and casual, audience. It has not been cultivated to that end, and the writer's reward is to have produced, in a period during which good versifying has become the rule, not a little true poetry.

As "a book of songs and spells" *The Singing Leaves*² differs in some evident respects from Miss Peabody's former books of verse; but its essential qualities are the same. This is to say that they are the reverse of commonplace. Her poetry has a delicate savor of its own, a mystical sweetness, a purity of ways untrodden and apart, yet not remote from the common field of this our strife. I am almost sorry to have used the word "mystical," lest some brethren of robust sense, who connect the word with a vague condition of inspired foolishness, should mistake my meaning. It means nothing of the sort to me. However simple the diction, one cannot always be sure, on first reading, of the distinct "meaning" of some of Miss Peabody's songs. Very

Spells. By JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

likely there might be difficulty in paraphrasing them; perhaps one might find it hard to reduce them to logical form. Miss Daskam's verses are characterized by the same alert common sense which is the mark of her prose work. Miss Peabody's poems are the product of a sense uncommon and subtle, a divining sense; and whatever appearance of obscurity there may be in its expression is due to the diviner's method of suggesting truth by adumbration rather than by definition. This seems a clumsy way of explaining what is, after all, a sufficiently simple thing. One does not need to have the difference between this Road-Song and a mathematical proposition set forth with diagrams:—

"At home the waters in the grass
Went singing happy words;
But here, they flicker through my hands
As silent as the birds.

"I see a Rose. But once they grew
All thronging, thronging, — wild,
And white, and red, before I came
To be a human child."

Perhaps it is in her "spells" that the poet's sense of intangible relations is most clearly expressed. We may quote only one, a Charm: to be Said in the Sun:—

"I reach my arms up to the sky,
And golden vine on vine
Of sunlight, showered wild and high,
Around my brows I twine.

"I wreath, I wind it everywhere,
The burning radiancy
Of brightness that no eye may dare,
To be the strength of me.

"Come, redness of the crystalline,
Come green, come hither blue
And violet — all alive within,
For I have need of you.

"Come honey-hue and flush of gold,
And through the pallor run,
With pulse on pulse of manifold
New largess of the Sun!

"O steep the silence till it sing!
O glories from the height,
Come down, where I am garlanding
With light, a child of light!"

The latest book of verses by Mr. Yeats¹ does not show an increase of control over his instrument. One has admired the childlike quality of his genius while deploring its occasional lapses into childishness. A poet must for proof of greatness show independence even of his own fancies. Mr. Yeats is often spiritualistic rather than spiritual, vaguely superstitious rather than mystical. How much of his work is the product of creative imagination, how much of indulged whimsy, remains to be determined. In form the present volume is deliberately queer. The printer has been encouraged to use red ink in certain passages which do not seem especially to cry for rubrication. A preface is let fall unexpectedly in the middle of the book. Here and there the sign for "and" is substituted for the word. Is there something symbolic in the usage? Several of the poems seem to mean nothing, and one or two are not recognizably metrical, as, for instance, the lines called *The Arrow*:—

"I thought of your beauty and this arrow
Made out of a wild thought is in my marrow.
There 's no man may look upon her, no man,
As when newly grown to be a woman,
Blossom pale, she pulled down the pale blossom
At the moth hour and hid it in her bosom.
This beauty 's kinder, yet for a reason
I could weep that the old is out of season."

This is rather too much for the old-fashioned ear, which is used to expect that a poem shall be written in some kind of verse and shall make some kind of sense. It is an extreme instance of Mr. Yeats's irresponsible manner. There are many passages of pure poetry in the book:—

"We sat grown quiet at the name of love.
We saw the last embers of daylight die,
And in the trembling blue-green of the sky
A moon, worn as if it had been a shell
Washed by time's waters as they rose and fell
About the stars and broke in days and years."

With such lines for evidence, one must continue to hope that time will prove

¹ *In the Seven Woods.* By W. B. YEATS.
New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

this brilliant writer priest of a true poetic faith, and not merely victim of a minor obsession.

Mr. Yeats is childlike in his lack of humor; to the profane, indeed, humorlessness seems a main quality of these symbolistic people. We are really not ready to be persuaded that the sublime and the ridiculous are precisely the same thing. When Mr. Yeats writes gravely:—

"Michael will unhook his trumpet
From a bough overhead,
And blow a little noise
When the supper has been spread.
Gabriel will come from the water
With a fish tail, and talk
Of wonders that have happened
On wet roads where men walk,"

one must be allowed to think it funny; though one may keep his face straight as he does before a child whose speech is equally ingenuous and cryptic.

II.

There is no mysticism in Gawayne and the Green Knight,¹ and there is a great deal of humor. It is, in fact, an agreeable reversion to a type of poetry now little cultivated. The present reviewer confesses that he sighed over the title, expecting to find some aerated treatment of the familiar Arthurian material. A glance at the first page relieved his mind at once. "Bless me!" he murmured, rubbing his eyes, "couplets!"—

"My tale is ancient, but the sense is new,—
Replete with monstrous fictions, yet half
true;—

And, if you'll follow till the story's done,
I promise much instruction, and some fun."

The promise is kept. The story shall not be told here. One might say that the style combines something of the mellowness of Holmes with the airy familiarity of Byron; but it is not especially graceful, after all, to express admiration of one person in terms of two or three

¹ *Gawayne and the Green Knight*. By CHARLTON MINER LEWIS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

others. Mr. Lewis is not an imitator; his little work bears all the marks of spontaneity. It belongs to a school of English poetry older and clearly more indigenous than that of Mr. Yeats; a school of which the first and greatest master is Chaucer. For a brief sample of its quality we may quote the description of the heroine:—

"Her face was a dim dream of shadowy light,
Like misty moonbeams on the fields of night,
And in her voice sweet Nature's sweetest tunes
Sang the glad song of twenty cloudless Junes.
Her raiment,—nay; go, reader, if you please,
To some sage Treatise on Antiquities,
Whence writers of historical romances
Cull old embroideries for their new-spun fan-
cies;

I care not for the trivial, nor the fleeting.
Beneath her dress a woman's heart was beat-
ing

The rhythm of love's eternal eloquence,
And I confess to you, in confidence,
Though flowers have grown a thousand years
above her,

Unseen, unknown, with all my soul I love her."

Mr. Zangwill's verses² are modern, and, as a whole, impressive. They possess the poignant racial note which has given the key to his best prose work. Few among the inspired sons of Israel have concerned themselves so frankly and forcibly with the issues of Zion. There are, to be sure, many bits of verse in the present volume which, unless as they remind us of Heine, seem the work of a poet, and not especially of a Hebrew poet:—

"Of woman and wine, of woods and spring,
And all fair things that be,
The poets have sung, of everything:
What is there left for me?
Why, songs of thee."

But the poems which strike deepest are those which express the poet's sombre fidelity to the truth of that racial fate in which his own fate is involved. Mr. Zangwill has never shrunk from recording the sordidness as well as the grandeur of the Hebrew character.

² *Blind Children*. By ISRAEL ZANGWILL. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1903.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be expressed in the verses which he calls simply Israel : —

"Hear, O Israel, Jehovah, the Lord our God is One,
But we, Jehovah, his people, are dual and so undone.

"Reeling before every rowdy, sore with a hundred stings,
Clothed in fine linen and purple, loved at the courts of Kings.

"Faithful friends to our foemen, slaves to a scornful clique,
The only Christians in Europe, turning the other cheek.

"Priests of the household altar, blessing the bread and wine,
Lords of the hells of Gomorrah, licensed keepers of swine.

"Blarneying, shivering, crawling, taking all colors and none,
Lying a fox in the covert, leaping an ape in the sun.

"Tantalus — Porteus of peoples, security comes from within;
Where is the lion of Judah? Wearing an ass's skin!"

This is vigorous speech, bitter speech; for there is nobody more loyal to the ideals of his race than the speaker.

Not a few of the poems possess an almost classical grace and finish. Here is one of the best of them : —

"Silly girl! Yet morning lies
In the candor of your eyes,
And you turn your creamy neck,
Which the stray curl-shadows fleck,
Far more wisely than you guess,
Spite your not-unconscious dress.
In the curving of your lips
Sages' cunning finds eclipse,
For the gleam of laughing teeth
Is the force that works beneath,
And the warmth of your white hand
Needs a God to understand.
Yea, the stars are not so high
As your body's mystery,
And the sea is not so deep
As the soul in you asleep."

¹ *The Eastward Road.* By JEANNETTE BLISS GILLESPIE. New York: James Pott & Co. 1903.

Miss Gillespie's bent is reflective rather than impassioned, and finds an especially happy expression in the measured phrase and balanced structure of the classical forms of English verse.¹ Possibly her tendency toward didacticism is a little too strongly marked, but that is a fault easily to be detected in other people; and it is something like ingratitude to animadvert upon an impulse which can produce such a quatrain as this : —

"O clear-eyed daughter of the gods, thy name?" —

Gravely she answered, 'I am called Success.'
'The house, the lineage, whence thy beauty came?' —

'Failure my sire; my mother, Weariness.'

But classical versification is also, in the right hands, an instrument for the expression of impassioned feeling which none of the modern exuberant forms have excelled. So pure a technique as Mr. Watson's, applied to the expression of so pure a passion, could hardly fail to make his verses, "written during estrangement,"² unusually impressive. The very restraint which his chosen medium imposes upon him is to the ultimate advantage of his poetry. If Mr. Kipling was the laureate of imperialism during the Boer war, Mr. Watson was the laureate of England; and this, in after years, when *The Absent-Minded Beggar* and other popular doggerel of the sort is forgotten, England will not be slow to feel. What is there in such verse as this, unless the prick of truth, to have aroused a popular clamor of resentment? —

"When lofty Spain came towering up the seas
This little stubborn land to daunt and quell,
The winds of heaven were our auxiliaries,
And smote her, that she fell.

"Ah, not to-day is Nature on our side!
The mountains and the rivers are our foe,
And Nature with the heart of man allied
Is hard to overthrow."

² *For England: Written During Estrangement.* By WILLIAM WATSON. New York and London: John Lane. 1903.

The popular clamor did, as we know, arise. If the poet had written blatant nonsense about the Briton's Duty to Strike for his Altar and his Birthright, his verse would have been accepted as quite suitable for the occasion. His position needs no further defense than is given by his own noble lines, *On Being Styled "Pro-Boer:"* —

"Friend, call me what you will: no jot care I:
I that shall stand for England till I die.

England! The England that rejoiced to see
Hellas unbound, Italy one and free;
The England that had tears for Poland's doom,
And in her heart for all the world made room;
The England from whose side I have not
swerved;

The Immortal England whom I, too, have
served,

Accounting her all living lands above,
In Justice, and in Mercy, and in Love."

Surely this is worthy to be set among the "noble numbers" of old England.

III.

Signs increase of a tendency on the part of our verse writers to approach the dramatic form. Miss Daskam's volume ends with a dramatic sketch in blank verse which is, perhaps, the best thing in the book. Mr. Yeats's collection includes a fresh play for his new Irish stage, — apparently (how can a plain person be sure?) only another leaf out of Maeterlinck. There are, moreover, since last accounts, several new volumes of metrical plays upon the market, only two of which can be mentioned here.

The first¹ is especially interesting because in presenting "five modern plays in English verse," the author is actually trying to interpret the present moment in blank verse; and she comes very near success, nearer, perhaps, than any one else has come. The three briefer numbers can hardly be called plays, but they are extremely good poetic dialogues, and one of them, at least (*At the Goal*)

is, with all its brevity, not only dramatic, but tragic. One is not sure that the two longer pieces should have been cast in verse at all. Perhaps it is simply their novelty which one resists; I am inclined to think there is a real incongruity between their substance and their form. It is hardly possible to doubt that the author has found her key-note in *Sudermann*, and *Sudermann* is essentially a prose interpreter of life. There is plenty of human intensity in his plays, but no precipitation of immortal passion. Like Ibsen, he studies conditions and types; the record of his observations is a marvel, but it is not poetry. In Miss Monroe's two plays we find similar materials. Each of them presents a pregnant psychological episode in the lives of a group of persons; and there is nothing in either situation which prose could not have taken care of. Such, after several careful readings and some serious thought, is my unwilling conclusion with regard to the absolute merit of these interesting studies.

Mr. Torrence's play² is both less novel and less questionable in quality. It is tragic both in substance and in form. Its theme has the inestimable advantage of possessing already a hold upon the imagination of the general; an advantage which great dramatic poets from *Æschylus* to *Shakespeare* have sedulously pursued, and which the best of their successors down to Mr. Stephen Phillips have continued to pursue. Mr. Torrence has, like Mr. Phillips, successfully avoided the Shakespearean manner. How difficult a feat this is can hardly be understood by those who disbelieve in the existence of a poetic diction. Observing the usage rather than the theory of Wordsworth, we perceive that every age has its noble and familiar forms of speech; and the poet's only folly is to fail of recognizing the loftier instrument

¹ *The Passing Show*. By HARRIET MONROE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

² *El Dorado*. By RIDGELY TORRENCE. New York and London: John Lane. 1903.

which, in his own day, is ready to his hand. This is the variety of folly which produces pseudo-Elizabethan plays and plays in modern colloquial verse.

Mr. Torrence's play is dignified and original. He does not altogether discard old forms, but he does not slavishly follow them. The Prologue and Epilogue are so admirable that one wishes to quote them entire. This much, at least, we may give from the Prologue:—

"*Shadow.* Into this world where Life is born
of Light

I, Shadow, have been sent to bring you peace,
To make you wise; within my tragic themes,
Lost Love, A Sullen Will, Dead Hope and
Dread,

You shall find balm, pleasant with secret nard
To heal your discontent, for all men know
That he for whom noon's brightest radiance
glows

Is he who waked and shuddered at midnight.

The gold, five-keyed Elizabethan horn
Shall be for us the soothing instrument.
Then for the tale's sake I do kneel for help,
To sky-browed Æschylus, who, down the years,
Mourns deeply through a sterner, briefer shell,
Making men hear the eagle wheel and shriek
Round the sea rock on which all hope lay
bound."

There is no mistaking the firm, sustained touch of these verses; and their promise is not belied in the drama which follows. If the characterization were of as rare quality as the theme and the verse, the play would be great indeed. Just at that point in the poet's effort there seems a little suggestion of strain. Beatrice d'Estrada is admirable, but Perth and Coronado, the leading male characters, are not altogether free from that overt appeal to the sympathies which is a known property of melodrama. The dialogue is, for the most part, rapid and compact, and the action, while it does not attempt to preserve the unities, is dramatically true and complete. We ought to be grateful for so pure a product in dramatic poetry from the hand of an American.

¹ *Platonism in English Poetry of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.* By JOHN SMITH

In the end, one finds that the study of these contrasting experiments in poetic drama has served simply to reaffirm an ancient article of faith. No great dramatic poetry, no great epical poetry, has ever dealt with contemporary conditions. Only the austere processes of time can precipitate the multitude of immediate facts into the priceless residuum of universal truth. The great dramatists have turned to the past for their materials, not of choice, but of necessity. Here and there in the dark backward and abysm of time, some human figure, some human episode, is seen to have weathered the years, and to have taken on certain mysterious attributes of truth; and upon this foundation the massive structure of heroic poetry is builded.

H. W. Boynton.

ONE envies Mr. Harrison the many months of earnest study which must have gone to the making of his account of Platonism in English Poetry.¹ To walk familiarly, when one is young, with the ideal forms of Beauty, Truth, and Goodness which loom over the pages of Plato, and ennoble by their presence so many fine English poems, is to insure genial and humane thinking when years shall have brought the philosophic mind. Yet the wisdom of allowing such delightful studies to be erected into a volume is not so clear. Indeed, the book seems to fall between the academic and literary stools. "Its method," says Mr. Harrison, "is purely critical. It has not attempted to treat the subject from the standpoint of the individual poet, but has tried to interpret the whole body of English poetry of the period under survey as an integral output of the spiritual thought and life of the time." Unluckily the "purely critical" method is not justified in the result. The book is disabled for both

HARRISON. New York: The Columbia University Press. (The Macmillan Co.) 1903.

the scholarly and the general reader by lack of perspective and of definition. Spenser and John Norris are mentioned in the same breath, despite the century of changing ideals between them. Henry More, an interesting man, but one of the most lamentable of poets, is made to bulk as large as Sidney; yet Joseph Beaumont, the 40,000 lines of whose *Psyche* was one vast fabric of Platonism, is not mentioned at all. Save in the preface, nothing is said of those Continental forces from which English Platonism can never be disentangled, and there is no account at all of any of those personal groups and influences on which the actual life of any Platonism has always depended. To a purely critical book the lack of definition is a more serious drawback. No clear distinction is made between the theoretical and almost systematic Platonism which appeared in the poetry of the period, and the more intimate Platonism of mood which has never been absent from the poetic temperament; nor is any line of cleavage laid down between Platonism proper, and Cabbalism, Cartesianism, Rosicrucianism, Catholic mysticism, and the hundred other isms too tedious to mention, which engaged the men of those moody and unquiet times. It is a pity that so much detraction must be made from an earnest book which contains many interesting poetical extracts, some pages of excellent expository writing, and a useful bibliography, yet it is important that persons having authority in such matters should consider the dangers which beset the belletristic student when he ventures upon the strange seas of philosophic thought.

An interesting volume for collateral reading with Mr. Harrison's book is Mr. Cooke's anthology of Transcendental poetry.¹ It is a workmanlike compilation made with information and taste. It

¹ *The Poets of Transcendentalism*. Edited by GEORGE WILLIS COOKE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903

presents a striking racial embodiment of the Platonic mood in poetry, and offers some curious points of similarity and opposition to the specimens of Platonizing poetry furnished by Mr. Harrison. The Transcendental poets themselves would have disclaimed the analogy; for Platonism was but a drop in the vast bucket of their omniscience. They accepted the universe, and all one to them were

"The grand and magnificent dreamers;
The heroes and mighty redeemers;
The martyrs, reformers, and leaders;
The voices of mystical Vedas."

Yet considering their poetry as a finished product, its spiritual sense of life — its constant sense of the unity and sempiternity of beauty — makes it more comparable to the body of English Platonic poetry than to any similar body of verse in the world, not excepting the flights of the German Transcendental lyre. On the other hand, the racy, indigenous quality of the verse which Mr. Cooke has collected makes a difference as striking as the likeness. Where the typical Platonizing poem is florid with imagery drawn from the beauties of sky and meadow and the female sex, the typical Transcendental poem is as scrawny and pungent as a rock-rooted pine. Indeed, poetic Transcendentalism seems almost the cult of the pine; and there are few stanzas, and fewer poems, in Mr. Cooke's books, that do not allude to it. We hear a great many such ejaculations as this: —

"O tall old pine! O gloomy pine!
O grim gigantic gloomy pine!
What is there in that voice of thine
That thrills so deep this heart of mine?"

Yet there is as fine poetic impressiveness in the poet's suggestion that in the sighing of the pines he catches a sound of

"The soul's unfathomable sea,
The ocean of eternity,"

as in Vaughan's

"I saw eternity the other night
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light."

In both the English Platonics and the American Transcendentalists there was a growing tendency toward artificiality ; the lesser men constantly tended to accept as mere current counters the phrases and images which the leaders had used to express real emotions and sincere thoughts. In the long run the Transcendentalists fall far behind the Platonists not only in the music and color of their verse, but in *élan* and suggestiveness as well. Yet when it becomes a question of which set of poets concealed the ink-horn more successfully the advantage goes the other way. The Platonist poets were largely young men in libraries or courts or tap-rooms, and most of them died young. The Transcendental poets were of both sexes ; they seem, when out of the pulpit or parlor, to have been walking woodland roads. We discover from Mr. Cooke's biographical notes that few of them failed to weather threescore and ten, while many of them — half a century after the flowering of their school — still survive at an even more advanced and honorable old age.

F. G.

WE do well to cherish the remains, whether recorded or legendary, of our Colonial phase. It is pleasant to feel that, with all our youthfulness as a nation, we have a local past of some venerableness. It did not express itself in any form of art, but we have ceased to take for granted on this account that Virginian life was all laxity and unintelligence, or Puritan life all primness and fanaticism. Fiction has done much of late to invest the Colonial period with a romantic glamour ; but our new sense of its mellowness and completeness we owe rather to the diligence which keeps unearthing and classifying old chronicles, town records, legal documents, journals, and letters.

To this useful order belong our two

¹ *The Romance of Old New England Churches.* By MARY C. CRAWFORD. Boston : L. C. Page & Co. 1903.

books.¹ The reader who has an eye for such chronicles will remember Miss Crawford's recent *Romance of Old New England Roof-Trees*. It was a much less sentimental book than its title led one to suppose, a piece of simple, clear, readable annal-writing. The present book is of the same sort. In this case, also, the title fails to suggest the exact nature of the contents. The narrative concerns itself little with the history of churches, though here and there interesting data are presented in compact form, in connection, for instance, with King's Chapel, the Old South Church, Old Trinity, and other churches as old though less widely known. But the book will not be mainly acceptable for its data. The chapters, most of them, chronicle the varied lives of certain members of the old ecclesiastical aristocracy of New England. It is pleasant to note how much more satisfaction the writer takes in dealing with the experiences of Elizabeth Whitman or Esther Edwards or Samuel Sewall, than in recording the history of church organizations, sites, and edifices. Her treatment of these themes is historical rather than literary. She does not fail to suggest her interpretation of the incidents which she records, but her main purpose is to make the record ; yet, as is not uncommonly the reward of such an effort, the literary quality of her work is the sounder for being less fanciful.

Old Paths and Legends of New England is a much more bulky and compendious book. It is, indeed, a little too bulky and heavy to serve, as it might otherwise admirably serve, as a way-book for Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire. The large number of illustrations are responsible for its size and weight ; but they need not be ashamed of the responsibility. They are as good pictures as can be made by the reproduction of good photographs, and

Old Paths and Legends of New England. By KATHARINE M. ABBOTT. New York and London : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

are really a valuable supplement to the text. Each chapter deals with some historic town, concisely, yet not mechanically, matters of guidebook information being relegated to a separate note under the heading "Landmarks." The text is spirited and intelligent. It contrives, in presenting many facts, to preserve their value in perspective, and, a more difficult thing, to suggest the emotion inherent in old places and structures which, only less convincingly than the written word, embody the past for us. A New Englander may harbor a prejudice against sightseeing and still be unable to lay down this book without an impulse to look up some of the ancient haunts, which, it reminds one, lie well within a Sabbath day's trolley of the home-spot. This is to say that the volume is particularly worth the care of the pilgrim from Chicago or Oklahoma who wishes to do the East and not be done by it.

The reasonable and sympathetic spirit in which the author has undertaken her task is well suggested by the opening sentences of her Preface: "Once upon a time it might have been said, 'Who knows an American town?' . . . Some

travellers thought we were too young to be interesting; others, in the words of the Old Play, directed their search 'to farthest Ind in search of novelties,' blinking owl-like at 'ten thousand objects of int'rest wonderful' before their very thresholds, and even the most indefatigable lovers of America became discouraged by difficulties in the way of travelling almost insurmountable. The American found it a far more simple affair to journey with the immortals from Loch Katrine to Mont Blanc than to follow the course of Whittier's Merri-mack with its sheaf of legends from source to sea. To-day . . . our history-loving countryman, with his favorite volume in his pocket, may step down by the wayside from the wheel, the electric car, or automobile, and explore some little stream to the spot where the grist-mill's wheel turns still, and, in the hand-made nails of a primitive garrison, live over again, as it were, his great-great-grandfather's experiences."

With such a traveler this volume might well be a chosen favorite. It will not go into his pocket, but perhaps a lighter and more compact edition may follow.
H. W. B.

THE MEANING OF RHODE ISLAND.¹

"THE meaning of Rhode Island" implies a problem, the solution of which is attempted in every comprehensive work on American history, but which still re-

mains a problem to those who are trying to understand the past and the present of this puzzling little commonwealth. The circumstances which led to the founding

¹ *Rhode Island, its Making and its Meaning, 1636-1683.* By IRVING BERDINE RICHMAN, with an Introduction by JAMES BRYCE. Two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1902.

State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations at the End of the Century. A history [by CLARENCE SAUNDERS BRIGHAM] edited by EDWARD FIELD. Three volumes. Boston and Syracuse: Mason Publishing Company. 1902.

Correspondence of the Colonial Governors of Rhode Island, 1723-1775. Edited by GERTRUDE SELWYN KIMBALL, for the Colonial Dames of America in Rhode Island. Two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

Harris Papers [with an Introduction by IRVING B. RICHMAN and Notes by CLARENCE S. BRIGHAM]. Collections of the Rhode Island Historical Society, X. Providence. 1902.

of the colony, and the conditions under which it developed during the second quarter of the seventeenth century, were most exceptional. To no other American community were offered such opportunities for experimenting with the theories of democratic government, along the lines in which progress has been made toward freedom for the individual and power for the body politic. Bancroft, picturing the development of the nation with the eye of a painter seeking the general effect, and Charles Francis Adams, sketching the details with realistic accuracy, alike see in Rhode Island the original suggestion for more of the ideas which are embodied in the present scheme of government for the United States than in any other of its constituent parts. Such a reputation demands that the history of this state shall be made known, so as to reveal why these ideas originated there, how they were experimented with, and what led to their ultimate acceptance by the nation.

The annals of Rhode Island's formative years have been set forth with abundance of detail, and their record shows clearly that the men who projected the first settlements on Narragansett Bay fully appreciated their opportunities. They deliberately prepared the foundations for a society in which the members might enjoy the utmost individual liberty in civil and social as well as in religious affairs. It is such a society as exists to-day, more than anywhere else, in the United States of America; which was made possible, and which was on the verge of coming into being, in the settlements at Providence and Aquidneck in 1640. The story of those two commu-

nities during the five years preceding that date is in many respects unsurpassed in interest or importance by any equal period of Colonial history. It has received from historical writers the attention it so fully merits. No community, however, and least of all an independent commonwealth, is entitled to be judged by a single half decade of its career. The friends of "Little Rhody" are far from asking for any such limitation of judgment. The temptation is nevertheless very strong for the historian to look at the succeeding years through the halo created by the ideas which dominated that formative period. Even Mr. Richman, searching for the truth with the broad outlook of a dweller on the prairies beyond the Mississippi, is carried by the impulse of the idyllic beginnings through half a century of rancorous squabbles over land and bloody altercations about cattle, of bitter theological recrimination and hypocritical neglect of social safeguards. Rhode Island's part in the making of the United States is less significant than is her contribution to the more important history of human society; and the meaning of this must be sought in the periods beginning where it would be more agreeable to leave the story of colony and state.

Rhode Island has suffered because of the reputation given her by writers who have formed their opinions without taking into account two essential factors, — the development of similar ideas contemporaneously in other parts of the world, and the relation between what her people have said and what they have done. Roger Williams was in a remarkable degree, to quote Mr. Richman's admirable

The Fourth Paper presented by Major Butler, with other Papers edited and published by Roger Williams in London, 1652. With an Introduction by CLARENCE SAUNDERS BRIGHAM. Providence: The Club for Colonial Reprints. 1903.

The Early Records of the Town of Providence, Vol. XVII. Town Papers, 1682-1722. Providence: Record Commissioners. 1903.

The Early Records of the Town of Portsmouth,

edited by the librarian of the Rhode Island Historical Society [C. S. BRIGHAM]. Providence, for the State. 1901.

The Dorr War, or the Constitutional Struggle in Rhode Island. By ARTHUR MAY MOWRY. Providence: Preston & Rounds. 1901.

The Finances and Administration of Providence. By HOWARD KEMBLE STOKES. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1903.

phrase, "the exponent in America of the time-spirit of Toleration." Mr. Brigham, the librarian of the state Historical Society, in his essay on a tract which Williams published in London in 1652, presents abundant evidence to prove that the founder of Rhode Island was one of a large company of Englishmen, — undoubtedly well-nigh the foremost among them, — with Milton and Cromwell and a score of others, who believed as thoroughly as he did in the right of all men to have their own opinions regarding the best way of worshipping God. The others realized, as Williams, despite his exceptional opportunities for observing the theory in practice, apparently never realized, that most people in 1650 were not sufficiently sure of their own opinions to disregard in every-day life the opinions of their neighbors. Roger Williams also failed to perceive that the Englishmen who joined him in settling Rhode Island were among those most deeply imbued with the "time-spirit," and that they, better than he, understood its full import. Mr. Richman shows with much skill that it was not Williams, but the general body of settlers, their ideas shaped by constant friction, who developed the practical conception of individual freedom for opinions regarding social and political, as well as religious matters. A great deal of gratitude is due to the founders of Rhode Island who put these ideas, which had been agitating men's minds all over Europe for a hundred years, to the test of actual experiment. The experience and the example of Rhode Island were kept constantly in mind by those who were responsible for the administration of the neighboring colonies, and they, and the nation which they founded, profited inestimably by the lessons taught by Rhode Island.

It is surprising that Mr. Richman, keenly in touch as he is with contemporary tendencies in historical study, did not take advantage of his opportunity to

depart from the traditional notion that the ideas of the founders constitute the substance of Rhode Island's history. The theories practiced by Roger Williams and his fellow settlers make up an important chapter in the record of the evolution of religious, political, and social ideas. It is a chapter to which Mr. Richman contributes some noteworthy additions, chief of which is his explanation of what became of Williams, theologically, after his brief mental sojourn with the Baptists. The passages by which he is traced to the Seekers, a sect among whom he became a leader in the quest for something believable, are among the best in Mr. Richman's many brilliant pages. But the true meaning of Rhode Island, its important contribution to the history of institutions and of society, is to be found, not in these ideas, but in the use which has been made of them. Rhode Island had a start incomparably more favorable for the development of democratic institutions than any other of the communities out of which has grown this freest of republics. She has still a reputation for freedom in speech and action beyond any of her neighbors. It is, according to the repeated statements of the man whom the people of the state have elected to be their governor, the freedom which tends to license and libertinism. These statements, and the current daily news from Rhode Island, are curiously significant commentary upon two facts in her earliest history. Providence organized itself into a government absolutely without control, restraint, or guidance from beyond its own narrow limits, and such control as its neighbors undertook to impose was successfully rejected. Newport, organized under similar external conditions, began its career by selecting as its first governor one of the richest men of his time in English America. Students of society and of political organization are fairly entitled to information regarding the way in which the existing

state of affairs has developed out of the seed planted by Roger Williams, William Coddington, and Samuel Gorton. The chapters of Rhode Island history which need to be written will deal with the periods associated with the names of William Harris and John Clarke, the governors Wanton, Hopkins, and Ward, and Thomas W. Dorr. Material additions to an understanding of each of these periods have recently been made, and more will follow when the long-expected work of Mr. Sidney S. Rider appears, wherein there are likely to find expression more of the distinctive characteristics of Rhode Island than in anything that has yet been printed.

Rhode Island is essentially a problem in social organization. Its beginnings, unprecedented in ideals and opportunities, were sadly like those of other frontier settlements in personnel. As the growth of the surrounding colonies shut it in, the aggressive qualities developed by frontier responsibilities disappeared. Rhode Island after a few years became a sort of back water, an eddy into which was gathered the flotsam cast off by the main current of New England life. A large proportion of the population of Rhode Island in its earlier days appears to have been made up of those who had not succeeded in making a place for themselves in the other colonies. Harris, described by Williams as "an impudent Morris dancer in Kent," who, under a very ragged "cloak of separation, got in with myself," was doubtless a fair specimen of the crowd that flocked toward the new settlements at Providence and Portsmouth. At Portsmouth, where the followers of Mistress Hutchinson built the first houses on the island at the mouth of Narragansett Bay, the unruly ne'er-do-wells became so large a majority that most of the first-comers, who had been men of substance and standing in Boston, withdrew and chose new homes for themselves at the less fertile Newport. In Providence, the lawless

members of the community, who refused to vote taxes and resisted execution of the decrees of town meeting with bludgeon and flint-lock, were driven out after a bitter struggle, to resettle down the bay toward Warwick, or deep in the Pawtuxet woods.

Newport, settled by men of property, and so situated that unusual diligence was necessary to secure a livelihood, soon became a prospering seaport. It is, in consequence, Newport which represents Rhode Island in external dealings throughout the pre-Revolutionary period. This fact is made very clear by the two volumes of letters to and from the governors and the agents who represented the colony in London, edited by Miss Kimball, for the Colonial Dames of America in Rhode Island. These volumes are like a breath of Newport's own refreshing sea air to the reader who turns their pages after a sitting with the town meeting records of disputes about land and cattle, of bastardy and divorce, tax-dodging and log-rolling, and the other details which engrossed the local Solons. The mercantile interests of Newport controlled the Colonial administration down to the middle of the eighteenth century, and even after the increasing wealth of the northern capital enabled it to compete for the rural vote — the cash price of which was as well known in 1760 as in 1903 — the Newporters continued to direct the policy of the colony in its dealings with the English authorities. The natural result is that the letters of the London agents show that, so far as they were concerned, Rhode Island was very much like the other colonies of New Hampshire and New Jersey. They were alike slow in making payment for long past services, equally liable to sudden and unreasonable contradictions in giving instructions whenever temporary advantages loomed before the Provincial legislators, and equally averse to furnishing data concerning their local commerce and industries. The agents' letters re-

veal a most interesting phase of Colonial life, the importance of which has only come to be recognized since historical students awoke to the fact that the American settlements were an integral portion of the British kingdom, directly affected by European political changes, and vitally concerned with the commercial news from Lisbon, Copenhagen, and Marseilles.

In the commercial and industrial life of Rhode Island lay the hope for its future. Therein was dormant whatever of public spirit the colony possessed. The example of Coddington, scheming to organize a government wherein he might wear all the gold lace, and of Harris, anxious to serve any interest, for or against the colony he had helped to establish, provided he could thereby increase the value of his landed possessions, sank deep into the popular imagination and still dominates the standards of a large part of the community. Public spirit implies education, which means expenditure without immediate visible return, and to this the earlier inhabitants of town as well as country were immovably opposed. Rhode Island was settled by men who were unwilling to pay for the religious teaching desired by a majority of the people among whom they had been living. Most of them possessed each his own religion, sufficient unto himself, and they quickly acquired an indisposition to contributing toward any sort of merely spiritual service for the community as a whole. Public spirit has existed from the beginning, and as commercial prosperity increased it becomes evident more and more frequently against the background of popular indifference regarding posterity. Before the Revolution, Hopkins in Providence and Redwood in Newport established libraries which continue to exert an active influence on the intellectual life of these cities. Manning was guaranteed a living in order that a school might be set up in Warren. Nicholas Brown & Co.

agreed to pay all the bills for erecting the college edifice in Providence, when it became certain that many of the subscribers toward the cost of the building were expecting to evade their obligations. Members of the same firm of "the Four Brothers," when the Boston Port Bill threw the Massachusetts mechanics out of work, engaged them to put up the famous First Baptist Meeting House, "for the worship of God and to hold Commencement in," which is still the pride of Providence. There is to-day no lack of evidence of generous, public-spirited willingness to do everything for the public except trust it politically. The fault is obviously with the people, who do not care about being trusted, doubtless because they do not trust themselves. From the standpoint of the political theorist, the need of Rhode Island to-day, quite as much as when Dorr began his "rebellion," is a modern constitution of democratic government. Practically, this is insignificant in comparison with the need for citizens who care whether their governor closes gambling houses and stops the playing of policy. The "lively experiment" of Roger Williams succeeded for a time because the people who made up his community did not care what other folks thought so long as each could do as he or she liked. It afterwards failed, in the opinion of many, because most persons object to living in the neighborhood of those who are likely to do extremely disagreeable things. The outcome is a commonwealth which is still trying to solve the problem of how to prevent the doing of things that are unpleasant and unprofitable to the body politic, without the use of compelling force. Rhode Island continues to be a very lively experiment, carried on by the lineal and spiritual descendants of Williams and Harris and Gorton and Arnold and John Clarke and Mary Dyer, and the thousands of others who have followed them out from Massachusetts, — and its full meaning is yet to be told.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

To add anything to Mr. Crothers's invaluable plea for the protection of ignorance would seem to be as unfitting as to attach footnotes to Charles Lamb. I shrink from doing it, but a hardened missionary spirit within me makes me yearn that his message should prevail to the largest possible extent. I fear that too many will look upon his delightful achievements in not knowing too much, long for the same freedom and happiness, and then fall back discouraged again into the old ways, as defenseless against knowledge as poor Robert Elsmere was said to have been against the truth.

Mr. Crothers has lifted up the vision. Our hearts have gone out to it and been lifted up to it, but when we came back to the common life again we hardly knew how to go to work to keep the vision permanent. Of the actual disciplines which are to produce in others his own freedom Mr. Crothers has hardly a word to say. He acts as if it were perfectly easy and perfectly feasible for any one to be ignorant, and as if all one has to do is to let himself go. Not so easily, however, does one escape from the lifelong habit of knowledge. It would have been kinder had he furnished us a few hints as to how to begin. I have begun, and should my experience be of use to others it is freely offered.

I was looking about for some good chance to begin over again, and I found it. It was New Zealand. It was the only subject I could think of which could be taken in time. It was the only one which so far had not intruded on me to the point of making ignorance ever after impossible. Without the least intention I had gotten implicated in the China business before I was aware of it, and it is now too late to withdraw. I cannot shake off what I know of China, — it

has gotten a right of way in me, and I am resigned to it. No one knows what I have suffered from the Philippines. Five years ago I should have said that of all things in this world the Philippines were the least likely ever to invade my ignorance, but now I can never hope to shake them off. I shall go through life knowing about the Philippines. I have no use for them, but must act as if I had. Our old religious weekly, which for years had been a faithful protector of ignorance, suddenly capitulated to the enemy and went over. After that we were fortunate to get off with one editorial a week on these distant islands. We now speak of the paper at our house as *The Philippine Weekly*. Occasionally the editor gives us something of the old sort, but it is manifest that he does not like it. Henceforth my mental background is full of unwelcome bolomen and friars and tariffs. Nothing can be done about it now.

But New Zealand is my providential opportunity, and with gratitude I take it. I am determined not to know anything about New Zealand. New Zealand shall have a fair chance. My mistake hitherto has been in supposing that my ignorance would take care of itself, hence I was always endangering it and risking it here and there too carelessly. Now I know that one must watch it with all diligence as too good a thing to be left to chance. Whenever, therefore, I see anything about New Zealand I say to myself, "Now is the time to put your professions and aspirations to the test," and I deliberately turn away. Temptation comes to me in many forms, but I remain resolute. No matter if nearly everybody in our club does know about it, what is that to me? Ignorance ought to cost something. There are weeks in which it seems as if the whole magazine

and newspaper world were in a conspiracy to make New Zealand gain a footing in my soul. At such times I fight it off hour by hour, as the mariner does the storm, and when after a day of it a fine glow suffuses my soul, as I go down to join the family at dinner, they wonder what has happened to me. But, alas, it would be useless to tell them, for such things are best confessed only to "the great congregation." I could never get any of my family to believe that it cost me anything to remain ignorant. They suspect nothing of what I suffer.

Once or twice I have recklessly imperilled all. In a moment of wool-gathering one evening I had allowed a friend of sociological tendencies to get going without noticing what he was about. I was trimming the wick at the time, and when I sat down I found him launched out into a full course of the wonders of New Zealand. I shut my inward ears and professed to be bored, when in reality I was frightened. Finally, I said that I was not interested in New Zealand. A sociological friend needs no more than this to set him going. "What," said he, "are n't you interested in the finest specimen of economic freedom and courage in the world?" "Not a bit," I replied. Then, scornfully, "What *are* you interested in, may I ask?" That particular day I had been dwelling with profound delight upon Charles Lamb's aunt at Calne, whom he had never seen engaged in any more arduous occupation than dropping large beans into a fair basin of cool water, and I confessed it. When he recovered his speech he asked if it was not true, as he had heard, that I once had an uncle living in Australia. This was true, but I cut off this method of approach by telling him of a native in the backwoods of Connecticut who, on hearing that I came from Bangor, said he thought we ought to get on finely together as he was well acquainted up in those parts, having a daughter living in Fitchburg, and

five or six sisters buried in Prince Edward Island.

On another occasion I nearly succumbed to temptation through my innate love of what Dean Stanley called an ecclesiastical curiosity. It was just a line in some paper, which began by stating that in New Zealand there was a movement toward the union of Presbyterians and Congregationalists. There I stopped and painfully examined my resolutions. Had the tempter caught me at last? If it had been a scientific announcement that at last some way had been discovered of blending oil and vinegar, it would have left me without surprise, because I was accustomed to the thought that in nature almost anything was possible; but when it was a case of two kinds of ecclesiastical oil being coaxed into unity, I confess it was a great temptation to go on and know more no matter what happened. But I turned toward another page, and to this day remain guiltless of any knowledge as to the reunion of our brothers in Australia.

What Mr. Crothers speaks of so gently and winningly is heroic business down at the bottom. It demands ways and means coolly planned and relentlessly carried out. I thought to drift pleasantly into it, but found that for me the only way to it was strenuously to let New Zealand remain new. It is only a beginning, yet it has made me feel that I have read the fine essay on The Honorable Points of Ignorance as Augustine advises when he says, "So read that you may deserve to understand."

I AM told concerning one of the plays *The Waning Art of Making Believe*, now running in New York that the piano that appears upon the stage in the third act is a real one, that the silver service is marked sterling, and that the books on the shelves are the literature of the genuine library. I can see for myself that the children who scamper about the play-room in the first act are real children,

and within a year or two of the age for which they are dressed. The acme of realism is achieved in the properties, and if the acting sometimes fails to convince, the background is irreproachable. For my part, I rather like this honest, downright method of creating atmosphere for a play, and I judge that most of my companions among theatre-goers also like it. We have the feeling of the child whose Christmas doll turns out to have in its wardrobe an umbrella and a mackintosh, and a pair of bonafide rubbers to protect its impervious feet. We are conscious of a sense of superiority over our neighbor who attends plays in which wobbling walls are shaken by the slightest tap upon the equally uncertain door, in which the jewels are paste, and the silver is something worse than pewter. Thus it is that we are being trained by those who provide our pleasures to scorn shams and rejoice in the lovely truth. One doubt only is occasionally whispered by the still small voice of my mind in the presence of these aids to sincerity. Are we possibly in danger of losing thereby a very precious possession, our happy faculty for making believe? I remember a servant who came from the lower order of Irish peasantry, and who upon reaching this country was obliged to learn how to walk upstairs. The same atrophy of function has been discovered in children born in apartment houses, and raised and lowered by the public elevator. And then I recall the dolls of my childhood, made out of rags, with mouths indicated by a red cotton thread. They called forth all my power of transmuting prose of fact into poetry of feeling. They may be said to have prepared the way for my becoming in later life that most imaginative of writers, — a biographer. My fancy waxed as sturdy upon their uncompromising surfaces as the puppy gnawing at his *pièce de résistance*, a bone stripped of its meat. I learned from them to use the

concrete as merely a symbol of the abstract, and to work with my mind upon the most uninspiring material. In those days all my world was a stage and I the only player. I composed theatrical performances after the manner of children, in which I was cast for the double rôle of actor and audience. I remember that the scene of one of my tragedies was laid in the arctic regions, and for iceberg and snowy plain I appropriated my grandmother's parlor pier glass with a marble slab at its base. It was the most realistic of my properties.

In after years I went frequently to melodramatic performances, and I found that my practice in making believe stood me in excellent stead. It was nothing to me that the scenic backgrounds were as wrinkled as the brow of old Polonius, and that the solid earth rose and fell like the waves of the sea at any gust of air. The heroine's cotton velvet gown was the emblem of elegance to my initiated mind. There was no disillusionment possible, as the illusion was supplied by my faithful and trained imagination.

Now all this has changed. I have not tried myself on dolls, but the other day after an interval of many years I went again to a melodrama. The theatre teemed with sad and sweet associations. I loved the signs upon the walls warning me that my seat ticket did not include a babe in arms, and that I must not whistle or hang my wraps on the balcony rail. When the good old curtain went up and I saw the noble-hearted sub-hero pacing the stage, inquiring in stentorian tones what he could do to save his friend, I could have wept in an ecstasy of reminiscence. But there for me it ended. As the play advanced I found myself lazy and listless, unwilling to take my part in the performance and translate the whole shabby and superficial show into sound reality and legitimate art. And the fault was not chiefly with the acting; of that I am convinced.

The heroine had her moments of real passion and her expressions of sincerity. Certainly her poor young bones must have ached with the thumping ardor of the swoons which sent her crashing to the floor in every second scene. As for the hero, there were notes in his voice, forced elocutionary notes, that I had heard frequently enough in the little theatre of the piano and the solid silver service. But the "business" of the stage was so stupidly false to life that after a time I ceased even to be amused by it. The scenery was so tawdry that it bored me. The die cast by Irving in his splendid settings had spoiled for me the theatre of my youth. I was like the formal city guest at the friendly country table, — stiffly unaccustomed to reaching and passing, uncomfortably conscious of missing the luxury of service. Certain critics assure me that this is my good fortune, that my taste has been elevated, but I have my moments of indecision when I mourn my ancient knack at making believe.

A PUNSTER is an incipient poet ; a poet **The Punster and the Poet.** may well be a perfected punster. Charles Lamb was the one, William Shakespeare was the other ; and yet the man who makes a pun is relegated to the ranks of those "who would not scruple to pick a pocket." Scorners of the pun have no right to self-congratulation ; rather should they lament their lack of appreciation of a very telling order of genius. If the potential power of the pun-maker were directed along artistic lines he would very soon achieve distinction by reason of a gift desired by all poets, and one that only a poet can properly appreciate.

The link that unites the punster and the poet is neither wit nor worth, but words. These two do not meet in the high realms of imaginative fervor, but on a material, linguistic plane. The poet loves to win from human speech its fullest beauty and significance, he delights in delicate discriminations, he lingers over

melodious and expressive turns of phrase. So, also, does the punster ; is not he, too, *punctilious* in the use of language ?

What is a pun ? It is a perversion of words, a willful interference with the sober meaning of a word or phrase. Lamb said of a certain man, "From his gravity Newton might have deduced the theory of gravitation." In this species of pun we can see the whole relation of poet and punster. The latter has a sensitive ear, he is quick to notice resemblances between sounds, and on the rapidity of his associative powers depends his success. The more exact and close the purely external association of words, the mere skeleton of sound, and the more remote the intellectual content and signification, the greater the incongruity, the more ludicrous the pun.

Was not the instinct for puns, which gives spirit to so much of the literature of the Age of Elizabeth, simply a manifestation of the poetic impulse of the time ? Does it not represent for us one side of the vigorous love of language, that excessive pleasure in music and in harmonious adjustment of letters ? Shakespeare was an inveterate pun-maker, brilliant, euphuistic, delighting in chance allusions and incongruous resemblances. His full and rounded genius did not shrink from verbal nonsense. In King Henry IV. how he carries it to extremes.

Falstaff. . . . And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace, — majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none, —

Prince. What, none ?

Falstaff. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

But the poets who make no puns, who have none of that sensitive affection for pure sound ! Are not our poorest makers of rimes those who pun not ? They have no ear for the softer correspondences, the subtle cadence of the syllable. Cannot the taste for well-sustained rimes be learned from the punster who would censure such lines as these : —

"I saw her upon nearer view
A spirit, yet a Woman too!

A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

Let us withdraw the opprobrium we have been pleased to attach to the punster. Indeed, let us establish a new school of criticism of poetry, and have rightfully associated with the serene lover of wisdom the lover of puns, who has devoted his best and worst service to a *muse*.

SINCE the Atlantic is not illustrated "Handsomely (save in its advertisements) Illustrated." may hope to find place in its uniform pages for my quarrel with the "handsomely illustrated." Being in precarious relations with the editors of illustrated magazines, I prefer to exhibit my views anonymously in the department of Clever-Things-Guess-Who-Wrote-'Em. It is safer sometimes to fight with a mask.

Illustrations include two sorts of pictures, — those which decorate, and those which elucidate. To pure ornaments no one need object; it is proper for any book or magazine to bear designs on the cover, and to contain illuminated initials, tail-pieces, scrolls, swirls, and other fanciful embellishments. My objection is to most pictures the function of which is indicated by the intellectual sense of the word *illustration*.

In a novel of American society I find both in the book and in the numbers of the magazine which offered the story in serial parts a dozen pictures "handsomely illustrating" the text. "She smiled and looked up at him expressively." Half-tone picture of her smile-

removing his hat politely." Half-tone drawing of a brick pavement on which stands a young man with his hat held in his right hand four inches from his hair. In the story this polite incident is recounted by a few words tucked into the narrative. It is a passing detail which the illustrator has raised to the importance of a full page. The young man may be worth looking at, but so he is in that mental picture which the skill of the writer has conjured forth in the mind of the excited reader. Here, again, the illustrator proceeds with no more certain or ample knowledge than the author affords to any human being who reads his words. Indeed, the picture may hinder perfect understanding, for the modern illustrator frequently leaves his author behind, and tracks off into the human wilderness in independent quest of the model young man. The gesture as represented in the picture has no significance; neither has the hat. We all know how hats are removed. If the picture appeared in a book of fashions, published by a merchant tailor, the shape of the hat might increase our grasp of the prevailing styles. Possibly, too, the kind of hat depicted may tell us something of importance by indirect exposition. A silk hat would indicate that the courteous episode took place in the afternoon. An opera hat would fix the time after six o'clock. A derby hat might establish the hour broadly between seven in the morning and five in the afternoon. The significance might be still deeper. A slouch hat would indicate that the story is laid in the South, or that the young man is a college student. But here, again, we should learn only facts which we could

ly. The picture does not convey by such scrupulous study of the text as most of us devote to current fiction. Illustrations have thorough value in exemplifying printed information about unknown things and unusual people. An article on the compass should contain both a diagram of the compass and a good picture of the arrangement of a

give a better manner of rec could get from the illustration ence with the from the text his. "Good

compass on a real ship. A photograph would be best because it would be accurate, and with modern photographic improvements it might be beautiful and interesting in itself. Similarly an essay on Thibet should be illustrated with views of the people, the houses, and the landscape. Likewise some Personal Reminiscences of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln might be accompanied by good portraits of those great men.

In addition, there is value in illustrations of strange and difficult fiction. Suppose an American magazine publishes an expurgated story of modern French life, in which occurs a fight between two of the villains. "‘La-la-la!’ cried Aston, kicking Galphonse deftly behind the ear." This needs an illustration. We do not understand that kind of fighting. The magazine should send to Paris a staff of artists to get valid pictures of typical footfights, and should publish a good picture, carefully studied, whereby we should see with full knowledge and an understanding heart this thrilling encounter and know the technicalities of the contest. The corresponding episode in an American novel of Indiana life would need no picture. "The big fellow was almost laid away by the left hook jab, but negotiated heavily with his right, and landed on the point of Percy Frederick Billington's jaw." No picture is necessary. Every true American, every honest Englishman, would understand that incident at the first flash of the words.

In some other modern stories illustrations are legitimate, especially in realistic fiction, which is so perplexingly unreal. I should like to own an illustrated edition of Henry James for my wife and children. The vague, interthreaded abstractions would, under the touch of a really great illustrator, solidify into visual actualities which any child could apperceive — were he not enfolded by the veil of a temperamental density, were he not of a weakness relating to certain

ocular defects of heredity, which, had he known it, would have deterred him, no doubt, for a time, at least, from essaying with show of hope of success any visual activity whatsoever. The style is easy to write, but difficult to read (*propter hoc*). The illustrator who could depict James's women probably does not exist. If he could be found, what a benefactor would he be of his race and generation.

The whole matter is clear. Decorations should decorate; illustrations should illustrate. Other sorts of pictures reduce a book or a magazine to a mere picture album.

THE Pilgrim Fathers. What words **The Pilgrim Fathers: Their Debt to Us.** these are to conjure with, and how the modern conjurers, historic, literary, and social, have exercised that privilege! From the first epoch of our youth when we are saddened by the recital of that poem which pictures their landing amid "breaking waves" upon a "rock-bound shore" (from which all rocks save one have strangely disappeared), through the times when we are harassed by text-books telling of the forefathers' stay in Holland, and why they failed to do it longer, and on through all the entire Pilgrim's Progress, we are reluctantly conveyed. In after years we focus our attention upon their social, educational, and ethical conditions, and our declining days are punctuated by books regarding them, memorials to them, societies commemorating them under all phases and circumstances.

"Posthumous glory" has been defined as "a revenue payable to our ghosts," and such a revenue we have paid gladly and abundantly to those grim Pilgrim ghosts. We have awarded them a wealth of fame beyond the wildest dreams that their imaginations might have formulated.

We hear much of our debt to these hardy and conscientious pioneers. We have been trained to estimate our present blessings, our country's vast possessions, the land's prosperity, and then to

give thanks to Heaven and to the Pilgrim Fathers.

What is our debt to them?

In the first place, they came here to suit themselves. They were dissatisfied with their surroundings and wanted a land where they could follow their own sweet wills, and be quite free to order others about and make them attend meeting for as many hours at a time as they saw fit. They did not come on our account. If any thought of us entered their minds, it must have been formed upon apologetic lines. They must have realized the problems and perplexities they were bequeathing us, 'helpless posterity. In place of "merry England," arranged, mapped out, and in good running order, we had a wilderness, peopled with savage tribes, in which to demonstrate our right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Gratitude is most fittingly bestowed on those who *intentionally* benefit their kind, and not on those who do it *incidentally* or *accidentally*.

What did the Pilgrim Fathers give us intentionally? Little compared with that which they relinquished for us; even the admirable traits of character which they bestowed were cultivated not on our account, but rather as a kind of fire insurance against an equatorial atmosphere in the hereafter; and then the other traits which formed our small inheritance, they were not much to be desired. That stern intolerance, that torturing New England conscience, that self-repression, that jealous mistrust of simple joy for its own sake; all those and similar possessions were our unasked-for legacy. Is the debt vast or not, on our side?

And how is it on theirs?

What have we done for them? We, who had power to consign them to total oblivion. We have immortalized them; glorified their aims and endeavors. In song and story, in bronze and marble, we have commemorated their most minute

concerns. We have erected innumerable monuments to their memory. Our art and literature are permeated with appreciative tributes to these first comers. No modern cruiser, or ocean greyhound, may ever hope to vie with the fame of that little boat that landed its valuable cargo on Plymouth Rock. We may "remember the Maine" for a brief season only, but we can never forget the Mayflower.

It were too difficult a task to enumerate what we have done for these our Pilgrim ancestors, we whom they introduced to a rough country and then deserted, with small thought of our welfare, leaving us to work out our own salvation through very troublous times. We have done them much credit, and have amply bestowed the same upon them. We have done all that any grateful posterity may do in this free country, where we have not the Chinese prerogative of ennobling our forefathers.

Each year a splendid gathering of members of the New England Society meets in the city of New York to celebrate that chilly and auspicious day which brought the Pilgrim Fathers to these shores. At every such assembly eloquent tones voice our indebtedness to those first immigrants. Is it not time some voices were lifted to proclaim the vastness of the debt which has accumulated upon the Pilgrim Fathers' side?

IN old literature life is compared to a **On Travel-** journey, and wise men rejoice **ing.** to question old men because, like travelers, they know the sloughs and roughnesses of the long road. Men arose with the sun, and toddled forth as children on the day's journey of their lives, and became strong to endure the heaviness of noonday. They strived forward during the hours of early afternoon while their sun's ambition was hot, and now as the heat is cooling they have reached the crest of the last hill, and their road dips gently to the valley where all roads end. And on into the quiet evening, until, at

last, they lie down in that shadowed valley, and await the long night.

This figure has lost its meaning, for we now travel by rail, and life is now expressed in terms of the railway timetable. As has been said, we leave and arrive at places, but we no longer travel. Consequently, we cannot understand the hubbub that Marco Polo must have caused among his townsmen when he swaggered home. He and his crew were bronzed by the sun, were dressed as Tartars, and could speak their native Italian with great difficulty. To convince the Venetians of their identity Marco gave a magnificent entertainment, at which he and his officers received, clad in gorgeous Oriental dresses of red satin. Three times during the banquet they changed their dresses, distributing the discarded garments among the guests. At last, the rough Tartar clothing worn on their travels was displayed and then ripped open. Within was a profusion of priceless jewels of the Orient, the gifts of Kublai Khan of Cathay. The proof was regarded as perfect, and from that time Marco was acknowledged by his countrymen, and loaded with distinction. And it is neither the first time, nor the last, that the flash of wealth has served as a letter of introduction. When Drake returned from the Strait of Magellan, and, powdered, wigged, and beflunkied, told his lies at fashionable London dinners, no doubt he was believed. And his crew, let loose on the beer-shops, gathered each his circle of listeners, drank at his admirers' expense, and yarned far into the night. It was worth one's while to be a traveler in those times.

But traveling has fallen on evil days. The greatest traveler now is the brakeman. Next is he who sells colored cotton. A poor third pursues health and flees from restlessness. Wise men have ceased to question travelers, except to inquire of the arrival of trains and of the comfort of hotels.

To-day I am one thousand miles from

home. From my window the world stretches massive, homewards. Even though I stood on the most distant range of mountains and looked west, still I would look on a world that contained no suggestion of home; and if I leaped to that horizon and to the next, the result would be the same, — so insignificant would be the relative distance accomplished. And here I am set down with no knowledge of how I came. There was a continuous jar and the noise of motion. We passed a barn or two, I believe, and on one hillside animals were frightened from their grazing as we passed. There were cluttered streets of several cities and villages. There was a prodigious number of telegraph poles going in the opposite direction, hell-bent as fast as we, which poles considerably went at half-speed through towns, for fear of hitting children. The United States was once an immense country, and extended quite to the sunset. For convenience we have reduced its size, and made it but a map of its former self. Any section of this map can be unrolled and inspected in a day's time.

In the books the children read is the story of the seven-league boots, wonderful boots, worth a cobbler's fortune. If a prince is escaping from an ogre, if he is eloping with a princess, if he has an engagement at the realm's frontier and the wires are down, he straps these boots to his feet, and strides the mountains and spans the valleys. For with the clicking of the silver buckles he has destroyed the dimensions of space. Length, breadth, and depth are measured for him but in wishes. One wish and perhaps a theatrical snap of the fingers, or an invocation to the devil of locomotion, and he stands on a mountain top, the next range of hills blue in the distance; another wish and another snap and he has leaped the valley. Wonderful boots, these! Worth a king's ransom. And this prince, too, as he travels thus dizzily may remember one or two barns, animals frightened

from their grazing, and the cluttered street of cities nested in the valley. When he reaches his journey's end he will be just as wise and just as ignorant as we who now travel by rail in magic, seven-league fashion. For here I am set down, and all save the last half-mile of my path is lost in the curve of the mountains. From my window I see the green-covered mountains, new to me this morning, so different from city streets with their horizon of buildings.

I fancy that, on that memorable morning when Aladdin's Palace was set down in Africa after its magic night's ride from the Chinese capital, a house-maid must have gone to the window, thrown back the hangings and looked out, astounded, on the barren mountains, when she expected to see only the courtyard of the palace and its swarm of Chinese life. She then recalled that the building rocked gently in the night, and that she heard a whirling sound as of wind. These were the only evidences of the devil-guided flight. Now she looked on a new world, and the familiar pagodas lay far to the east within the eye of the rising sun.

There are summer evenings in my recollection when I have traveled the skies. I and my pipe, and quiet companionship which does not intrude on my fancies, have landed from the sky's blue sea upon the cloud continent, and traversed its mountain ranges, its inland lakes, harbors, and valleys. Over their wind-swept ridges we have gone, like gods watching the world-change, seeing

"the hungry ocean gain

Advantage on the Kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store."

The greatest traveler that I know is a little man, slightly bent, who walks with a stick in his garden or sits passive in his library. Other friends have boasted of

travels in the Orient, of mornings spent on the Athenian Acropolis, of visiting the Theatre of Dionysius, and of hallooing to the empty seats that reëchoed. They warn me of this and that hotel, and advise me concerning the journey from London. The usual tale of travelers is that Athens is a ruin. I have heard it rumored, for instance, that the Parthenon marbles are in London, and that the Parthenon itself has suffered from the "wreckful siege of battering days;" that the walls to the Piræus contain hardly one stone left upon another.

And this sets me to thinking, for my friend denies all this with such an air of sincerity that I am almost inclined to believe his word against all the rest. The Athens he pictures is not ruinous, the Parthenon stands before him as it left the hand of its sculptor Phidias. The walls to the Piræus stand high as on that morning, now almost forgotten, when Athens awaited the Spartan attack. Men, women, and children have wiped the sweat from their faces, as they lay down their motley tools and surveyed their work complacent. For him the Dionysian Theatre does not echo with tourists' shouts, but gives forth the sound of many-voiced Greek life. He knows, too, the people of Athens. He walked one day with Socrates along the banks of the Ilissus, and afterward visited him in his prison when about to drink the Hemlock. It is of the grandeur of Athens and her sons that he speaks, not of her ruins. The best of his travels is that he buys no ticket of Cook, nor, indeed, of any one, and when he has seen the cities' sights, his wife enters and says, "Is n't it time for the bookworm to eat?" So he has his American supper in the next room overlooking Attica, so to speak. Oh, there are many ways of traveling, and my brakeman's view from his box-car is not the only view.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND: THE ISSUE OF PROTECTION.

I MAY be pardoned, I hope, for opening the present letter by recalling the fact — however immaterial — that last January, when summarizing 1902, I hazarded a reference to Protection as one of two questions "*rapidly stealing upon us to the exclusion of all others*, the decision of which may be destined to bring about more far-reaching changes in our civic and commercial life than the inventions or reforms of the century." The dramatic fulfillment of this modest prophecy, enacted by Mr. Chamberlain, I cannot certainly pretend to have foreseen; but, in writing to-day, there can be no difference of opinion as to the predominance of the issue. In wisdom or folly, for good or ill, we are inevitably committed to a very searching and exhaustive inquiry into the situation.

Meanwhile, the particular manner in which this crisis has been precipitated involves us in one incidental element of danger, and in another of no less significant security. In the first place we may wander, at least temporarily, from the vital issue toward a too curious study, or a too enthusiastic partisanship, of the attitudes adopted and the characters displayed by individual statesmen. The ex-Colonial Secretary, who shares with the German Emperor a genius without parallel for absorbing public attention, has thrown himself in the face of English tradition with an impetuosity which lends to his proposals a certain glamour of knight-errantry. He declaims our difficulties so fearlessly that he may hurry us into the adoption of his panacea. The middle position of Mr. Balfour is too intellectual and too apparently temporizing for the average mind to trust its sincerity; while the most zealous and most thoughtful Free Traders can with difficulty escape the suspicion of having set their faith on shibboleths and of

out-Cobdening Cobden. Leader-writers in support of the new commercialism are forever crying out: "Free Trade may be an ideal, but it is unattainable. Trade has never been free, it is not free, it cannot be free. Drop the moral attitude and face facts." Thus they ignore, and in time they may tempt us to forget, that Free Trade — as taught by all economists — is no more an absolute theory or dogma than Protection. Both are practical policies or systems, "in one of which the protective element is slight and accidental, while in the other it is considerable and avowed." We should do well to avoid either catchword and speak of "Tariff Reform," through the investigation of which any given proposal may be fairly stated and discussed on its own merits.

But a compensating consequence of the sensational dénouement of the last few months may be found in the precise contrary of what it seems on the surface to have produced. Though Mr. Chamberlain might be accused, with some show of justice, of having split up the Tory camp by his latest sortie as effectually as he broke the ranks of Liberalism by opposing Home Rule, it is by no means improbable that his present campaign may have the ultimate effect of restoring to almost stable equilibrium the balance of parties, on which our system of government is generally believed to depend. The Home Rule rupture dislocated old landmarks, and they were finally demolished under the war fever. Unionism has never been a healthy growth. But we are confronted to-day — on Mr. Chamberlain's initiative undoubtedly — by a broad and definite parting of the ways. We are face to face with a problem in which the genuine and traditional spirit of the Liberal is unflinchingly opposed to the stout Tory. An

honest fight in the open field should clear the air. Maybe even the Whigs will find their feet again, and, once the temporary confusions of nomenclature are eradicated, we shall every one of us know where we stand. The issue is modern, inasmuch as it is essentially at once imperial and commercial; but the most cherished of our national ideals are equally involved, and a fair poll on Protection would nail the electorate to its colors.

On the eve of the struggle, perhaps, amidst the clamor of tongues and the hailstorm of political pamphlets, it may not be immediately easy to discern why the English peoples should have been summoned, thus suddenly and imperiously, to the settlement of a controversy which in reality consists, as one of our younger economists has written,¹ of two cries and four problems.

"The cries are, on the one hand, that our national prosperity is threatened by foreign competition, and, on the other, that the fabric of imperial unity is crumbling away. The problems have reference to the desirability, or otherwise, of the following suggestions: first, a return to some form of general Protection, especially in the case of manufactured articles; secondly, a special and limited application of Protection against the aggressive action of Trusts and Kartels; thirdly, a modification of tariff policy, designed to increase our power of bargaining with other nations; and, lastly, a system of reciprocal preferential arrangements within the British Empire."

Impartial judgment will probably in a short time decide that the plea of urgency based on these cries, by which some of our protectionist friends have tried to shout down opposition, is not justified by facts. In the first place, though trade statistics are formed from very complicated detail of which the significance may be variously interpreted, the consensus of responsible opin-

¹ The Riddle of the Tariff. By A. C. Pigou.

ion does not sanction either the vague alarms of "depression" or the assumption of alien underselling as its cause. The common deduction is taken entirely from import and export returns, whereas "the richer a country becomes, the greater in all probability will be the disparity between advances in its real wealth and prosperity and the upward movement of its foreign trade." It is obvious that, "in the limiting case of a nation already rich enough to buy all the foreign goods of which it has any need, these latter figures will go no higher, however great the leaps and bounds by which wealth continues to increase."

The second, that is the imperial, cry of "Rocks ahead" may be silenced by statements at once simple and convincing. Amid much of certain evil, of doubtful promise, recent events in South Africa have at least proved beyond cavil that the ties of sentiment between Great Britain and her distant daughter-lands are more than verbal. And through the present crisis the leaders of Colonial thought have been unanimous in declarations that contain "no hint or suspicion of any anxiety to force a preferential market upon us as the price of their continued loyalty."

If, then, we can rest assured that reform is not, in fact, immediately imperative, it becomes possible to dispassionately investigate "certain rival schemes of fiscal policy," which may still, of course, for other reasons be desirable toward our ultimate prosperity. And we may further admit in passing, on the one hand, that foreign protected competition, like all trusts and dumping, is *one* of the elements producing crises in commerce; and, on the other, that all advantages claimed for Protection have a far greater appearance of cogency for young and undeveloped countries (as trusts have for new industries) than for those of established status like our own.

Reverting to the four practical suggestions named above, it will be easily rec-

ognized that, while the first "has been advocated only by irresponsible persons upon grounds implying an imperfect understanding of economic analysis," the second and third are now admitted into the official programme of Mr. Balfour and his present Cabinet, while the fourth presents the distinguishing item of Mr. Chamberlain's personal campaign, the chosen corner stone of the New Imperialism.

The Prime Minister claims to "approach the subject from the free trade point of view,"¹ and, *theoretically*, the proposal to increase our bargaining powers — by retaliation or concession — does not involve the introduction of the protection principle. Our present tariff policy, aged twenty-five years, would "confine that part of our revenue which is derived from customs" (with one special exception from which the protective element is eliminated by excise) "to duties on commodities not produced at all in the United Kingdom." It would, therefore, seem feasible to open tariff negotiations in some quarters by raising or lowering the duties on such commodities, without in any way disturbing home industry. But to "compensate ourselves for the harm done us by a given rise in our own tariff, we should need to secure a *fall about equal to that rise in the tariffs of all the world*;" a triumph of diplomacy surely Utopian; while retaliation would be even more dangerous. On the contrary, we must remember that our free trade policy has not tempted other nations to any hostile discrimination. "It has everywhere, and in all important particulars, secured for our goods 'most favored nation' treatment, — an advantage of which there is no reason to suppose that they are the least likely to be deprived." And in practice it is almost certain that "the conversion of the nation to tariff bargaining would mean the

erection of a customs system under which more than one British interest benefited at the public expense."

Arguments for the principle of Protection, whether generally applied or limited to the attack on Trusts and Kartels, are too intricate for full discussion within the limits of this letter. Every one is familiar with the outlines of the crusade against the threatened encroachments of foreign monopolists. It remains for the English electorate to consider how far the injury undoubtedly inflicted upon us by the high customs duties of other nations is really different in kind, or even in degree, from any other form of "check upon exchange;" and whether it would not, in fact, be increased by any "burden we might ourselves put upon the inward branch of our foreign trade," similar to that now put by others upon the outward. The protectionist can easily show that small temporary benefits would accrue from the erection of tariff walls to particular industries, or, more accurately, to the capitalists controlling them; but he must prove that such a nursing of vested interests will be permanently advantageous to the community. He must maintain, in fact, what would seem contrary to the laws of economy, that any deliberately imposed artificial restraint of capital and labor from those occupations, to which it is being impelled by the broad economic forces of the time, would *not* produce a loss of total efficiency. Finally, he must face the grave disadvantages (if an advocate of limited Protection) "which are bound to arise when ordinary human beings endeavor in practice to select the proper cases for intervention, the right time for beginning it, and, above all, the moment at which the temporary duty ought to be removed;" since, once the protective element has been introduced, powerful interests are perennially opposed to any reductions. "There are also to be apprehended those evils other than material which Protection brings in its train, — the loss of

¹ Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade. By the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, M. P.

purity in politics, the unfair advantage given to those who wield the powers of jobbery and corruption, unjust distribution of wealth, and the growth of sinister interests.”¹

It is not difficult to see that Mr. Chamberlain's preferential scheme involves unlimited Protection, and, indeed, presents the most natural and consistent completion of the new policy. We cannot give a preference to some without taxing all; we cannot effect anything substantial for the Colonies by confining our action to goods not produced at home. We shall be pledged to full retaliation, because the Colonies have plainly declared that any return concessions from them to us will *not* take the form of lower rates to the Motherland, but of higher to the foreigner. Should an Imperial Fiscal Unity be established, we may lose the “most favored nation” treatment as a retaliation to Colonial action. Preferences, therefore, can only be recommended by evidence of very strong internal advantages, which mostly vanish with a denial of the urgency plea. They are commonly also defended as the surest means of encouraging the development of agricultural resources, which, however, are bound in nature to make rapid strides whatever our attitude toward them; and for certain political considerations, which will not bear close inspection. It is said that a protected supply of food within the Empire would be invaluable in case of war; but the emergency presup-

¹ From a Letter to the Times, signed by fourteen academic economists.

poses the hostility of *all other markets*; which is most improbable, for example, in the case of the United States. It is said that we must make any sacrifices to secure the fighting service of our sons “over the water;” but, in fact, the difficulties of adjustment between the Colonies would be infinitely provocative of friction, as they were in the first half of the nineteenth century, and a cash nexus may easily snap the thread of disinterested affection. Here, more emphatically than in any other form of Protection, we dare not go back in case of failure. “The old preferences of sixty years ago were not done away without rousing very bitter feeling among the Colonists. To grant them a second time, and again to withdraw them, would be scarcely possible without the risk of grave disaster. *There is at present no evidence* of a tendency on the part of the Empire to ‘fall to pieces and separate atoms;’ but it is doubtful if the same could be said, should it ever come to be subjected to so severe a strain as this.”

Any one of the present schemes for fiscal reform, or any compromise between all, more likely to override the free trade tradition, is accompanied by certain danger; and it remains for the protectionist to prove that evils exist demanding the change or amenable to the remedy. Popular opinion sees that Protection must make food dearer. It is not yet convinced that our commercial difficulties are due to Free Trade, or that a change of policy would secure us an increase of wealth to meet the greater cost of living.

R. Brimley Johnson.